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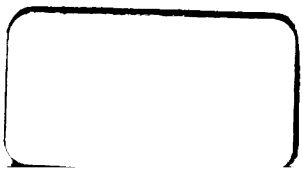

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Illustrated.

ENTIRELY NEW SERIES.

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HOLLYWOOD.

DRAWN BY MISS GREENE.] [See page 34.

MERRY'S MUSEUM

THE SKATING MATCH AT ALDERVILLE.

"THE river is frozen as solid as a rock!" shouted Harry Worthington to a group of his schoolmates, on the beautiful, but bitterly cold morning in December, which forced the good folk of Alderville to don their heaviest overcoats, and scud through the streets at their liveliest pace. And well Harry knew that which he affirmed; for, at early dawn, he had sallied forth with his skates, and before breakfast-time, had tested the ice for miles, up and down the river, and not a flaw nor a quiver could he detect on all the broad surface.

What a bore school was that day! How longing eyes *would* wander from the dull page to the bit of wintry landscape visible through the window; and how many mathematical problems remained unsolved, while calculations were made as to whether a given amount of pocket-money equalled a given number of needed skate-straps. But the hour for release came at last; and then, with whoop and shout, the boys rushed to the river. It was a merry sight; and the bridge which spanned the river was soon thronged with spectators, gathered to watch the gay lads, who, "with skates fast bound," skimmed over the sleeping water. Swifter than the blithe skaters, however, fly the bright hours; and now the sun is sinking

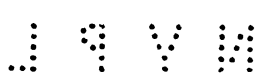
low in the west, the revellers have left the ice, and the bridge is deserted, but for one loiterer. A boy, leaning over the railing, watches the movements of three lads about his own age, who, skates in hand, are slowly ascending the bank, as if reluctant to leave their sport. He recognizes one of them, who was a classmate of his at the district school, a year or two ago; and there is something very like envy throbbing under his patched and outgrown jacket, as he contrasts his own forlorn condition with Harry Worthington's happier lot. Harry's father is the richest merchant in town; and he, Charlie Burns, the only son of a poor widow.

The two boys have seldom met since the days when they studied from the same book, Harry having been advanced to the high school, and Charley being obliged to quit school altogether, in order to help his mother provide bread for her little ones. His was a hard lot, full of struggle and disappointment; and this day — a very carnival of joy to so many boys — had been one of more than usual trial to him. He had been out since morning in the biting cold, seeking in vain for work, and lingered now on the bridge, because he dreaded going home empty-handed, to add another shadow to his mother's careworn face. No wonder, then, that he envied Harry Worthington and his comrades. Through the clear, still air, scraps of their conversation reached him, from which he gathered that some great event was in anticipation. There was much talk of skates and skating: some questioning as to whether tomorrow night would be moonlight; and many eulogistic adjectives bestowed upon some "splendid old fellow," who seemed to be the originator of the good time coming. At length, springing up the few rude steps that led to the bridge, the three friends parted, Harry's home lying on the opposite side of the river from the city, toward which his companions turned.

"We'll see you win the prize tomorrow night, Worthington. It's a pretty sure thing, that you can beat all *this* town on skates!" called one of them, looking back; and Harry, with a laugh, and a merry "Good-night! we'll see!" passed on.

"Halloo, Charlie!" he exclaimed, encountering our hero. "Where have you kept yourself this age?" — and, leaning against the railing, he glanced with some surprise at the marks of extreme poverty in the dress of his old schoolmate.

"I've been working, when I could find anything to do," answered Charlie; "but I don't seem to be much needed in the world, and I 'most wish I was out of it."



"No, no, Charlie. You mustn't get downhearted because things don't come out quite square always. Come and see our skating match tomorrow night. The fun will put new life in you."

"That's what you and the other boys were talking about, isn't it? The match is between the skating clubs in your school, I suppose?"

"Yes; and — not exactly so, either; for any boy in town, who is a good skater, will be allowed to try for the prize. It was all got up by an old gentleman, a Mr. Reed, who visited the school this morning, to see, he said, if he could find his name on the old desk, where he carved it when he was a boy, a thousand years ago, or less. Well, the desk proved to be among the things that have been, but are not, and Mr. Reed was obliged to give it up, though he said he had come all the way from New York to look at it. He told us boys a very funny story about the time he had carving the letters with a dull jack-knife, and then he gave us a little of his own history. It seems, he has lived in South America most of the time since he was a man; and he hasn't seen ice or snow for more than thirty years, until he came back to this part of the world a few weeks ago. 'And now, boys,' he said at last, 'I want to see some real old-fashioned skating. Will you all meet me at the river tomorrow, and show what you can do? Here's a prize for the best skater!' With that, he held up a gold eagle. We gave three cheers by way of assent, as well as a parting salute; and at recess, called a joint meeting of the two clubs, to make arrangements. It was decided that the match should come off in the evening, as we have such splendid moonlight now; and tomorrow morning, we are to have a rehearsal. We voted that any boys who wished should be allowed to compete with us, though not belonging to the high school; for, 'the more, the merrier,' you know. But we are pretty sure that one of our fellows will get the prize, for some of us know how to skate, I can tell you."

"Oh, how I wish I had some skates! But I sold mine two years ago, and haven't been on the ice since;" — and Charlie's lips quivered, as he remembered the bitter want that had forced him to sell his father's last gift.

"Why, look here, Charlie!" cried young Worthington; "I have another pair that I'll lend you, if you like. Put these on now, and go down on the river, and see whether you have forgotten how to use them. I'll stand here, and be 'the admiring crowd.'"

The skates were soon strapped over Charlie's patched boots,

and he forgot all his troubles as he struck out on the ice, which lay gleaming in the sunset like a pavement of precious stones. Forgotten how to use skates? Not he. Grace and conscious power were in every movement as he glided away into the obscurity of the gathering twilight, or wound, in the fantastic figures of a weird dance, to the music of the ringing steel.

The two boys seemed to have changed character as they had changed places. Charlie, his face aglow with excitement, his form firmly braced, and delight sparkling in his eye, hardly resembled the shivering loiterer on the bridge; and Harry's brow had seldom worn so dark a cloud as now was gathering over it. He had felt so sure that he should win the prize, and here was Charlie Burns, ready to snatch it from his very grasp; for, he could not deny to himself, that Charlie was as much his superior, as *he* was that of his club-fellows. Long and perseveringly had he practised to attain perfection in that wonderful "grape-vine twist," and his admiring comrades had pronounced his performance of the feat, such as "couldn't be beat." But well he saw that he should lose his laurels if brought into competition with Charlie, who, with easy grace, was now threading the mazy twinings of the figure. There was no effort, no struggle for prize; but, with folded arms and head erect, he glided through the imaginary labyrinth as carelessly as a bird gambols in the air.

"I couldn't do it like that," muttered Harry, with a frown. He was, however, enough ashamed of his ill-humor to conceal it, as Charlie rejoined him on the bridge, and, returning the skates, exclaimed, "Thank you a thousand times! You can't think how I love to skate. I don't expect to get the prize you were telling about; but I shall enjoy the fun tomorrow night."

"Will you be down in the morning?" asked Harry, with forced cordiality.

"No. I am to take in a lot of coal for our landlord, to help pay what we owe him for rent. It will keep me busy all day. But you won't forget to bring the other skates in the evening, will you? I'll be waiting for you here, on the bridge."

"All right; good-by!" said Harry, hurriedly turning on his heel; and the boys went their separate ways.

"Hang my good nature! What did I want to offer him the skates for? I wish I could ever hold my tongue! Besides, the prize was offered to the school; and I don't believe we had any right to say that other boys might try for it!" So soliloquized

Harry, while the snow creaked under his impatient tread; but soon, he fell into a meditative pace, and his footfall was noiseless as he thus cogitated: "Suppose I should forget to take them, after all, — and I'm always forgetting something, — Charlie would be disappointed, I suppose; but then, I could go skating with him some other time — and I mean to give him the skates, out and out; so, he would have more pleasure than disappointment by it, in the end. I 'most wish I *would* forget them tomorrow night!"

Ah! Harry, Harry! "The father of lies" is very ingenious in expedients, but hardly a safe companion to walk home with in the gloaming.

The light of the full moon made it bright as day, where the rival clubs, with a few recruits from the city boys, gathered on the river. Groups of spectators were collecting on the banks, and upon the bridge, where the tall form of Mr. Reed was easily distinguishable, his pleasant face beaming with almost boyish delight as he watched the scene. Charlie Burns, standing patiently at the appointed trysting-place, watched for Harry, whose continued absence was beginning to create no small stir amongst the boys of his club. Little did they guess that he was purposely loitering on the way, in order not to reach the river before the hour set for the skating to commence, hoping thus to avoid meeting Charlie. He came at last, with but *one* pair of skates slung over his arm, and hurried down to the ice, without looking toward the bridge. Noisy greetings welcomed him on every hand; he had seen nothing of Charlie; and his self-satisfaction, which had been at a rather low ebb, began to rise. "I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't here at all," he said to himself, as he strapped the glistening steel firmly beneath his feet. "He must be pretty tired, after carrying coal all day. I'll hunt him up tomorrow, and give him those skates; and, if I get the prize, I'll spend half of it for a pair of boots for him. It isn't the money I care for; but I hate to be beaten, when all the boys think I am the best skater in town."

"Come, Worthington; let's join the other fellows over there. It is most time to begin!" called Albert Newton; and Harry springing to his feet, the two boys glided under the bridge, and out upon the broader and smoother ice beyond. "I tell you, Hal; you did that grape-vine twist splendidly this morning. I don't believe it could be beat anywhere," said young Newton, admiringly, as they neared a group of their schoolmates, who, unconscious that the object of their encomium was so close at hand, were uttering simi-

lar sentiments, in loud and excited tones. Harry winced, but had no time to reply; for Newton, looking back toward the bridge, exclaimed, "Look! There is Mr. Reed; and I believe he knows us! Yes; he's bowing!"

Harry Worthington turned and raised his cap, but hardly saw the pleasant smile with which the courtly stranger met his salutation; for his eye was caught by a shivering figure, in thin, patched garments, leaning over the bridge, and watching him with a wistful, disappointed look. The hot blood rushed to his brow; for a moment he hesitated; then, saying hurriedly, "Excuse me, Al; I'll see you again!" he retraced his steps, and passing under an arch of the bridge, stooped down in the shadow, and unstrapped his skates; then, taking them in his hand, he sprang up the stairs, and, making his way through the throng to Charlie, touched his arm. "Here are the skates, Charlie; hurry down to the ice, and put them on."

"Oh, thank you! I was afraid you had forgotten them!" cried the poor boy; but Harry had disappeared in the crowd, and Charlie looked for him in vain, as he passed from group to group on the ice.

Soon, the merry contest was at its height. The sharp ring of steel assailing the glassy armor of the river, shouts of mirth and peals of laughter filled the air; but Charlie's delight was too deep for noisy utterance; no shout nor laugh from him, though every motion was full of joy. For a time, he gave himself wholly to the excitement of the sport, with no thought of applause, or of the prize, which he had supposed far beyond his reach; but, when he heard the cheers that followed him through the first twinings of the marvellous "grape-vine," a sudden hope thrilled him. Might he not win, as well as another? Visions of the comforts which that golden eagle would bring to his desolate home flitted before him. His skating was no longer mere pastime; and there was an eloquent pleading in every graceful movement, which all felt, though none could understand. The boys fell back from his path, waving their caps; and Mr. Reed, drawing his hand across his eyes, exclaimed to himself, "Pshaw! I wonder what there is about that shabby fellow, to make my old eyes grow misty? I believe this trip back into my boyhood is making me sentimental; or else, the 'poetry of motion,' that the rhymers talk about, is too much for me."

"Where is Harry Worthington? I haven't seen him once

tonight," said one boy to another, as Charlie sailed slowly past them, when the grape-vine had received its last "twist."

"He's up on the bridge. I saw him give his skates to that young Burns when he first came down. I guess he isn't well, for he has thought of nothing but the match ever since it was proposed, and I don't think he'd give it up without some good cause, particularly, as he was pretty sure to have won the prize, if Burns hadn't been on the ice."

Charlie heard them, and for the first time suspected that Harry had given up the sport for his sake. Looking up at the bridge, he descried him among the throng, just as the boys began to shout, "Give us some more, Burns!" "Try it again!" And, from an impulse of gratitude, he shot away to a spot where the ice was yet unmarred, and making a few rapid passes over the smooth surface, left the letters "H. W." cut deeply by his skates on the frozen bosom of the river, and glittering in the moonlight, as though set with diamonds. It was a boyish tribute, but the expression of

more true feeling than is many an elaborate encomium carved in marble.

While the air resounded with shouts of applause, Charlie, springing once more up the rude steps to the bridge, stood by Harry's side, telling him, in awkward phrase, how grateful he was; how sorry that, for his sake, he had lost so much of the sport, and begging that he would now take the skates, and use them during the time that yet remained; and soon, Harry had rejoined his friend Newton on the ice. But, though he did his very best, he was no longer the acknowledged champion of the Alderville skaters; and we must not blame him, if some bitterness mingled with kinder feelings toward his unconscious rival; or, if his voice was not quite steady, when he joined in the cheers which greeted the announcement, that the prize was awarded to Charlie Burns.

AUTHOR OF KEEP A GOOD HEART.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

OVER the pond where the lilies lie,
Hovers the beautiful dragon-fly;
Wings of silv'ry tissue, and bright
With glistening gems from the sun's pure light,
Sunshine and shade, where the lilies lie,
Make a charming home for the dragon-fly.

Poising himself o'er the lily's breast,
Will he sink to sleep in the perfumed nest?
No; with a dive he is down — and up,
With a worm snatched from the lily's cup.
So, when we come where the lilies lie,
We will do no harm to the dragon-fly.

STELLA.

BACK WINDOWS.

AS I sit working at my back-window, I look out on a long row of other people's back-windows; and it is quite impossible for me to help seeing and being interested in my neighbors. There are a good many children in those houses; and though I don't know one of their names, I know them a great deal better than they think I do. I never spoke a word to any of them, and never expect to do so; yet, I have my likes and dislikes among them, and could tell them things that they have said and done, which would astonish them very much, I assure you.

First, the babies, for there are three, — the aristocratic baby, the happy-go-lucky baby, and the forlorn baby. The aristocratic baby lives in a fine, well-furnished room; has a pretty little mamma, who wears white gowns, and pink ribbons in her cap; likewise, a fond young papa, who evidently thinks *this* the most wonderful baby in Boston. There is a stout, motherly lady, who is the grandma, I fancy; for she is always hovering about "the dear" with cups, blankets, or a gorgeous red-worsted bird to amuse it. Baby is a plump, rosy, sweet-faced little creature, always smiling and kissing its hand to the world in general. In its pretty white frocks, with its own little pink or blue ribbons, and its young mamma proudly holding it up to see and be seen, my aristocratic neighbor has an easy life of it, and is evidently one of the little lilies who do nothing but blossom in the sunshine.

The happy-go-lucky baby is just able to toddle; and I seldom pull up my curtain in the morning, without seeing him at his window in his yellow flannel night-gown, taking a look at the weather. No matter whether it rains or shines, there he is, smiling and nodding, and looking so merry, that it is evident he has plenty of sunshine bottled up in his own little heart for private use. I depend on seeing him, and feel as if the world was not right until this golden little son rises to shine upon me. He don't seem to have any one to take care of him, but trots about all day, and takes

care of himself. Sometimes, he is up in the chambers with the girl, while she makes beds, and he helps; then, he takes a stroll into the parlor, and spins the gay curtain-tassels to his heart's content; next, he dives into the kitchen (I hope he does not tumble downstairs, but I dare say he wouldn't mind, if he did), and he gets pushed about by all the busy women, as they "fly round." I rather thinks it gets too hot for him there about dinner-time; for he often comes out into the yard for a walk at noon, and seems to find endless wonders and delights in the ash-barrel, the water-butt, two old flower-pots, and a little grass plat, in which he plants a choice variety of articles, in the firm faith they will come up in full bloom. I hope the big spoon and his own red shoe *will* sprout and appear before any trouble is made about their mysterious disappearance. At night, I see a little shadow bobbing about on the curtain, and watch it, till, with a parting glimpse at a sleepy face at the window, my small sun sets, and I leave him to his dreams.

The forlorn baby roars all day, and I don't blame him; for he is trotted, shaken, spanked, and scolded, by a very cross nurse, who treats him like a meal-bag. I pity that little neighbor, and don't believe he will stand it long; for I see him double up his tiny fists, and spar away at nothing, as if getting ready for a good tussle with the world by and by, if he lives to try it.

Then, the boys — bless their buttons! — how amusing they are. One young man, aged about ten, keeps hens; and the trials of that boy are really pathetic. The biddies get out every day or two, and fly away all over the neighborhood, like feathers when you shake a pillow. They cackle and crow, and get up on sheds and fences, and trot down the streets, all at once, and that poor fellow spins round after them like a distracted top. One by one, he gets them, and comes lugging them back, upside down, in the most undignified attitude, and shuts them up, and hammers away, and thinks they are all safe, and sits down to rest; when a triumphant crow from some neighboring shed tells him that that rascally black rooster is out again for another promenade. I'm not bloodthirsty; but I really do long for Thanksgiving, that my neighbor Hen-ry may find rest for the sole of his foot; for, not till his poultry are safely eaten, will he ever know where they are.

Another boy has a circus about once a week, and tries to break his neck jumping through hoops, hanging to a rope by his heels, turning somersaults in the air, and frightening his mother out of her wits by his pranks. I suspect that he has been to see Leotard,

and I admire his energy, for he is never discouraged; and, after tumbling flat half-a-dozen times, he merely rubs his elbows and knees, and then ups and takes another.

There is a good, domestic boy, who brushes and curls his three little sisters' hair every morning, and must do it very gently, for they seem to like it; and I often see them watch at the back-gate for him, and clap their hands, and run to meet him, sure of being welcomed as little sisters like to be met by the big brothers whom they love. I respect that virtuous boy.

The naughty boy is very funny; and the running fight he keeps up with the cross cook is as good as a farce. He *is* a torment, but I think she could tame him, if she took the right way. The other day, she wouldn't let him in, because she had washed up her kitchen, and his boots were muddy. He wiped them on the grass, but that wouldn't do; and, after going at her with his head down, like a battering-ram, he gave it up, or seemed to; for, the minute she locked the door behind her, and came out to take in her clothes, that sly dog whipped up one of the low windows, scrambled in, and danced a hornpipe all over the kitchen; while the fat cook scolded, and fumbled for her key, for *she* couldn't follow through the window. Of course, he was off upstairs by the time she got in; but, I'm afraid he had a shaking, for I saw him glowering fiercely as he came out later with a basket, going some "confounded errand." Occasionally, his father brings him out and whips him, for some extra bad offence, during which performance he howls dismally; but, when he is left sitting despondently and miraculously on an old chair without any seat, he soon cheers up, boos at a strange cat, whistles to his dog, who is just like him, or falls back on that standing cure for all the ills that boys are heir to, and whittles vigorously. I know I ought to frown upon this reprehensible young person, and morally close my eyes to his pranks; but I really can't do it, and am afraid I find this little black sheep the most interesting of the flock.

The girls have tea-parties, make calls, and play mother, of course; and the sisters of the good boy have capital times up in a big nursery, with such large dollies, that I can hardly tell which are the babies and which the mammas. One little girl plays about at home with a dirty face, tumbled hair, and an old pinafore on. She won't be made tidy, and I see her kick and cry when they try to make her neat. Now and then, there is a great dressing and curling; and then, I see her prancing away in her light boots,

smart hat, and pretty dress, looking as fresh as a daisy. But I don't admire her; for I've been behind the scenes, you see, and I know that she likes to be fine rather than neat.

So is the girl who torments her kitty, slaps her sister, and runs away, when her mother tells her not to go out of the yard. But the housewifely little girl, who tends the baby, washes the cups, and goes to school early with a sunshiny face and kiss all round, *she*, now, is a neighbor worth having, and I'd put a good mark against her name, if I knew it.

I don't know as it would be proper for me to mention the grown-up people over the way. They go on, very much as the children do; for there is the lazy, dandified man, who gets up late, and prinks; the cross man, who swears at the shed-door when it won't shut; the fatherly man, who sits among his children every evening; and the cheery old man up in the attic, who has a flower in his window, and looks out at the world with very much the same serene smile as my orange-colored baby.

The women, too, keep house, make calls, and play mother; and some don't do it well, either. The forlorn baby's mamma never seems to cuddle and comfort him; and some day, when the little fist lies cold and quiet, I'm afraid she'll wish she had. Then, the naughty boy's mother. I'm very sure, if she put her arms round him sometimes, and smoothed that rough head of his, and spoke to him, as only mothers can speak, that it would tame him far better than the scoldings and thrashings; for I know there is a true boy's heart, warm and tender, somewhere under the jacket that gets dusted so often. As for the fine lady who lets her children do as they can, while she trims her bonnet, or makes paniers, I wouldn't be introduced to her on any account. But, as some might think it was unjustifiable curiosity on my part to see these things, and an actionable offence to speak of them, I won't mention them.

I sometimes wonder if the kind spirits who feel an interest in mortals ever take a look at us on the shady side which we don't show the world, seeing the trouble, vanities, and sins, which we think no one knows. If they love, pity, or condemn us? What records they keep, and what rewards they prepare for those who are so busy with their work and play that they forget who may be watching their back-windows with clearer eyes, and truer charity, than any inquisitive, old lady with a pen in her hand?

L. M. ALCOTT.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

CHARLEMAGNE.

FEW huts, a church or two, a rude fortification, a single palace outside the walls, such was the now superb city of Paris, in the time of Clovis, founder of the French monarchy. The Most Christian King he was called, because he professed Christianity (though he never practised it); and he and his successors ruled over the Franks for nearly two centuries and a half. No sorrier sight was ever seen, than the last days of these very kings. Married at fifteen, they were old men, or dead, at twenty-five, and had dwindled, by luxury and vice, to a race of idiots; while the real power was in the hands of shrewd and energetic men, called Mayors of the Palace. . . .

It is about the year of our Lord 744. Pepin le Bref, mayor of the palace, storms out to fight the Saracen. No business pleases him better; especially when his wife, big-footed Bertha, will let their baby-boy go too. Then perched aloft, borne on a buckler, high above the heads of the warriors, sat the child, and crowed and clapped his hands, delighted with the din of battle. This is our first glimpse of Charles the Great, or *Charlemagne*. . . .

It is a chilly day, in the spring of 752. The Frankish nobility is all astir, for today is the Champ de Mars,* the one day of all the year, when the people may look upon their king. Slowly and solemnly comes the usual procession, the ox-cart bearing Childeric, last of the Merovingian monarchs.† The royal puppet, clad in robes of state, his long hair streaming over his shoulders, is lifted out, is set upon his throne. It is his last hour as a king; for Pepin, the dwarf, having hinted that he should like the title, as well as the power, Pope Zachary has decreed that Childeric is to be deposed, shaved, oh, sacrilege! and shut up forever in a

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* The annual assembly of the ruler and his council.

† From Merovee, grandfather of Clovis.

cloister. Little Charles, a kind-hearted boy of ten, gazes, half in wonder, half in sadness, while rough hands, seizing the monarch, shave the heavy beard, cut off the beautiful hair, then toss the weakling back into the cart, and so hustle away forever the last of the silly do-nothings. "Long live King Pepin!" rings through the air; and the astonished child is saluted as heir to the crown. He must have been a brave and manly boy; for when, two years later, Pope Stephen asks Pepin's help against the Lombards, a fierce tribe claiming the sovereignty of Italy, Charles is sent to promise his father's aid, and to conduct the pontiff safely into Gaul. This is all we know of his boyhood.

In 770, by the death of his father and his brother, he was left sole king of the Franks, and his only aim seemed to be to Christianize the world. So, he went out first against the Pagan Saxons, and smote down *Irmensul*;* but twenty-three years of fire and bloodshed passed, before the Saxons finally yielded. The famous "ring" of the robber Huns he broke, and took from it so much treasure, that the value of silver fell in consequence. But, nought to him were silver and gold, when Gascon treachery laid his brave peers low in the fatal pass of Roncesvalles. The memory of that day's deeds still lives in song and story; and today, the peasant of the Pyrenees points to a great gap in the precipice, cleft by the sword of Roland. Two popes stood suppliant before him. Adrian, in sackcloth, comes to beg his aid against the threatening Lombards. Charles braves the terrors of Mont Cenis, throws two armies into Italy, and crowns himself at Pavia, with the iron crown of Lombardy. His way to Rome is strewn with branches of palm and olive; and Adrian, now his friend for life, greets him there as Peacemaker, and King of Italy. Pope Leo, too, needs Charles to help him quell a jealous priesthood. Once more, for pure religion's sake, he climbs the snowy Alps, and enters Rome again a victor.

It is Christmas Day, of the year 800. The high altar of St. Peter's is a blaze of light; priests and children chant their joyous anthems. Charles forgets he is a king, and kneels, a penitent, before the altar; but the grateful pontiff places the imperial crown upon his head, and, "Hail! Charles the August, great emperor

* A Saxon temple, containing a column on which was placed an immense figure of their principal deity, — a blood-red warrior, with a cock for his crest, and a bear for his breastplate.

of the Romans!" resounds throughout the vast cathedral. So, the king of the Franks is made emperor of the West; and, from that hour, he tries to revive the former glory of his empire. But the grandeur of his reign lies not in deeds like these. "Make a friend of France, but never a neighbor," had long been a proverb. The prudence, the firmness, the generosity of Charles, did away with this jealousy. There was neither beggar nor bondman in his kingdom; and he sought the alliance of foreign powers, more that he might befriend God's suffering poor in every land, than for any gain to himself. Haroun Al Raschid, caliph of Persia, promised to protect the pilgrim to Jerusalem; and, as a pledge, sent Charles costly perfumes of the Orient, rich stuffs, an elephant, and a marvellous clock. Wheels moved by water marked the course of the hours, and as each ended, an equal number of brass balls fell upon a metal plate below; but, when the twelfth hour struck, twelve cavaliers leaped from as many windows, which shut with the shock of their exit; and these were not half the wonders of this magical clock.

He made his subjects till the soil; he built a bridge over the Rhine, which was a marvel of science in that dark age; and he founded cities. He chose Aix-la-Chapelle for his capital, because of its warm springs; and erected there his palace, his baths (in which he, with a hundred of his nobles, were often seen swimming at once), and a stately cathedral,* which his friend Adrian adorned with antique sculptures from Italy. He often assisted at its ceremonials, which he made the people observe; would have only good readers for his priests; and caused little silver bells to be rung here and there in the service. At the Champ de Mars, he talked with the people, as friend to friend; explained to them his laws; invited discussion; found out all their grievances and sorrows, and did his best to remedy them. He gave names to the months. February was the mud-month; May, the month of delights. He made an academy of his great audience-chamber; invited over the wisest men of all nations for his teachers, and showed them the greatest respect. Any morning, he might have been seen with his children, in Alcuin's schoolroom, more eager than they for knowledge. "If you will not study," he said to his sons, "you shall have nought from me. Your rank and money are nothing without learning." He knew Latin and Greek; could read and sing well;

* Hence, the name, Aix-la-Chapelle.

studied rhetoric and astronomy; but, though he kept his tablets always under his pillow, he could never learn to write. He made his daughters write and spin. He was remarkably courteous and hospitable; was gentle and kind to his wives; and never could bear to be without his children, who therefore accompanied him on horseback in his journeys, and always ate with him. Never rash or cruel, never mean or revengeful, free from envy and jealousy, slow to hate and quick to love, — this hero, whom fatigue could not prostrate, success elate, nor reverses depress, wept uncontrollably over the death of a friend.

In a nation of hard drinkers, he was temperate. His favorite dish was the roast, served to him on the spit; and he hated physicians, because they made him give it up when he was sick. While eating, he liked to hear history read; and having dined, he threw off his clothes, and slept several hours. Rather than delay justice, he would decide upon cases in his bedroom. He hated luxury; and often played merry jokes upon his courtiers, to show them the folly of overdressing. He was always simply clad. A linen shirt and drawers, a tunic, with a fringe of silk, banded stockings, and buskins, a close coat of otter or sable fur in winter, a mantle, and a sword, completed his attire. At Christmas, at Easter, and at the Champ de Mars, his dress glittered with gold and precious stones. He was of a fine figure, seven feet in height, and robust in proportion. His presence was dignified and commanding; yet, he was mirthful as a child on occasion. There was always a smile on his face. He had large bright eyes, beautiful white hair, and a "dome-shaped" head. No one could compare with him as a swimmer; and he was equally fond of the chase. Many signs preceded his death. Fire consumed his bridge; lightning struck the spire of his church; his sword-belt snapped asunder. Charles alone betrayed no fear.

In the autumn of 813, he brought his son, Louis the Affable, into the presence of his nobles, and there delivered to him an exhortation, full of wise and Christian precepts; and, after making Louis promise to fear God, to support the church, to be kind to his family, to love his subjects, to befriend the poor, and repress the proud, he bade him place the crown on his own head, in token that it was his from God, and not by the will of man. Then, Charles went out to his winter hunting; but falling ill of pleurisy, and treating himself, as was his custom, with warm baths and a meagre diet, he sank rapidly, and died about New Year's, 814, the

kingliest king the world has ever seen. They hesitated where to lay him, for he had never expressed any wish concerning his burial; but at last, they made his church his monument, and placed him in a vault of that edifice. On a golden chair they set him; a crown of gold, containing a bit of the holy cross, on his head; a gold gospel on his lap; his imperial robes wrapped about him; gold armor at his side; and, over all this pomp and show, which in his life he hated, they threw the simple mantle of a pilgrim, which had been his most precious garment.

As the years rolled on, and men began to realize, from the weak government of his good-natured son, all they had lost by the death of the mighty emperor, they spoke of him in reverence as Carolus Magnus; and he is known to us as Charlemagne.

COUSIN ALICE.

JOEL JACKSON'S PERIL.

"MY 'Peril,' as I always call it, was the means of reforming me," said Joel Jackson.

He was a rough, weather-beaten man, whom I met in one of my rambles among the unfamiliar regions of New-York life. I discovered that, unlike most of the dwellers in that part of the city, he was a teetotaller, and a man of the most correct moral habits. It was while speaking with him on this subject, that he told me he had been in early life a very wild character, but that he was suddenly reformed.

"And what was your 'Peril,' as you call it?" I asked.

"I'll tell you the whole story," he replied, "if you have time to listen to it."

I said that I had; and so, sat down to hear the story.

"It was one summer," said he, "when there was a most remarkable drought prevailing — remarkable. I was four summers in Central America; but I never felt such awful heat there any time, as I did that summer. The air fairly hummed with the roasting heat; and the sun beat down upon us with such intensity, that the whole land lay gasping for breath.

"One week — I never shall forget that week — the sky clouded over. The sun was hid all the time; but, if you think it was any the less hot on that account, you are very much mistaken. It was just about as much as poor human nature could bear. As for the dumb creatures, it must have gone hard with them. In fact, the land was full of disease, and the cattle shared it. Murrain for them, fever for human folks; that's about the way it was. Every marsh was like a baleful monster, breathing forth foul miasmas, that loaded the air with poison and prostrated people on every hand.

"I and my mate set out one morning, at the close of the week, for a tramp up the mountain that lay off to the northward, in full view from the town. We had a hope that we might find it a little cooler on the mountain, you see; but not a very strong hope, either; for the mountains in that region are not like those in more northern latitudes. We reached the base of the mountain about noon, and set out to climb it. But, before we had gone far, Juan said to me, 'Joel, the air has changed.' As he said this, he gave me a very meaning look.

"'Yes,' said I; 'I feel the change. What does it mean?'— and I began to shiver with the cold.

"'Only one thing,' said Juan, looking about him with some anxiety. 'An ouragan is coming!'

"An ouragan is nothing more nor less than a terrible storm. But I knew enough about the storm called the ouragan, to feel considerable alarm at our position. It was not merely the danger arising from a furious wind which we had to fear; but the ouragan is accompanied by a cold so intense, that we, dressed as we were, in garments suited only to the intense heat of town, might perish before it.

"'We shall find our cool weather with a vengeance,' said Juan, hugging himself, and shaking all over — not with fear, but with cold.

"Yes; we had found it already.

"'Shall we go back?'

"'It cannot be,' said Juan; 'we could not reach the town. Before we could half cross the plain, the ouragan would be upon us in all its fury. We are even better off where we stand. The mountain will afford us all the shelter possible from the wind; from the cold, there is no escape.'

"The sky grew heavier with black clouds every moment; the

cold became so piercing, that we blew our fingers and stamped our feet to warm them. Even in my own pain, I could not forbear laughing at Juan's nose, which was quite blue with the cold.

"'Do not laugh,' said Juan, solemnly. 'Behold, how the sky darkens!'

"Slowly down upon us crept this awful noonday darkness, until the whole scene was hung in gloom. An awful silence fell over the land. The cold grew more freezing. A feeling of awe began to come over me.

"'Stay!' cried Juan; 'there is a cave near by. We may find some shelter from the winds within its gloom.'

"'Let us set out.'

"We started; but, before we had gone a dozen rods, there swept over the mountain a screaming blast, scattering leaves before it in tumult.

"'The ouragan!' cried Juan, and fell flat on his face on the ground, clinging tightly to the side of the mountain.

"I followed his example; and the ouragan swept over us with a roar, like the voice of a clamorous mob. It came as suddenly

as if it had been chained somewhere in the rocky fastness, and had broken its chain at once, and sprung forth.

"In this country, a storm comes on gradually; but the dreaded ouragan of that region springs upon you in all its fury at a bound.

"The frightful cold shook us like children, as we lay there on the ground; while the ouragan swept over us with tremendous noise and clamor, whirling in the air the branches of trees, detached stones, and a dense mass of leaves and dust. To lift our heads three inches from the sod on which we lay would have been the death of us; we should have been smothered at once. Yet, it was almost impossible to keep our faces to the ground; for the wind struck us so forcibly, that it seemed as if we must be lifted up in its furious arms, and thrown down the steeps below.

"At last, the ouragan seemed to have spent its strength; there was a lull. We raised our heads cautiously, and looked about us, then arose to our feet, and surveyed the scene. Every tree was stripped of its leaves and smaller branches: of the rich foliage which had covered the mountain but an hour before, not a solitary trace remained. As for ourselves, our clothes were torn to rags, and our bodies bruised black and blue. But our troubles were not yet over. Sore and frozen as we were — our teeth chattering and our knees trembling — we were not yet to escape. The wind had no sooner lulled, than there broke out a torrent of rain, which poured down like a very Niagara on our heads.

"'To the cave!' cried Juan.

"'To the cave!' echoed I; and away we scrambled, as well as the wreck of rocks and fallen limbs and trees about us would permit. Torrents gathered on the steep above us, and poured down, roaring and foaming on every side. Blinded, half-crazed, we stumbled on. Presently, I stood in the shelter of the cave, wiping the water from my eyes with trembling fingers, and wringing my long hair — safe at last, under cover. But my companion; where was he?

"'Juan!' I cried; but there came no answer. My voice was drowned in the tumult of the sweeping floods. The rain beat in my face, and I drew back into the darkness of the cave. Then it was that I heard a sound more appalling than the roar of the elements. The fierce snarl of the jaguar. I trembled with new terror at that frightful sound. If you never heard the roar of a wild beast in the deep gloom of a cavern, you can never conceive what a terrible sound it is. It is appalling enough to hear the

jaguar's roar in the broad light of the noonday sun, out in the open woods; but this was far more frightful. I gave a start of terror as I heard that ferocious snarl, which seemed close by my side, and was echoed in the roomy vault, till it sounded like the cry of a whole gang of wild tigers. For a moment, I stood trembling like an aspen, and then bounded forward out of the hideous lair into the pouring rain again, shouting for my companion.

"'Juan! Juan! Where are you?' I cried, as I rushed blindly on. No answer came. Then, as if heaven was bent on my destruction, I felt the ground beneath my feet giving way, and I fell down, down into an abyss, through which a cataract was pouring.

. . . . . .

"My feet caught in a tangled mass of boughs, which checked the fury of my onward career. In my frenzy — for I was almost robbed of my senses by this time — I struggled fiercely to free myself from the tangle in which my feet had caught, not realizing that this was my salvation from being dashed to pieces on the rocks, which rose, a jagged mass, only a short distance below where I now was. But the being saved from that peril only seemed to render it certain that I should die by another. The tangled boughs now seemed to me a trap, in which I was caught and held; while the pouring torrent grew and grew, until it filled the narrow channel where I stood, and rose to my mouth, my nose, my ears, to pour in and quench the feeble flame of life that flickered in my breast, No, no! It should not be! I struggled with all my power again; I reached up over my head, and clutched frantically at the bushes that clung low in the rocks, swaying with the increasing strength of the torrent. Still, the tangled boughs held me fast; the water was already up to my chin.

"'Juan! Juan! Juan!' I shouted, in despair, with all the power I could summon. There came a long shout. My heart leaped for joy.

"'Yo-o-o-o! Yo-o-ho!'

"I sent back the answer, 'Yo-hup! Yo-hup!'

"There was a long silence. My heart sank again. Juan had wandered away into the distance again, no doubt, unable to trace the sound in the hurly-burly of noises made by the rain, the muddy rivers, the falling rocks. The water was already in my ears. To keep it from strangling me, I was forced to throw my head back, thus to raise my mouth; but I felt that this would not long serve me. While thus holding myself, my straining eyes almost ready

to burst from their sockets with the agony I was in, I saw a form moving among the shrubbery overhead. Once more I shouted, 'Juan! save me!' Then his sturdy head came thrusting through the bushes, and was followed by his whole body. He stood on the edge of the bluff overhead, shouting to me to keep up my courage; but in the tumult, I could only hear his cheery voice; the words were lost in the rumble of the torrent. He quickly unwound his lasso from his waist, about which it was tied, and flung it true to the mark. It struok my hand. I drew it down, slipped the loop over my head, under my arms, waved my hand as a signal for him to haul away. And it was time; for just then, the rising water poured in at my nostrils. The next minute, I was lifted above the torrent; I was dangling in the air; I was being drawn up, slowly but steadily, by Juan's strong arms.

"'Bravo, Joel!' cried Juan, as he dragged me at last to his side; 'I lassoed you to some purpose, my comrade!'

"As for me, I threw my arms about the brave fellow's neck, and kissed his rough cheek, with tears of joy streaming down my face.

"'Come, come!' said Juan; 'the worst is over now. See! the tempest is going down. Let us go down also.'

"In a few minutes, the sun shone out in all its wonted brilliancy. We crept down the mountain together, and reached our homes in safety. From that day forward, I became a changed man. I reformed my wayward life, and learned to think more of the Father in Heaven who watches over us always." WIRT SIKES.

FAMOUS DOGS.

MÆRA, THE STAR DOG.

HURRAH!" shouted a boy of fourteen. "Hooyah!" piped up a tiny voice, in humble imitation. Ding-dong, rang the dinner-bell; ting-a-ling, followed the table-bell; toot, toot, said the horn; squeak, went the fiddle; clang, clang, went the shovel and tongs; bang went the cannon.

It was an ear-splitting noise; and it filled the country-house, where I was spending the winter with my sister Isabel and her family. As for me, I didn't mind the hallabaloo. I was in

the drawing-room, watching the flames as they feasted on the Christmas logs in the open fireplace. Brother Dick, however, felt differently; and he exclaimed, "How can Belle let those young bedlamites go on so? My head is ready to burst. Can't you stop them, Grace?"

There was no withstanding this appeal; so, I went into the hall. "Hal, Pet, Midget, Puss, Prince, listen a moment. Uncle Richard's head is just ready to burst."

"Uncle's head's 'most always just ready to bust. When do you 'spose the bust 'll really come, auntie?"

"Very soon, if you are not more quiet, you sarcastic child."

"Will it all fly to pieces, as if it was touched off with powder?

How funny he'd look; wouldn't he!" and here my hopeful nephews tittered; while my neices stood with open eyes and mouths, awestruck at such a possibility.

"Cruel boy, to have no mercy on uncle's head. Come, now, to the parlor, and I will tell you a story."

"Oh, good! goody! But, darling auntie, let us have one more little time;" and, before I could forbid it, the hurrahs were ringing again, and the various instruments before used did their best to deafen me. Then, the small people marched into the parlor in single file, their eyes nearly closed, their right forefingers held up, as if in warning, a soft "hush!" breathing from each pair of lips; and with altogether such a ludicrous affectation of silence, that Dick roared with laughter, in spite of his recent complaints. It took some time to get quiet again. Then, I settled myself in an easy-chair, Midget took one arm, and Pet the other; while Hal stretched himself on the rug, and Puss and Prince arranged themselves on crickets.

"Now for it," said Hal, when he had contrived to get his head on one hassock, and his feet on another; and so, I began:—

"In the old, old time, which poets tell us about, but which historians leave pretty much to itself, there lived in Athens a man named Icarius. A generous man was he; so generous, indeed, that he appeared to find no pleasure equal to that of giving. His hospitality was unbounded, and extended to rich and poor alike. His very possessions caught the spirit of their master, and seconded his wishes with all their might. His pears, and figs, and olives fairly coaxed the passer-by to eat them. His asparagus, and carrots, and radishes whispered to each other, 'Grow faster, brothers, for the coming guest;' and every now and then, there was a breeze of talk among the parsley and coriander leaves, as they encouraged each other to exceeding spiciness. The same motives animated the poultry-yard. The hens never tired of laying eggs; the geese and pigeons stuffed themselves to unusual size and fatness; and the bees filled their hives to overflowing with the choicest honey to be made from flowers.

"The best treasure of Icarius was, however, his little daughter, Erigone. No matter how numerous his cares were, he had always time for her. He taught her all that she could understand; frolicked with her in a childish fashion; and never failed to kiss her good-night and good-morning, without which loving farewell and happy greeting, he said he could not sleep in the one, or find him-

self fortunate in the other. In the absence of her father, Erigone played with her dog, Mæra, a splendid fellow, who never strayed far from her side. When she first had him, he was just a bundle of flesh and hair, with a great, ill-shaped head, and eyes shut so tightly, that he couldn't see at all; but he had gradually grown comely, until his size, strength, and beauty, were known through all the country round. He would, doubtless, have been famous as a hunter, also, but for his loyalty to his mistress, which exceeded that of any knight in the gallant days of chivalry. That he did not lack a taste for the chase is certain; for, whenever the sportsmen were making ready to depart, he looked so intelligent, and put up his ears in such a knowing way, and shook his tail so confidently, that nobody could doubt his being quite as well informed regarding the matter in hand, as any rider of them all. When the hunters mounted, he leaped and barked, and showed no end of jollity and expectation. He even dashed out of the court, and went leaping by their side along the path to the forest; but when at a short distance from home, he always paused, looked back regretfully, turned again longingly toward his friends, looked back once more, then forward for an instant; and finally, with a deep breath, like a sigh, bounded home to his mistress.

"This happy life might perhaps have lasted till it came to a natural and quiet end, but for an unfortunate event which befel the unsuspecting Icarius. One day, Bacchus took it into his tipsy head to make him a visit."

"Bacchus! Why, auntie, that's the very god that sits grinning up there in the picture over the fireplace. He's a great know-nothing. I can't bear him," said Hal, making a hideous face at the unconscious figures.

"He did not appear thus to Icarius, but put on the appearance of an elegant young man; and he sang songs, and told stories, and was altogether so pleasant and merry, that his host thought there was nobody to compare with him in the whole world. The jolly dinner ended, the two went into the garden, when Bacchus, after complimenting its luxuriance and beauty, remarked, 'There is only one thing wanting; and that I will immediately supply.' Thereupon, he touched the earth with his staff, and instantly there appeared a tiny shoot, which grew and grew, and put forth leaves and tendrils, and climbed over the pear-trees, and into the olive-trees, and clung about the tall lindens, a mass of living green. Then, grapes appeared in heavy clusters, which

turned to the richest purple, and filled their rounded sides with delicious juice.

"Icarius beheld the wondrous growth with profound amazement, and looked with awe at the young man, in whom he had before seen only a gay guest. Nevertheless, his curiosity was equal to his wonder, and he tasted the new fruit once and yet again; and then, fearing that it might vanish as quickly as it had come, he plucked whole bunches, and devoured them greedily.

"'This is but the beginning, my friend,' said Bacchus, indolently pulling a fine grape here and there. 'The glory of the vine lies beyond. Sit down, and I will tell you all about it.'

"So, the two rested in the cool shade; and Bacchus told his entertainer how to gather the grapes; to press out their ripened juice; to let it ferment in stillness and darkness; and to draw off the wine, which he described as the true joy-giver, the real grief-soother of man. The generous, but ignorant Icarius, was completely deceived; and, imagining that he was to become, through this discovery, the benefactor of his race, he thenceforward devoted his whole attention to the vineyard, which he at once began to prepare. All went on prosperously; and people came in crowds to watch his progress, and learn the various processes from which he anticipated such grand results.

"It so happened, that a party of peasants were hanging round him with curious questionings, when, after long waiting and many cares, the fluid ran clear and sparkling from the lees; and he, thinking to afford them pleasure, gave them as much as they could drink. Of course, they became tipsy, and acted as foolishly as tipsy people always do. Some grinned like a monkey, some cried, some fought. Their friends were frightened; and they themselves, when they recovered their reason, fancied they had been poisoned. Eager for revenge, they did not wait to learn whether Icarius were to blame, or not; but seized him at the first convenient opportunity, and dragged him into the forest, where they murdered him, and buried him beneath an oak-tree.

"In vain Erigone and Mæra waited for him as was their custom, patiently peering into the gathering darkness, in the hope of seeing his dear form amidst the deepening gloom. In vain, they looked for him in the morning, and through the golden noontide. Often and often, Erigone clasped her dog in a close embrace, and cried, 'O Mæra! where is my father?' And he howled piteously in answer, and kissed her face and hands, and nestled against her in

such a sympathizing way, that she was comforted a little, and her heart did not ache quite so sadly as before. By and by, a new thought occurred to her. If her father were indeed dead, she must find his grave; she must watch and weep there. So, she stroked back Mæra's ears, and said, 'Dear old fellow, let us seek my father.' I suppose there was a gleam of hope in her countenance; for Mæra's face brightened all over, he cocked his ears, set his whole body into a quiver of delight, and banged his tail on the floor, until it was really a wonder that it was not bruised to a jelly. At these signs of approval, Erigone took heart also. She bound her sandals on her feet, put on a wide-brimmed hat, to shield her from the sun and rain, and set out on her journey, with Mæra for her protector and guide. They were always together, — the dog, tall and stately, fleet of foot as he was bold of heart, now burying his fangs in the cruel throat of a wolf, now scenting wild fruits for the mid-day lunch; and his young mistress tripping lightly, or dragging wearily along, with her hand buried in his shaggy hair, sorrowful but fearless, weak in body, but strong in her unwearied love and filial resolve.

"Day after day passed, and Mæra showed no signs of interest or curiosity, until, returning from their sad journey, they neared the borders of a wood. Then he became restless and excited. He snuffed the air; he whined; he gave long, wailing howls; he darted hither and thither; and finally, put his nose to the ground, and ran straight to a broad oak-tree. Upon reaching it, he began to scratch violently; he grew more and more furious; he was fairly frantic; and, in a few minutes, a hand appeared, bearing the signet-ring of his master.

"Poor Erigone looked an instant, and a wild despair seized her. She had but one desire; and that was, to die also. Loosening the long woollen sash from her waist, she made a noose at one end, which she slipped about her neck; then, climbing into the tree, she fastened the other end to a bough, and leaped downward. For a single moment, her body swayed to and fro; and then, all was still. The patient, loving, suffering heart had ceased to beat; and Mæra had a mistress no longer.

"When Bacchus learned the mischief which he had done, he placed his victims among the stars, making Icarius *Bootes*, or *Arcturus;* Erigone, the *Virgin;* and Mæra, *Procyon*, or the Little Dog.

"Some clear evening, we will look for them, and remember this story of centuries ago."

M. G. SLEEPER.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

SNOW-CLOUDS lying low in the west,
Snow-flakes filling the last year's nest;
And little Nellie snug in bed,
With sweetest of dreams to pillow her head.

Nellie has wondered, if, up in the stars,
Dwell little girls with kind mammas?
Who hang up their stockings on Christmas Eve,
And in good Kriss Kringle devoutly believe?

Kriss Kringle, who brings such sure delights,
When he steals down the chimney on Christmas nights;
Such whistles and balls, and fine folderols,
Such dear, darling treasures of waxen dolls;

Dolls that can wink, and dolls that can walk,
Dolls that do everything else but talk;
Dolls with slippers, and shoes, and boots;
And dolls with bran-new walking-suits.

And, wondering thus, she has fallen asleep,
With the tiniest hand 'neath the rosiest cheek;
While all sorts of fancies flit through her brain,
As the snow-flakes but yesterday danced in the lane.

. . . . . .

Fancies of palaces, beautiful fallacies,
Built like Aladdin's, in one single night;
Where the queen of the fairy lives in quandary,
As to how she shall mete out the presents aright.

For Sadie, the silly, decoyed little Lily
To wade in the river one warm summer day.
'Tis true, they were found before being drowned;
But the ebb-tide was drifting them down towards the bay.

Now, whether Miss Sadie deserves the Fate-lady,
Or simply, just nothing at all;
Or, whether 'twere wiser just to advise her,
By sending a twopenny doll.

And there's naughty Harry, who struck sister Carry,
Because she had eaten his peach;
Whether to send them, in hopes it may mend them,
A smart little ferrule for each?

Now, who shall determine what fruit there's a worm in,
When all looks fair outside?
But of Nellie, we're sure to the very heart's core,
She has no little sins to hide.

Kriss Kringle shall take her whatever may make her
Remember the day with joy —
Such apricot-tarts, such fine-flavored hearts,
And every conceivable toy.

The nicest work-box, that locks and unlocks,
And a thimble, that fits to a T;
A pair of bronze shoes, and the gown she would choose, —
Did any one speak to me?

. . . . . .

'Twas no other than Nellie, who stoutly confessed
Herself no better than all the rest;
"Oh, I nibbled a hole in the Christmas cake!"
She stammered aloud, for her conscience' sake.

Then, sobbing with grief, she opened her eyes,
And met the light of the Christmas skies;
Where the morning-star was fading away,
In the smile of the blessed Christmas Day.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

HOLLYWOOD.

I.

YES, it was quite decided; there was to be no more doubt or talk about it: Agnes and Cassy Marsh were to go away to boarding-school. It was time, their father said, that they went somewhere to school. Agnes was almost fourteen years old, and Cassy nearly thirteen; and the progress in their studies had been limited, as the only instruction they received was at home from their Aunt Nelly, who for three years had lived with them. But they were wise in many things books cannot teach. Familiar with nature as they had become in their western home, — nature as it appeared before them in the vastness and grandeur of the woods, they had been taught what was good for them to know; had been swayed by influences that had kept their youth fresh and stainless.

"Father," said Agnes, one evening, as they were all seated round the fire, talking the matter over: "you are going to send us to Hollywood, aren't you — where Helen and Jessie Pierce go? I am sure I shouldn't want to go anywhere else."

"Why?" asked the father.

"Oh; Helen says it is so pleasant at Hollywood; and it is just a little way out of the city; and such nice girls go there; and — "

"And they have such good fun there!" broke in Cassy.

"And that is what you would like, no doubt, Miss Cassy," the father said. "But I tell you, little girls, you will soon have your wild spirits tamed if you go there. I judge from the appearances of things, that it is not a place where much fun is allowed."

"Why, father? Have you been there?" the girls both exclaimed at once. "Did you go there while you were away last time?"

"Yes," said Dr. Marsh; "and that is where you are going to school."

Really going to Hollywood! For a moment, Agnes and Cassy could hardly believe it. They had thought and talked so much about going, that they grew quite excited over it; and began asking their father a thousand questions about Hollywood, and when, and how they were going, and planning what they should do. For days, they could hardly think or talk of anything else; and the thought of going gave them nothing but pleasure. But, as time went by, and preparations for their departure began to be made, they became conscious of what a great change it would make in their lives, this going away to school, leaving their home, its freedom, its pleasures, and comforts; and it did not seem such a very pleasant thing, after all. And then, the thought of parting from those they loved so dearly, — their father and dear little brother; their good, indulgent grandmother; their loving Aunt Nelly. And they remembered how dependent they were upon grandma and Aunt Nelly for aid and counsel in very little things, — why, what should they do without them, grandma and Aunt Nelly, who had come to them after their dear mother died, and had made their desolate home so happy, and so gently led back their wandering feet into right and pleasant paths.

But the dreaded day of their departure came. There was nothing more to be done. Their trunks were packed, and put out on the piazza; and in a few hours, they were to start on their long journey to the city of L——. It was a charming day, warm and sunny, though late in November; and, as Agnes and Cassy were going across the prairie on their way to the Grove, to bid good-by to their friends, Lule and Susy Fenwick, they looked upon the landscape, and thought they had never known before what beauty surrounded their home.

"See," said Agnes, "those great blue hills, far off on the edge of the prairie. Do you remember, Cassy, how, when we were little girls, we used to think, that if we could only get on the top, we could see the whole world?"

"Yes," said Cassy; "and don't you remember how we tried to get to them one day, you and Lule and I? And how we kept walking and walking; and the farther we went, the farther away the hills seemed?"

"Indeed I do," said Agnes, laughing; "and how we had to run coming back, so as to get back before night; and kept tumbling

down, because we were so tired; and, just think, Cassy, we will soon be way beyond those hills."

"I know it," answered Cassy, pleasure shining in her eyes for a moment; "but I suppose it will be a good thing for us, after living in the woods all our days."

"And a pleasant thing too; won't it, Cassy?" sounded a voice behind them; and they turned, and saw Tad Fenwick.

"Why, Tad!" they both exclaimed. "Where did you come from?"

"Right out of the woods," said Tad. "I saw you were going to our house, and I knew 'twas for the last time; and I thought I'd come and see you."

"We would have felt bad to have gone away without seeing you, Tad," Cassy said.

Tad looked pleased. "It will seem pretty lonely here after you've gone," he said; "but I should think you'd be glad you are going."

"Why?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, I should think it would be a fine thing to go away so far. I'd like it. I mean to go out into the world some day, and do something, too. I'd —"

"What?" said Cassy. "Make a great man of yourself?"

"Yes," answered Tad, lifting his head high, and walking with a very firm step. But they had reached the house now, and Lule, seeing them, came to the door. "I was afraid you'd go off without coming," she said. "I 'spect you'll both feel so big when you git back, that you won't come."

"There now, Lule; I'd be ashamed," said Cassy. "People don't put on airs, if they got any sense. Just as if it would make any difference!"

Lule didn't say anything; but she looked as if she had already lost her little friend.

"Lule and Susy feel very bad about your going away," said Mrs. Fenwick, as she greeted Agnes and Cassy; "and so we all do."

"'Specically me," said Ben, Lule's elder brother. "I'm in very — what do they call it — deep infliction, Nessy; but p'raps I'll git out of it."

"O Ben!" said Lule; "you're always in fun. I should think you'd be sober sometimes."

"Well, now, I reckon I am sorry," said Ben, in a more serious

tone; and, as Agnes and Cassy looked into Ben's homely face and saw the kindness beaming there, they knew he was in earnest.

"Well, we are sorry to leave you all," said Agnes. "I am afraid we shall be dreadfully homesick."

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Fenwick; "you ought to think 'tis a great privilege to be able to go to school all you want to. I wish my Tad had such a good chance as you've got. Poor feller! he has a dreadful hard time gitting his larnin'."

Yes; Tad did have a hard time, and he was just thinking about it as his mother spoke; and brave, manly boy as he was, his eyes came very near showing how keenly he felt it just then, but he rose quickly, and walked across the room with a careless air, half-whistling, as he said, "Oh, I guess I'll get along well enough, mother."

"Well; the trouble is," said Ben, "Tad wants to know too much. He's got larnin' enough in his head now to split open. I'm sure we don't know what he means half the time, he gits off such big words. Susy," said he, "what was that word you was askin' him about the other day? School—— what?"

"Schoolman?" said Susy.

"Oh, yes," said Ben. "Well, Tad told her what it meant; and then he went and got the dictionary, and read what that said about it; and if you could but just heard him. Some of the words was as long as your finger. Tad, try it over again; will you?" and Ben passed him the dictionary. To please Ben, Tad laughingly read the definition: "One versed in the niceties and subtilties of academical disputation: a writer of scholastic divinity or philosophy."

"Now, hear that," said Ben. "I tell you, a feller that can read like that, knows enough;" and, though Ben was partly in fun, his face expressed a great deal of wonderment and sincere admiration. "Tad," said he, in a very earnest tone, as he went up to him and took hold of his arm, "Tad, I mean to help you along pretty soon. You shall have an education, if you want it. I don't care much for those things myself; but I'm right glad you do, and I tell you, I mean to help you along. I'm a big strong feller; I reckon I can do it, and take care of mother too;" and a glow of generous feeling overspread Ben's rugged face.

Tad grasped his brother's hand very warmly, and thanked him; but he knew that he could not expect much from Ben. Ben, who was now head of the family, found as much as his hands could do;

for the father was dead, — the good father, whose strong arm they so relied upon, — and this is why Tad had such a "hard time." He was obliged to leave school, and go to work. What little he earnt, he gave to his mother; for the new frame-house that had taken the place of the log-house built by them when they first came to the prairie, was not quite paid for, and the family was large. Ben couldn't do everything. Every leisure moment Tad could find, however, he spent in reading and study; and he often went very poorly clad, that he might save a little money to use for buying books.

Ben's sudden seriousness made silence in the room for a few moments; then Agnes and Cassy rose, and said that they ought not to stop any longer; and asked Lulie and Susie if they didn't want to go a little way with them — go through the woods, and see together once more some of their old pleasant haunts?

"Yes; go," said Tad; "and I'll go too, if you want me," turning to Agnes.

Agnes and Cassy said yes; they would like him to go; and then they bid good-by to all the others, — a very affectionate good-by to their "dear, kind Mrs. Fenwick;" and they left the Grove. Very silently they went on their way, their old gayety gone from them. There was a sadness now in the mellow autumn sunshine, the stillness of the woods; and hardly a word was spoken until they came to the old road that led to the river.

"Now that we've gone so far this way," said Agnes, "let us all go and see Mr. Millburn. Cassy and I ought to go and say good-by."

"Yes," said Tad; "I was just thinking I would like to go there;" and the others readily assented.

Mr. Millburn was a gentleman who was very fond of nature and solitude; and he had built a little rustic cottage near the woods, where he spent the great part of every summer alone. It was true, he was somewhat singular in his tastes and ways; but he was very genial and kind. He took great pleasure in the society of little people, and liked to have them come to see him, which they often did, Tad especially, whenever he could; for Mr. Millburn was very learned, and always had with him a great many books, which he freely loaned to Tad. Then too, Tad loved to hear Mr. Millburn talk; he always got something new to think about. As they came out into the open fields in sight of the river, they met Mr. Millburn taking a walk.

"And were you coming to see me?" he asked, as he gave each one a pleasant greeting. "Well, it will make no difference; my walk has been quite enough; we will go on together."

"Oh, no," said Agnes; "we had better not; we've not much time. Cassy and I are going away today, Mr. Millburn."

"Going away? Why, so you are. I had forgotten this was the day you are going to Hollywood. And you were coming to say good-by, I suppose? Well, my little friends, I am sorry to part with you; but perhaps I shall see you again soon. I am going to L—— myself next week. My home is there, you know; and Hollywood is quite near."

"O Mr. Millburn! I am so glad!" said Agnes; "how pleasant it will be. I had forgotten that you lived in L——."

"May we come to see you?" said Cassy. "And will you tell us stories, just the same?"

"Yes," said Mr. Millburn, smiling; "just the same; that is, if you can come. And so you are really going today?" he said; "going to live in a city for a little while? Well; I hope it will not make a very great change in you, my little friends; but, I am afraid it will; I am afraid it will!" and Mr. Millburn took Agnes's and Cassy's hands in his own, and looked into their faces very thoughtfully for a moment. "Let me ask you something," he said. "You love what is beautiful, don't you? You love to look at the sky, when the sun is setting; at the prairie, when the flowers are in bloom; these great trees; the distant hills; the winding river; everything in nature?"

"Yes; I do," said Agnes.

"And so do I," said Cassy.

"Well; try very hard to keep this love fresh in your hearts, won't you? Don't let any meaner love come in and crowd it out. You are going to a great city, where you will learn new ways and see new things; but, keep true to nature, little ones; true in every way. Be children just as long as you can; and don't learn any of the world's wisdom. It's all foolishness. Do you understand, Cassy?"

Cassy smiled, and looked down, but didn't answer.

"Well, I suppose I mustn't keep you here any longer. I will walk back with you a little way. I have something to say to you, Tad;" and Mr. Millburn walked along with him. "Tad," said he, "how would you like going away too? Going to L——, and

getting something to do — some employment that would pay you quite well, and give you the opportunity of pursuing your studies? Would you like it?"

"Like it? *Yes, sir!*" said Tad, his eyes shining like stars.

"I have a brother in L——, who is doing a large business there," said Mr. Millburn; "and he is in need of just such a boy as you are, Tad. He would like you to come immediately; and, if your mother likes the plan, you can go on when I go."

Tad didn't say thank you; he didn't say anything; he couldn't; but he walked forward, with his head down; and I doubt if he heard another word that was said, though Mr. Millburn went with them almost to the end of the road, talking all the while.

Lule had looked very sad during all their walk; and as soon as Mr. Millburn left them, she began to cry.

"Why, what is it, Lule?" said Agnes. "What is the matter, dear Lule? Are you thinking about Tad going away?"

"I'm thinking about myself," said Lule. "Everybody is going away off to have a good time but just me; and here I've got to go to a worse place than this, and take care of babies. I've always had to take care of babies; I s'pose I've always got to all my life."

"Oh, no, you haven't," said Agnes, kissing her; "you'll have good times too, one of these days. I'm sure you will; don't feel so. We don't think it is so very nice to go far away from home. We feel very badly about it. You are not going to stay but a little while up to your sister Sarah's; are you?"

"Yes," said Lule; "I s'pose I've got to live there now, and work, and take care of that hateful baby; and it's a lonely old place. You can't see a house anywhere!" and Lule cried aloud.

Agnes and Cassy tried to soothe her; and so did Susie.

"We shall all be together again a little while next summer, I know," said Agnes; "and we'll have such a good time, Lule. We won't forget you; we'll always be good friends."

"But, I'm afraid Tad won't be here any more," said Susie; and then she began to cry.

"Oh, don't feel badly about Tad, said Agnes. "It is such a good thing for him; and I know he is very happy about it. I am sure I am so glad for him, that I can't feel badly about anything." But, when she and Cassy reached their garden-gate, and had to say good-by to Lule and Susie, she did feel badly, she and Cassy,

too; and they both cried. They had to send a good-by to Tad; for he had kept ahead of them, and reached home before they did.

And now came a sadder parting. The carriage that was to take them away was waiting at the door, and their father was ready to go. It was but a few moments, and they had listened to the last word of tender counsel from grandma and aunt; had given a parting look to one loved spot in the little grove in the garden; and, with saddened hearts had kissed their last good-by, and they were on their way. AUTHOR OF LITTLE PEARL.

THE ANXIOUS LEAF.

ONCE upon a time, a little leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do when a gentle wind is about. And the twig said, 'What is the matter, little leaf?' And the leaf said, 'The wind just told me that one day it would pull me off, and throw me down to die!' The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree. And when the tree heard it, it rustled all over, and sent back word to the leaf, 'Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to.' And so the leaf stopped sighing, but went on singing. Every time the tree shook itself, the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off. And so it grew all summer long. And when the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet; and some striped with both colors. Then it asked the tree what it meant? And the tree said, 'All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they have put on these beautiful colors, because of joy.' Then the little leaf began to want to go, and grew very beautiful in thinking of it; and when it was very gay in color, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them, and so the leaf said, 'O branches! why are you lead-color, and we golden?' 'We must keep on our work-clothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for holiday, because your tasks are over.' Just then, a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of it; and the wind took it up, and turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air, and then it fell gently among hundreds of leaves, and dreamed, and never waked to tell what it dreamed about!"

IMPROVE YOUR TALENTS.

Music by D. W. LOTHROP.

Moderato.
Have you read of the ser-vant who hid in the earth, The
tal-ents his mas-ter had giv-en, When by dil-i-gent use to re-
double its worth, He ought to have faith-ful-ly striv-en?
My child, you have talents; God gave them to you, And will

3.

You have speech; then remember to watch your words well,
And let them be gentle and kind;
It may seem a small matter, but no one can tell
The comfort a word leaves behind.

4.

You have time; every minute and hour of the day
Is lent by your Father in Heaven;
Make haste to improve, ere it passes away,
The talent so graciously given.

5.

You have influence too, though it seems very small,
Yet in greater or lesser degree;
You affect the improvement and comfort of all
With whom you may happen to be.

6.

And the child who in earnest endeavors to live
As an heir of eternity ought,
By his silent example a lesson may give
Which by words he could never have taught.

MATCHES. — The following curious particulars concerning matches are from a paper lately read to the Société des Ingénieurs-Civils, by M. Peligot. It has been calculated that the number of matches consumed in France, is about six per head per day; it is eight in England, and nine in Belgium. Taking the French average as a basis, the number of matches consumed all over Europe in a day is about two billions, representing upward of six hundred pounds of wood.

The kinds of wood chiefly employed in manufacturing them, viz., aspen and poplar, are sold by the cubic metre (thirty-five cubic feet); allowing for waste, this quantity does not weigh more than five hundred pounds; so that, in Europe alone, the number of cubic metres of wood thus burnt amounts to four hundred thousand, being equivalent to fourteen million cubic feet, English measure. To this quantity should be added that of stearine matches, commonly called vestas, the consumption of which has of late increased very considerably. The weight varies between three thousand two hundred and four thousand per pound in France.

The quantity of phosphorus used in the manufacture of matches is about four hundred and twenty thousand pounds, exclusive of chlorate of potash, sulphur, minium, sulphuret of antimony, gum, and glue. There are in Austria, manufactories employing five thousand hands; and the aggregate value of matches produced is two hundred and fifty million francs. The invention of friction matches only dates from 1832.

A SWARM OF BEES.

B patient, B prayerful, B humble, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind;
B sure you make matter subservient to mind.
B cautious, B prudent, B trustful, B true;
B courteous to all men, B friendly with few.
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine;
B careful of conduct, of money, of time.
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, B-nevolent, willing to learn;
B punctual, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble, *because* thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,

B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent, and pure;
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.

THE science of chemistry has been put to a hard test lately in Prussia. At the bank of a provincial town there appeared a peasant with an odd mass of pulp, requesting the cashier to change that for him. On close examination, one little scrap was found, containing the number of a ten-thaler bank-note; the rest was pulp, and nothing could be made of it. The poor peasant then explained matters. He had brought eighty thalers in bank-notes from the market, and had lost the little bundle in the stable. There an eager goat found it, and proceeded calmly to eat it up. The peasant, having become aware of his loss, rushed back into the stable, and just entered it in time to perceive the last morsel of a ten-thaler note disappearing. His wife, wise woman, advised him to kill the goat at once. This he had done, and here was the result. All the printing having been almost entirely obliterated, the question has arisen whether it might be possible to restore some portions of it by chemical agencies, or to discover by means of a powerful microscope traces which to the naked eye are invisible. The peasant in the interval has received the value of the one note, and a promise that everything possible shall be done for him as to the others.

THIRTY CENTURIES OLD. — The oldest relic of humanity extant is the skeleton of the earliest Pharaohs, incased in its original burial-robes, and wonderfully perfect, considering its age, which was deposited eighteen or twenty months ago in the British Museum, and is justly considered the most valuable of its archæological treasures. The lid of the coffin which contained the royal mummy was inscribed with the name of its occupant, Pharoah Mykerimus, who succeeded the heir of the builder of the great pyramid, about ten centuries before Christ. Only think of it — the monarch whose crumbling bones and leathery integuments are now exciting the wonder of numerous gazers in London, reigned in Egypt before Solomon was born, and only about eleven centuries or so after Misraim, the grandson of old father Noah, and the first of the Pharaohs had been gathered to his fathers! Why, the tide-mark of the deluge could scarcely have been obliterated, or the gopher-wood knee-timbers of the ark have rotted on Mount Ararat, when this man of the early world lived, moved, and had his being. His flesh and blood were contemporary with the progenitors of the great patriarch. His bones and shrivelled skin are contemporary with the nineteenth century, and the date of the crucifixion is only about midway between his era and ours.

A LADY asked her little girl, on returning from church, if she remembered the text.

"Oh, yes," said she; "the ladies' sewing society will meet at Mrs. McCraken's house, Monday evening next."

AN Irish absentee is said to have sent this comforting message to his steward: "Tell the tenants that no threats to shoot you will terrify me."

THE credit that is got by a lie only lasts till the truth comes out.

THE power of pleasing is founded on the wish to please.

GOD often hath a great share in a small house.

BETTER a bare foot than none.

sends the longest list of correct answers to the November puzzles, and wins his second prize. Having won the heart-puzzle last April, he now gets the gold pen.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

1. I am composed of 15 letters:
   My 1, 10, 5, 15, 9, 3, 8, are the rows of small bones forming the toes.
   My 4, 7, 12, 2, is a torch.
   My 6, 11, 14, 13, is a verb.
   My whole has thirty faces.
   Keystone.

2. I am composed of 12 letters:
   My 1, 12, 5, 3, is an agreement.
   My 4, 8, 6, 2, is to control.
   My 4, 11, 10, 3, is a disturbance.
   My 9, 7, is a pronoun,
   My whole many have cause to remember. *Montrose.*

3. I am composed of 12 letters:
   My 4, 11, 7, is often used as a beverage.
   My 6, 8, 1, is sometimes very difficult.
   My 12, 2, 6, 9, is a kind of dish.
   My 3, 5, 10, is generally found on a farm.
   You have all seen my whole.
   Edward C. Wood.

4. I hope you are my second, to do my first to my whole.
   F. R. S.

5. My first is what a certain class of persons dread; my second is a meadow; my whole is a guide. *Vincent.*

6. My first is a woman; my second is a woman; and my whole is a woman. *Rena.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED:—

7. A pedler's —— will not always —— well. *Sigma.*

8. —— is more powerful than many ——. *C. M. E.*

9. Shall I ——— the bounty of the ———? *Ego Ipse.*

10. The —— had ——, and was trying to —— the ——. *Ixia.*

ANAGRAMS.

11. Demon ale. *Northern Light.*

12. Lyre seen. *Belle.*

13. Dice us late. *Max.*

14. I pour not spite. *F. R. S.*

15. Transpose a trench into part of the heavens. *Fred.*

16. Transpose an animal into a mineral. *Fred.*

17. Reverse an apartment, and make a native of Africa. *Hugh Howard.*

18. I have four feet, and look quite fine,
You'll see my like in every clime;
My first foot change, I'm on the land;
Change it again, I'm at your hand;
Again, and I'm the culprit's dread;
Again, and I am daily read.
Lillie C.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

19. Ornament a stick of wood. *Violet Forest.*

20. I find it impossible to improve. *Genevieve.*

21. Observe that germ. *Charlie.*

22. Don't splash so much. *J. K.*

23. 3001114008050010020015o. *Celia.*

24. 3008000250501509oo. *E. W. W.*

25.

26.

G. R. H.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of February. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.

296. Portland.

297. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

298. Stockade.

299. Manikin.

300. Marston.

301. Albino, Albion.

302. Canoe, ocean.

303. Idle, lied.

304. Heads, shade.

305. Temperature.

306. Reciprocate.

307. Corporeal.

308. Penumbra.

309. Tarin, rain.

310. Oliver, Olive.

311. Annotaters (Ann, O! 'taters).

312. Fireplace.

313. Manhood.

314. Raccoon.

315. Fellowship.

316. Robert Burns.

317. Cowl.

318. Door.

319. Montpelier.

320. Be polite in your conduct to persons older than yourself. (Bee pole light in ewer C on duck two purse on sold earth an ewer s elf.)

Of the above Puzzles, —

Hero answers all but 300, 314.

Chester answers all but 300, 314, 317.

Keystone answers all but 299, 307, 312.

F. R. S. answers all but 304, 314, 317, 318.

Belle answers all but 298, 300, 309, 320.

Willie Mack answers all but 309, 314, 317, 318, 320.

Ixia answers all but 298, 311, 314, 317, 318.

Frank D. S. answers all but 303, 304, 306, 309, 311, 318.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 300, 303, 309, 311, 314, 315.

J. Hanford S. answers all but 300, 306, 308, 311, 313, 317.

C. W. J. answers all but 301, 304, 309, 311, 314, 316, 318.

Dictator answers all but 299, 305, 306, 308, 309, 314, 317.

Joe Kose answers all but 307, 309, 311, 314, 316, 317, 318.

Wolverine answers 296, 297, 298, 299, 302, 303, 307, 313, 315, 316, 320.

Rena answers 296, 302, 307, 310, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 319.

Arthur J. answers 296, 297, 298, 302, 303, 305, 306, 307, 309, 317.

Effie answers 296, 297, 298, 305, 306, 307, 308, 310, 319.

Empire State answers 296, 317, 320.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Empire State. The "pound of gold pens" will not be complete until they have melted up enough gold from Dutchess County, N.Y., for their manufacture; but, if you will give me your address, I will most assuredly send you a medal as a reward of merit for your fran-

tic efforts in the puzzle department. You have answered what the majority failed in answering — No. 317.

C. T. W. It is very excusable "selfishness." I credit you with seven answers; not the original solutions, but ingenious, and answering the requirements.

Wolverine. I didn't know but what you had "gone off mad," because I had not given you credit for one or two lists of answers which came "too late." Let's make believe that my "tin wedding" occurs in February next.

Auntie. Your answer to 309 would be perfect, if the *residue* had been "transposed," according to the requirements of the puzzle. As it stands, you might make it an original enigma.

Frank D. S. (North Sudbury). Of course, we only give prizes to our own subscribers; but I credit you with your answers, as you took the trouble to write them.

Keystone. The Egyptians first used the leaves of the papyrus in their natural state, to write upon. Then they wetted the leaves, and by pressure flattened the transverse leaves together, which made them stronger, and more durable. Afterwards, the Chinese made paper from cotton; the Persians next learned the art; and the Arabians found it out when they conquered Tartary. The Greeks had it in use earlier than the Romans. The oldest manuscript document written on this cotton paper is dated 1050. When, or by whom linen paper was invented, seems uncertain. You will find a long and interesting article on the subject of paper in "Brande's Encyclopædia."

J. Hanford S. I credit your 309, as you give such good authority. I think we might even find the "feathers" with a good microscope.

Hero. Yes, thank you; I enjoyed Thanksgiving Day very much. Speaking of evening amusements, did you ever play "*Multum in parvo?*" I will describe it. Any number, from two upwards, can play at it; but from four to eight is best. Sit round the table; give each one a sheet of writing-paper and a pencil; select a word of six or seven letters (containing only one of each letter), say "thread." Let some one look at the watch, and when he says "time," let all begin to make small words out of the original, beginning with T, and taking each letter in order. Allow twelve minutes for the whole word, two minutes to each letter. At the end of the twelve minutes, the *watch*-man says "time's up." Then one of the elder ones commences to read his (or her) list; and, as he reads off each word, the others all say "yes," if they have it. Perhaps he reads "herd;" and some one says, "Oh! *I* haven't got that;" "nor I." Should three of the party not have the word, *any* one *having* it, writes "3" after his word; if all have it but one, all but that one credit "1"; and so on. After having gone through with the list (and the others having scratched off all the words that have been read), any one having other words not read by the first one, gets credit, the same as in the case of "herd." Should any one have a word spelled wrong, each of the other players credits himself one; and if a letter is used twice (*e.g.*, "rare," as some one here the other evening thought she had got out of "thread"), the other players are each credited one. After all the lists have been examined and credited, the credits are added up, and the one having the most, *wins* on that word.

Who will try the game, and let me know how they like it?

Keystone. You spelled 307 "Corporale" (!); otherwise, you would have been equal to *Hero.*

Hautboy. Perhaps my acknowledgments of your favors were in that lost Puzzle-Drawer of June last. Thanks for your present contributions. I have sent the rebus to Boston to be engraved. Satisfied?

Dictator. Some one tells me that you made fun of him, and wants me to hint to you, that you'd better study the rebus in November number. Your "first effort" at puzzle-solving is so good, that I shall expect you to answer every one of the December puzzles.

C. W. J. Webster (unabridged) will tell you the value of each letter as a numeral. Look for "A," "B," "C," and so on.

C. S. C. I will publish the little boy's question, although all the Merry's will find it very easy. Had the last two figures of Puzzle 318 been 40, instead of 80, your answer would have been wonderfully good for a wrong one: "Lo! I excel often" (or less ten). In Puzzle 319, only such words are allowable as can be made out of the original word, without repeating a letter twice: *e. g.*, from "Indianapolis," you can get "naiad," because there are two a's in the original word; but you cannot make "spool," as it only has one o.

Vincent. Thank you for the "statistics." Who do you suppose counted the letters? There are only thirty-one million five hundred and thirty-six thousand seconds in one year. I am sorry about the "fraud;" but suppose that that is "the fate of war." "Sigma" edits a daily paper, and keeps a store, and has arrived at man's estate; but still takes an interest in the MUSEUM. The others you mention, are, I think, a little too much *engaged* just now to give much attention to *other* puzzles. Certainly; you have all the rights and privileges of a "subscriber," if you "buy the MUSEUM regularly every month."

Puzzle No. 319 seems to have afforded the Cousins considerable amusement, although some have not quite understood the regulations. (See remarks to C. S. C.) "Montpelier" was given by Keystone (260 words); Rena (189); Frank D. S. (150); and Effie (125). "Springfield," by Willie Mack (174); Dictator (130); and Chester (no items). "Indianapolis," by Ixia (144); and F. R. S. (132). "Providence," by Robbie Eddowes (130); and Wolverine (who, however, uses two d's in several words, which fact reduces his list below par). "Sacramento City," by C. W. J. (158); Belle (141); and Joe Kose (136). "Sacramento," by Hero (155, less 2; "mortar" and "nane" being ruled out. "Nane" might have been meant for "name;" but any way, it was incorrect).

Puzzle 301 has brought out a variety of answers: "chain, China;" "yam, May;" "agate, Gaeta;" "coral, Lorca;" "rock, Cork;" "omer, Rome;" "brogan, Bangor;" "tiger, Tigre" (in Abyssinia); "sable, Basle;" "tory, Troy;" and "charm, March;" these are all credited.

I have credited to 304 "cows, scow;" "gander, garden;" "kale, lake;" "course, source;" and "laces, scale." Then, 310 has brought out a great many men's names which by curtailment (or taking off the last letter) might be given to their sisters: "Lucian," "Julian," "Adam," etc. These, of course, are credited. To 315 have been given "friendship," "companionship," and "partnership;" all good.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to "Empire State" (your first puzzle, however, was used last January), Wolverine, Auntie, Keystone, Coy, Rena, Hautboy, and Dictator.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to our readers, and many of them. We hope every one will get what they most want, though if their wishes are as impracticable as that of a small boy whom we know, we are afraid they wont. This young person, on being asked what he wanted for a New-Year's present, answered, with a sigh, like a man burdened with many cares, "I'd like a new head. Mine is so used up with Latin, grammar, and fractions, it's nothing but a bother."

The poor little party did not get what he asked for; but he did get what he needed, a nice long holiday, which made the tired head as good as new.

Another gentleman of ten, demanded one of the new-fashioned velocipedes; and, on being reminded that his very short legs would be quite incapable of managing one of those high horses, he briskly added, "But I could make 'em longer by wearing big boots;" which was an artful attempt to kill two birds with one stone. He did kill one; for the big boots were offered as compensation for the denial of the "'lossypede," as he called it; and were so very stiff and tall, that the poor lad was continually tumbling down. But he never complained; and we concluded that, in point of exercise, boots were as good as velocipedes.

As the Chat should not be too full of moralizing, and as children like the teaching of children, we enjoy repeating the little jokes and stories that come to us; for, in the sayings and doings of the young people, the old people may find many hints concerning the treatment of busy minds and active bodies.

Mothers oftenest read their children's books; so we venture to say to them what we heard a wise and tender mother say to her daughter: "Never think the children's affairs too trifling for your attention; never silence their questions with hasty answers; or ridicule their small hopes and plans, griefs and fears. Be the nearest and dearest friend they have, and you will find in your little sons and daughters

better companions than any frivolous society can give you; more absorbing occupation than dress or gossip; sweeter poetry and truer romance than books afford; and sow a precious harvest of satisfaction, love, and reverence for the future. Study them while you may; and spare yourselves the regretful pain of saying, what many mothers say with tears, "I never knew the worth and beauty of my little child until it died."

So we end our welcome to 1869, with a slight variation of Tiny Tim's Christmas toast: "God bless the children every one, and keep them safe and happy through the coming year!"

UNCLE MERRY,—My little boy has been trying to find out the number of ways in which "Coffee" may be spelled. It proved to be a sum in arithmetic, as well as an exercise in orthography. Perhaps some of your large family of schoolboys and schoolgirls would like to know the result, and would make the calculation for themselves.

THE DIFFERENT WAYS TO SPELL THE WORD "COFFEE."

I.

The various spellings indicated by the following letters, are pronounced, by the usage of our language, just as the word "coffee" is when correctly spoken.

We may use for initial letters *c*, *k* = 2; vowel *o* = 1; *f*, *ff*, *ph*, *fph*, *phf*, *phph* = 6; terminations *e*, *ee*, *y*, *ey*, *ie*, *eigh* = 6. Hence, we have 2 x 1 x 6 x 6 = 72 ways. But *ough*, *oughf*, *oughph*, are each equivalent to *off*. Hence, 2 x 3 x 6 = 36 other ways; or, 108 ways in all.

We write out some of these ways:

Cofe, coffe, cophe, cofphe, cophfe, cophphe.
Cofee, —ee —ee —ee —ee —ee.
Cofy, —y —y —y —y —y.
Koukeigh, koughfeigh, koughpheigh.

To write out which is as easy a thing to do as to stand an egg on end.

II.

The different spellings in this table are pronounced nearly as the word "coffee" should be pronounced.

We use the initial letters *c*, *k* = 2; vowels *au*, *aw*, *oa* = 3; *f*, *ff*, *ph*, *fph*, *phf*, *phph* = 6; terminations, *e*, *ee*, *y*, *ey*, *ie*, *eigh*, *a*, *ay*, *ea*, *ae* = 10. Hence, we have 2 x 3 x 6 x 10 = 360 ways. But the four new terminations with *o* and *ough* of No. I, above, give 72 other ways, or 432 in all; in both tables, 540 ways.

The most economical way to spell the word would probably be *kofe*; one of the most wasteful ways would be *kaughpheigh*. *Kaughy*, *kaughphy*, *kauphy*, *kauphphy*, contain not a single letter which is in the word correctly spelled.

III.

But a great many other spellings might represent the article. Every illiterate person trusting to his dull ears only, might write it with the letters *g* or *v*, which are cognate to *c* and *f*, or of the same kindred; for instance, *goffy*, or *covvy*; or, he might write it *corfy*, or *cawefy*, etc. With no great difficulty, we can make out more than 3,500 different ways in which "coffee" may be spelled; and the article intended to be represented could be discovered from any of these collocations of letters. If *ch* be considered as representing *k*, the changes, of course, would be much more numerous.

THE LEGEND OF THE CHAPEL MOUNTAIN.

HE winter of 1822–23 was one of the most severe ever experienced in Germany. The snow fell to a great depth; the cold was intense, and of long continuance, so that the people became very weary of it, especially the poor, and all those who were obliged to work in the open air. On one of the worst days of this memorable winter, about seven o'clock in the evening, in the great kitchen of one of the largest houses in a pleasant village near Dresden, were assembled the servants of the family; and among them, according to the custom of the country, were the children of the peasant. All were busied with their various occupations. The peasant and his wife were eating their supper in the next room; but they soon joined the company, and took their place on the bench by the great Dutch stove.

"How the wind howls tonight," said the wife. "One cannot keep warm in the room; yet, I am contented here;" and she leaned back comfortably, fell asleep, and soon snored so loudly, that the servants could hardly restrain their merriment.

The peasant watched his children and servants at work. He appeared very happy; and seemed to say to himself, "I am satisfied with my lot." At last, he left his seat, went to the window, and looked out into the dark, stormy sky, and upon the earth, thickly covered with snow, — at first, without any fixed object in view. At length, he looked toward a certain place, and called his son to him. "Andreas, look yonder. Who is wading there through the new-fallen snow?"

Andreas did as he was bidden, and answered, "Do you not see, father? that is old Claus, the tinker."

"Poor, poor fellow!" said the peasant, earnestly. "In his youth, he worked hard; later, things did not go well with him; and now, in his old age, he must wander in storm and darkness, to earn his daily bread." Opening the window, he called out, "Come in, Claus, and spend the night here; thou art welcome to the fire and a warm supper. Tomorrow, thou canst go about thy business again;" and he motioned to Andreas to open the door, and let the tinker in.

Andreas soon returned with a man who seemed about eighty years old, though he might be younger. Under his shabby fur cap hung long white hair; his face was deeply furrowed; his form bent; his clothing ragged, and not at all suited for the weather or the season. In his hands, he carried the implements of his trade. After he had laid them aside, he took the hand of the peasant, which was extended to welcome him, and said, in a voice half-choked with emotion, "Traugott, thou art still the same good fellow, even if I am no longer thy equal; and though the cruel war, the quartering of the soldiers, and the long sickness of my wife, have used up my property" ——

The peasant interrupted him. "How canst thou speak so, Claus? Thou wert always an honest fellow." And, in order to cheer him up, he added, "Dost thou remember, when we were young fellows, how we often played many mad pranks together in the alehouse, when thou didst remain overnight in Stolpen?"

Yet, the recollection of his past did not seem to restore to Claus his cheerfulness. The peasant therefore broke off when the maid-servant placed before the tinker a great bowl of soup and a loaf of bread, and poured out for him a glass of ale. A tear ran down the furrowed cheek of the tinker. "God bless thee, Traugott!" said he, in a low voice, turning to the peasant; and then he ate and drank with good appetite until he was satisfied. "Thanks for the meal," said he, and the maid cleared away the dishes, bread, etc.; while Claus himself now resumed the broken thread of conversation: — "Yes, in my youth —"

"Were you not a postilion?" asked the boy Andreas. "You must, as they say, have seen many wonderful things."

"Yes, my son," answered the old man; "in those times, a postilion meant something. Then, there were roads which made even an old postilion shudder; now, any child could drive over the smooth highways."

"You must have had some strange adventures on the Chapel

Mountain. Something was lately said about it at the 'Fox,' when I came back from Bischofswerda, and took a cup of coffee there on account of the cold. My father has also heard you tell something about it."

The tinker was silent for a little while, and then replied, "Shall I tell you about it? You have very little faith in anything, you conceited young fellows."

"Do tell us the story, Claus," said the peasant, who knew well the hobby of the tinker. "We will be good listeners."

Thus urged, the tinker began: —

"In order not to be forced into the army, I became a postilion, and served many years with the postmaster in Bischofswerda. I drove the mail-coach from there to Stolpen, twice a week. The road lay over the Chapel Mountain. In summer, all went well; but in winter, it was dangerous, for I always had to drive over the worst places in the darkness, when the moon did not help me in finding the way. Once, — I remember it well; it was the Friday before Christmas, — the weather was such as it is today, only that I did not mind it so much, being young and vigorous. When I was on the Chapel Mountain, near the place where stood the chapel, from which the mountain takes its name, the wind whistled loudly around my face and ears, and I was almost blinded by the snow which it blew into my eyes. Yet, I drove on boldly, in spite of darkness, wind, and storm. The horses had known the road many years, and I had no fear of losing the way. All at once, my horses stopped, and could not be moved from the place by the whip. I jumped down from my seat. In the road stood a little man dressed in gray, who called to me: 'Hollo! — hold! Follow me; and do in silence as thou art bidden; then shall men praise thy riches.'

"'If thou canst become rich in this way,' thought I, 'it is well worth while to keep silent.' Yet, I was somewhat frightened, and my heart sank within me; so, I prudently said to the little man, 'All good spirits praise God their Master.'

"That seemed to vex the little man; and he answered, 'Have done with thy nonsense. I also praise God.'

"Reassured by this, I put the blankets on my horses, fastened up the reins, and said to the little man, 'I will follow thee.'

"He led me to the place where the chapel formerly stood. There, I saw some steps, at the foot of which was an opening, whence a light shone. Before we descended, the little man laid

his finger on his lips, thereby signifying to me that I must be silent, which seemed to me no very hard command. We came into an antechamber. The little man knocked three times at an iron door. It sprang open, and I saw more than I could have dreamed. It was a beautiful hall, lighted with wax candles, into which I entered with my companion. All about were ornaments of gold, silver, and precious stones; long bright mirrors, than which there could be none more beautiful in any prince's palace."

Here, the head man-servant interrupted the tinker: "You must have just emptied your glass of wine."

"No!" angrily answered the old man: and continued: —

"The most beautiful thing was a table, in the middle of the room. It was of marble, and other costly stones which I had never seen before. Upon it stood great golden candlesticks, with crystal pendants; golden dishes; and golden caskets, set with precious stones, and full of coined gold, sparkling stones, and great pearls."

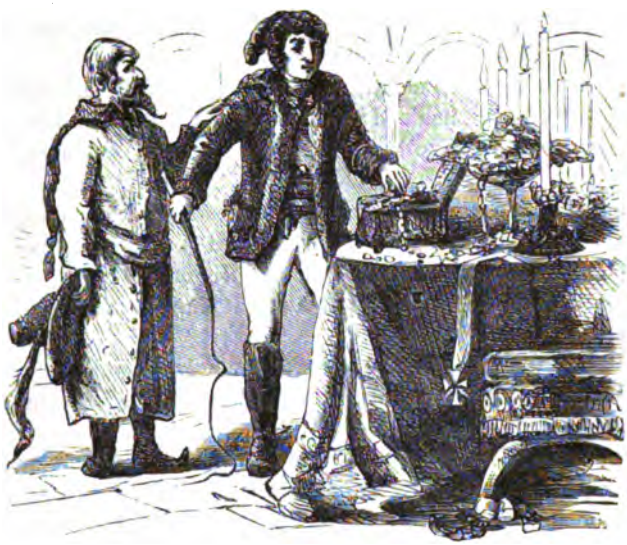
When Claus came to this point, and spoke of the jewels and pearls, the peasant's wife, who, until now, had been listening half-asleep, became more attentive. Claus continued: —

"Around the table sat, motionless, full twenty figures, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, but splendidly dressed. The little man led me to the table, bowed before the noble company, pointed to me, and made me a sign that I should help myself."

"Oh!" said the maid-servant; "that is a story I have often heard about the Schaafberg."

Claus interrupted her reproachfully. "I tell what I have seen;" and continued.

"At that time, I had already come to a pretty good understanding with my wife (may God grant her eternal repose!) but her parents would hear nothing of it. A marriage between a peasant's daughter and postilion seemed to them contrary to the will of God. Now, things looked differently; and they must esteem it an honor if the rich Claus should marry their daughter. And rich I was in an instant, for I had filled all my pockets with gold. Yet, that did not seem enough to the little man; and he made me a sign to take more. Gladly I reached out my hand again; and, as I seized a rich necklace set with precious stones, I forgot my promise of silence, and in my delight, exclaimed, involuntarily, 'O heavens!' In an instant, all had disappeared. I stood again by my horses, and felt in my pockets — they were empty."



"The wine," muttered the man-servant.

To this Claus paid no attention, and said, sighing, "All was gone — my beautiful dream, my hope of being able to conciliate the parents of my beloved. I was again the poor Claus, the postilion. I knew not what to think.

"Again, the little man stood before me, and lamented: — 'Once only in a hundred years can I come on earth to seek a helper, who may release us from punishment. That I now go unransomed is thy fault. Woe!'

"The 'woe' rang so sorrowfully, that I seem to hear it still. Through all my life I have reproached myself, that, through my folly, the poor wight was not saved, and that I did not make myself rich. The people, indeed, whispered something of a discovered treasure, when, soon after the father of my beloved died, we were married, and, with my savings, and the dowry of my wife, I bought the little farm; but I knew better, and was always angry when they spoke of the treasure. It always reminded me of the sorrow of the little man in gray, which seemed to have destroyed all my luck in the course of my life. My wife was always sick; all our children died; and the war made me a beggar."

"Foolish superstition!" grumbled the conceited man-servant.

"Destroyed all your luck, Claus?" said the peasant. "Is it nothing to have been always esteemed an honest man, and to be thought so still, in old age and poverty?"

"Thou art right, Traugott," answered the tinker, ashamed, yet pleased. "I have remained an honest man. Poor and needy, I have gone from house to house; but no man has lost a red cent by me."

Claus's story seemed to run in the head of the man-servant. "Father Claus," said he, "in what year did you see the little man in gray, and the treasure on the Chapel Mountain?"

Claus bethought himself, and said, "It must have been in the year 1761."

"That is too long for me to wait," sullenly answered the man; "for I am already an old fellow, and should then have no need of the treasure."

It was late before the story was ended, and the peasant and his wife soon left the company; but Claus, who had become sociable, sat up for awhile with the young people, and related to them many stories from his own experience, which greatly astonished his hearers.

Whenever, after that, Claus stopped with his friend Traugott, he had always to relate the story of the Chapel Mountain, especially if there were any new servants or any stranger there; and he always declared that he had seen what he told. That Claus had brought nothing at all from the Chapel Mountain, no one believed. It was known later that this opinion was right. When the tinker was old, he gave to his friend Traugott, a sealed package, saying, that he had no place for it. When he died, soon after, the paper was opened. Within, lay a large gold coin, with a ring in it; and on the paper was written, "For my friend Traugott." It was of an old and unknown coinage; and Traugott kept it thankfully during his life, in remembrance of an honest man, and bequeathed it to his children. It must, so say the people, have come from the Chapel Mountain. FROM THE GERMAN.

THE SKATING MATCH AT ALDERVILLE.

II.

"SO, you've fallen on a piece of good luck, my boy," said old John Jones, the baker, as Charlie, with beaming face, came into his shop to buy a loaf for breakfast. "What do you mean to do with your money, if I may ask?"

"Why, Mr. Jones; in the first place, I'm going to pay you for this bread, and for the loaf we had last night; then, I shall get Nellie some stockings, and a pair of shoes for Mary; and for mother, a —"

"Well, now, hold on a minute, Charlie. These are all very good things, no doubt, and very necessary things; but I should advise you to do without them a little longer, all but the bread, and I'd trust you for that awhile, and invest your money in some kind of business."

"Oh! but Mr. Jones, it's only ten dollars!" cried Charlie, laughing at the idea of entering business on so slender a capital.

"And that's just *eight and a half* more than I had to begin the world with. I tell you, ten dollars isn't to be despised in the way of trade. Now, I'll just give you a little advice; and you can take it, or not, as you please. It don't cost anything. You know, when it gets to be pretty near school-time, mornings, the boys and girls flock in here like bees, to get cookies or crackers, or maybe a pie, for lunch; and I notice, that there's always more or less of them have forgot something or other that they must have in school; either a pencil, or a pen, or a copybook, or some one thing or another, and off they have to go, 'way up to Thompson's, to get it. I've often thought it would be a good thing for somebody to open a little stationery-shop in this part of the town; and school-children wouldn't be the only customers, by any means. Now, if you are a mind to lay out your money in a small stock, — say, pens, ink, and paper, a few copybooks, slates and pencils, and maybe a dozen or so of primers and spellers, — you may have the other end of this old counter of mine, and set up for yourself; and if, after a fair trial, you don't find that it pays, I'll take the stock off your hands, so you shan't come to any loss."

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Jones!" cried Charlie, his eyes fairly dancing. "But, won't I be in your way?"

"Not a bit; quite to the contrary, for you can wait on a customer for me, now and then, when I'm out of the shop — by way of paying your rent, you know; and then, you'll be somebody to talk to, when trade's slack," added the good old man, who loved to hear the sound of his own mellow voice.

Monday morning found Charlie early at his post — the sunniest end of John Jones's counter. Nervously he arranged and rearranged his stock-in-trade, while the old man looked on with equal interest.

"The pink and blue copybooks make the most show; so, you'd better put them atop. These primers have prettier covers than the spellers, and I'd spread them out more."

The bright-colored books were piled anew, while honest John stepped back to view the effect. Just then, the door opened, and a red-nosed urchin, bearing a cracked pitcher, made his appearance. The child stood staring at Charlie and his goods in open-mouthed wonder, quite forgetting to ask for his yeast, until Mr. Jones, taking the pitcher from his hand, inquired laconically, "One or two cents?"

"One, sir," replied the boy, producing the coin; and seizing his purchase, he rushed off, eager to spread the news, that "Charlie Burns was selling books in Jones's bakery." The little fellow proved a good advertiser; and it was wonderful, how many children discovered, that morning, that they were in need of some article of stationery, which *must* be procured before they could go to school.

"You mustn't be disappointed, if the rush doesn't keep up many days, my boy," said the good baker, smiling, as he watched Charlie counting his gains at noon. "'A new broom sweeps clean,' and curiosity brought most of your customers this morning; but, be patient, and you'll have a good steady trade on your hands before long."

There was not, however, so much of a falling-off in "the rush" as the old man predicted; for, a number of the high-school boys, foremost among whom was Harry Worthington, hearing how the skating-prize had been invested, took Charlie under their patronage, and not only bought of him everything they chanced to want in his particular line, but soon grew into the habit of leaving orders with him for books and periodicals; so that his stock gradually increased in size and variety, till others, besides school boys and

and girls, found the young bookseller a convenience in the neighborhood.

Harry and Charlie soon became firm friends; and many a pleasant chat they had in the little bakery, when winter storms raged without. But in the summer vacation, when business grew somewhat dull, Charlie, by the advice of friends, packed an assortment of well-selected books, and started on a peddling tour into the country, leaving his stock at home in charge of Mr. Jones, who was to receive a small percentage on the sales he made. "Not that I want it," said the good old man; "but it's well to have the boy feel that he's got to pay his way in the world, and have everything fair and square." And before autumn brought the wanderer back to his counter, Mr. Worthington had moved to Philadelphia with his family; and the two boys — as boys — never met again.

A score of winters had, in turn, imprisoned the beautiful river, since the famous skating match; and a score of times, the gentle but all-powerful spring had loosed its bonds, and sent it, leaping and laughing to the sea; twenty seasons had come and gone, in which wild flowers mirrored themselves in its waters, or the reluctant trees dropped their painted leaves on its bosom; and now, on a chill November morning, a stranger leans over the bridge, listening to the hoarse murmur of the stream, as it winds slowly and heavily on its way.

"So, you feel that the winter is coming, do you, old river, and bewail the hard lot before you? But, you'll be very quiet and uncomplaining when the frost has you fairly in its grasp. I wonder what degree of misfortune could make *me* patiently submissive!" and, with a sigh, Harry Worthington turned away

It was his first return to his old home, and he came in bitterness of spirit; forgetting the long years of prosperity that had been his, and remembering only the last few months, in which ill fortune had come, stripping him at once of riches and of friends. As he walked up the principal street of Alderville, marking, half-absently, the changes that time had wrought, his eye was caught by a familiar name, above the entrance of a large and elegant store. "Charles Burns, Stationer and Bookseller," the sign read; and, following a sudden impulse, he entered the door, and inquired for Mr. Burns.

"He is at the desk, sir," replied the clerk; and, with some curiosity, and not a little embarrassment, Harry Worthington approached the *protege* of his boyhood.

"You do not recognize me, Mr. Burns; but perhaps you have not forgotten your old schoolmate, Harry Worthington?"

A hearty grasp of the hand was his only answer for a moment; and then, eager questionings and pleasant reminiscences bridged over the chasm of years which lay between them, and they were soon on their old familiar terms. Then, Harry Worthington told Charlie Burns of the misfortune which had befallen him; how, through the fault of another, he had lost his property, and his fair name had been unjustly tarnished; that he had come back to Alderville, hoping to find employment, whereby he could support his wife and children; but had been met coldly, where most he expected welcome, and that he was utterly disheartened.

"Come to me!" cried Charlie Burns, with a huskiness in his voice, and a thousand generous projects thronging heart and brain. "My book-keeper left me yesterday. If you have nothing better, take his place for the present, till we can talk matters over, and see what more desirable arrangement can be made."

As the ruined merchant gladly accepted the offered aid, visions flitted before him of merry skaters on a moonlit river; of a little pile of books, placed humbly beside John Jones's famed gingerbread and crackers; and of two boys, who had little thought thus to change places.

The weeks flew by; and then, one morning, early in the new year, as our old friend Mr. Jones sat reading the paper, while his wife made coffee, he suddenly exclaimed, "Well, well! here's a piece of news! Charlie's been taking that Worthington into partnership! You remember him, don't you, wife? Harry Worthington, son of Josiah Worthington, who had a big store up on B Street. The family moved away from here the summer our Sarah died."

"Of course, I remember Harry Worthington. He and Charlie were mighty good friends when they were boys; and a real nice young fellow he was too. I wonder I didn't think of him, when I heard that a family by the name of Worthington had moved into the house next the Burnses. Well, well! how things come round!" And then the worthy couple drew up to the breakfast-table, talking over days of the past, as old folk ever will; while, between youth and age, lies the changing, eventful life of humanity.

Once again, Harry Worthington stands on the bridge, looking down upon the ice gleaming in the moonlight. He is thinking of

the night, when his initials, sparkling on the cold breastplate of the river, told of Charlie Burns's gratitude, and how he had bowed his head with shame, that he so illy deserved the tribute; and he thinks too, how this same moonlight falls on his name, written in golden characters beside Charlie's, over the door which he entered, almost in despair, but a few weeks ago. The letters of long ago were forgotten by all but him before they melted from the ice; and the letters of today have little meaning for the busy throng, who, glancing up, read in them simply, "BURNS AND WORTHINGTON;" but to him, they bear deep significance, and with humbled spirit, he receives their teaching. But we have naught to do with moralizing; so, we will leave him to his musings, hoping that the skating match which his boy Herbert and Willie Burns are planning, while he watches them glide over the ice, may be as complete a success as was that so memorable to their fathers.

AUTHOR OF KEEP A GOOD HEART.

A CURIOUS CALL.

I HAVE often wondered what the various statues standing about the city, think of all day, and what criticisms they would make upon us and our doings, if they could speak. I frequently stop and stare at them, wondering if they don't feel lonely; if they wouldn't be glad of a nod, as we go by; and I always long to offer my umbrella to shield their uncovered heads on a rainy day, especially to good Ben Franklin, when the snow lies white on his benevolent forehead. I was always fond of this old gentleman; and one of my favorite stories when a little girl, was that of his early life, and the time when he was so poor he walked about Philadelphia, with a roll of bread under each arm, eating a third as he went. I never pass without giving him a respectful look, and wishing he could know how grateful I am for all he had done in the printing line; for, without types and presses, where would the books be?

Well, I never imagined that he understood why the tall woman in the big bonnet stared at him; but he did, and he liked it, and managed to let me know it in a very curious manner, as you shall hear.

As I look out, the first thing I see is the great gilt eagle on the City Hall dome. There he sits, with folded wings, all day long, looking down on the people, who must appear like ants, scampering busily to and fro about an ant-hill. The sun shines on him splendidly in the morning; the gay flag waves and rustles in the wind above him sometimes; and the moonlight turns him to silver, when she comes glittering up the sky. When it rains, he never shakes his feathers; snow beats on him without disturbing his stately repose; and he never puts his head under his wing at night, but keeps guard in darkness as in day, like a faithful sentinel. I like the big lonely bird, call him my particular fowl,

and often wish he'd turn his head and speak to me. One night, he did actually do it, or seemed to; for I've never been able to decide whether I dreamed what I'm going to tell you, or whether it really happened.

It was a stormy night; and, as I drew down my curtain, I said to myself, after peering through the driving snow to catch a glimpse of my neighbor, "Poor Goldy! he'll have a rough time of it. I hope this northeaster won't blow him off his perch." Then I sat down by my fire, took my knitting, and began to meditate. I'm sure I didn't fall asleep; but I can't prove it, so we'll say no more about it. All at once, there came a tap at my door, as I thought; and I said "Come in," just as Mr. Poe did when that unpleasant raven paid him a call. No one came; so I went to see who it was. Not a sign of a human soul in the long hall, only little Jessie, the poodle, asleep on her mat. Down I sat; but in a minute, the tap came again; this time so loud, that I knew it was at the window, and went to open it, thinking that one of my doves wanted to come in perhaps. Up went the sash, and in bounced something so big and so bright, that it dazzled and scared me.

"Don't be frightened, ma'am; it's only me," said a hoarse voice. So, I collected my wits, rubbed my eyes, and looked at my visitor. It was the gold eagle off the City Hall! I don't expect to be believed; but I wish you'd been here to see, for I give you my word, it was a sight to behold. How he ever got in at such a small window, I can't tell; but there he was, strutting majestically up and down the room, his golden plumage rustling, and his keen eyes flashing as he walked. I really didn't know what to do. I couldn't imagine what he came for; I had my doubts about the propriety of offering him a chair; and he was so much bigger than I expected, that I was afraid he might fly away with me, as the roc did with Sinbad; so I did nothing but sidle to the door, ready to whisk out, if my strange guest appeared to be peckishly inclined. My respectful silence seemed to suit him; for, after a turn or two, he paused, nodded gravely, and said affably, "Good-evening, ma'am. I stepped over to bring you old Ben's respects, and to see how you were getting on."

"I'm very much obliged, sir. May I inquire who Mr. Old-ben is? I'm afraid I haven't the honor of his acquaintance."

"Yes, you have; it's Ben Franklin, of City-Hall yard. You know him; and he wished me to thank you for your interest in him."

"Dear me! how very odd! Will you sit down, sir?"

"Never sit! I'll perch here;" and the great fowl took his accustomed attitude just in front of the fire, looking so very splendid, that I couldn't keep my eyes off of him.

"Ah, you often do that. Never mind; I rather like it," said the eagle, graciously, as he turned his brilliant eye upon me. I was rather abashed; but being very curious, I ventured to ask a few questions, as he seemed in a friendly mood.

"Being a woman, sir, I'm naturally of an inquiring turn; and I must confess that I have a strong desire to know how it happens, that you take your walks abroad, when you are supposed to be permanently engaged at home?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and actually winked at me, as he replied, "That's all people know of what goes on under, or rather over, their noses. Bless you, ma'am! I leave my roost every night, and enjoy myself in all sorts of larks. Excuse the expression; but, being ornithological, it is more proper for me, than for some people who use it."

"What a gay old bird!" thought I, feeling quite at home after that. "Please, tell me what you do, when the shades of evening prevail, and you go out for a frolic?"

"I am a gentleman; therefore I behave myself," returned the eagle, with a stately air. "I must confess, I smoke a great deal; but that's not my fault, it's the fault of the chimnies. They keep it up all day, and I have to take it; just as you poor ladies have to take cigar-smoke, whether you like it, or not. My amusements are of a wholesome kind. I usually begin, by taking a long flight down the harbor, for a look at the lighthouses, the islands, the shipping, and the sea. My friends the gulls, bring their reports to me; for they are the harbor-police, and I take notes of their doings. The school-ship is an object of interest to me, and I often perch on the mast-head, to see how the lads are getting on. Then, I take a turn over the city, gossip with the weathercocks, pay my compliments to the bells, inspect the fire-alarm, and pick up information by listening at the telegraph-wires. People often talk about 'a little bird' who spreads news; but they don't know how that figure of speech originated. It is the sparrows sitting on the wires, who receive the electric shock, and, being hollow-boned, the news goes straight to their heads; they then fly about, chirping it on the housetops, and the air carries it everywhere. That's the way rumors rise and news spread."

"If you'll allow, I'll make a note of that interesting fact," said I, wondering if I might believe him. He appeared to fall into a reverie, while I jotted down the sparrow-story, and it occurred to me, that perhaps I ought to offer my distinguished guest some refreshment; but, when I modestly alluded to it, he said, with an aldermanic air, "No, thank you; I've just dined at the Parker House."

Now, I really could *not* swallow that; and so plainly betrayed my incredulity, that the eagle explained. "The savory smells which rise to my nostrils from that excellent hotel, with an occasional sniff from the Tremont, are quite sufficient to satisfy my appetite; for, having no stomach, I don't need much food, and I drink nothing but water."

"I wish others would follow your example in that latter habit," said I, respectfully, for I was beginning to see that there was something in my bird, though he *was* hollow. "Will you allow me to ask if the other statues in the city fly by night?"

"They promenade in the parks; and occasionally have social gatherings, when they discuss politics, education, medicine, or any of the subjects in which they are interested. Ah, we have grand times when you are all asleep. It quite repays me for being obliged to make an owl of myself."

"Do the statues come from the shops to these parties?" I asked, resolving to take a late walk the next moonlight night.

"Sometimes; but they get lazy and delicate, living in close, warm places. We laugh at cold and bad weather; and are so strong and hearty, that I shouldn't be surprised if I saw Webster and Everett flying round the Common, on the new-fashioned velocipedes, for they believed in exercise. Goethe and Schiller often step over from De Vries's window, to flirt with the goddesses, who come down from their niches on Horticultural Hall. Nice, robust young women are Pomona and Flora. If your niminy-piminy girls could see them run, they would stop tilting through the streets, and learn that the true Grecian Bend is the line of beauty always found in straight shoulders, well-opened chest, and an upright figure, firmly planted on active feet."

"In your rambles, don't you find a great deal of misery?" said I, to change the subject, for he was evidently old-fashioned in his notions.

"Many sad sights!" And he shook his head with a sigh; then added, briskly, "but there is a deal of charity in our city, and it

does its work beautifully. By the by, I heard of a very sweet charity the other day, — a church, whose Sunday-school is open to all the poor children who will come; and there, in pleasant rooms, with books, pictures, kindly teachers, and a fatherly minister to welcome them, the poor little creatures find refreshment for their hungry souls. I like that; it's a lovely illustration of the text, 'Suffer little children to come unto me!' and *I* call it practical Christianity."

He did like it, my benevolent old bird; for he rustled his great wings, as if he wanted to clap them, if there had only been room; and every feather shone as if a clearer light than that of my little fire had fallen on it as he spoke.

"You are a literary woman, hey?" he said suddenly, as if he'd got a new idea, and was going to pounce upon me with it.

"Ahem! I do a little in that line," I answered, with a modest cough.

"Then tell people about that place; write some stories for the children; go and help teach them; do something, and make others do what they can to increase the sabbath sunshine that brightens one day in the week for the poor babies who live in shady places."

"I should be glad to do my best; and, if I'd known before —" I began.

"You might have known, if you'd looked about you. People are so wrapt up in their own affairs, they don't do half they might. Now, then, hand me a bit of paper, and I'll give you the address, so you won't have any excuse for forgetting what I tell you."

"Mercy on us! what will he do next?" thought I, as he tweaked a feather out of his breast, gave the nib a peck, and then coolly wrote these words on the card I handed him: "*Church of the Disciples. Knock, and it shall be opened!*" There it was, in letters of gold; and, while I looked at it, feeling reproached that I hadn't known it sooner, my friend, he didn't seem a stranger any more, said, in a business-like tone, as he put back his pen, "Now I must be off. Old Ben reads an article on the 'Abuses of the Press at the present day,' and I must be there to report."

"It must be very interesting. I suppose you don't allow mortals at your meetings?" said I, burning to go, in spite of the storm.

"No, ma'am. We meet on the Common; and, in the present state of the weather, I don't think flesh and blood would stand it. Bronze, marble, and wood, are sterner stuff, and can defy the elements."

"Good-evening; pray, call again," I said, hospitably.

"I will; your eyrie suits me; but don't expect me to call in the daytime. I'm on duty then, and can't take my eye off my charge. Lawyers need a deal of watching, my dear. Bless me! it's striking eight. Your watch is seven minutes slow by the Old South. Good-night, good-night!"

And as I opened the window, the great bird soared away like a flash of light through the storm, leaving me so astonished at the whole performance, that I haven't got over it yet.

L. M. ALCOTT.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

SAINT LOUIS.

THE most that history tells us about Charlemagne's successors is, that they were a race of "bald," "fat," "stammering" "simpletons;" and just as the Merovingian do-nothings were finally "done" out of their authority, by the bold Mayors of the Palace, so the Carlovingian simpletons were at last thrust from the throne by the brave counts of Paris, who thus founded a new dynasty, called, from their family name, the Capetian.

The eighth Capet (called the Lion, in mockery of his lamb-like weakness of mind and body,) lay dead of a fever, taken in a cruel crusade against the Albigenses.* His wife and five little children were left to mourn his loss. Saint Louis the Ninth of France, the eldest of these children, was then only eleven years old. There were three boys and a girl beside. But they had little time for mourning; for the great crown vassals tried to snatch the sceptre from the hands of the boy-king, and it needed all his mother's wisdom and firmness to protect her child, and preserve to him his inheritance. She did it, however; and, better than that, she brought up the boy so well, that he became the gentlest, truest, most virtuous king that France has ever known. She taught him to love and fear God. "My son," she often said to him, "I would rather see you dead, than guilty of any mortal sin."

* So called from Albi, a district in the south of France. They were among the earliest dissenters from the Roman-Catholic Church.

Louis was very fond of his only sister, Isabella, who went into a cloister, rather than to marry an emperor whom she did not love. Her brother often visited her there; for, though she was a nun, and very strict in her religious notions, she was never gloomy, and always had a smile for Louis. No doubt, her loving sympathy in all his plans helped to make him the pure and noble boy he was. Of how many schoolboys in this nineteenth century could be said all that the Sire de Joinville has written in praise of Louis of the thirteenth? He was always kind and respectful to his tutor; and I very much doubt if he would have used a "pony," or written his Latin prose on his wristbands, if he had worn any; for, above all things, he hated deceit, and was so truthful, that, if he said simply "of a truth, such a thing is so," it was worth more to those who heard it, than the nation's bond, stamped with the great seal of the kingdom, would have been. "He would not lie, even to an infidel," says De Joinville, with an earnestness that makes us smile; for it is plain, that lying to an unbeliever was thought no sin in that dark age; but Louis sacredly kept his word, even to "a dog of a Saracen." "Never give any one the lie," he said to his steward, "or rudely contradict; never do or say aught you may have to blush for." His own lips were never known to utter a vulgar word; and, unless in reading, he would never make use of the devil's name. The profanity of his companions so displeased him, that he said he would gladly be seared with hot irons, if by this penance he could banish blasphemy from the realm. "It is very wicked," said this gentle prince, "to say to any one, 'Go to the devil!' for man belongs by baptism to God." He was passionately fond of hunting; but hearing some one say, "the hours of a king are precious," he gave it up. At the table, he ate what was set before him, and made no remarks about the food. He was strictly temperate, always mixing water with his wine; "for it was beastly," he said, "for an honest man to get drunk." Seeing some of his knights whispering at table, he said, "Speak up, that your comrades may not suspect you. When eating with others, if you have anything pleasant to say, speak out; otherwise, be silent." "De Joinville," said he, one day, "would you rather be a leper, or commit a mortal sin?"

"I would rather have committed thirty deadly sins, than be a filthy leper," replied the noble.

"Ah! but," said Louis, "no leprosy is so foul as sin. Sores may corrupt the body; but sin destroys the soul."

When he was twenty-one, he became a king in earnest ; but the man was as dutiful and affectionate, as true to his principles, as the boy had been. Though he had learned to govern, and no longer needed his mother's help, he never said to her, " What do you know about a king's affairs ; you are only a woman ? " — but he told her all his plans, and asked her advice in everything.

He married Marguerite of Provence, whose sister Eleanor became the wife of Henry III. of England ; and the good son became a good father. Every night before they went to bed, he took his children on his knee, heard them say their prayers, and told them stories of brave men, who had done great deeds for the right, and bade them be generous and tender and true to all men. To his little Louis, he said, " Make thyself beloved, my child ; for I would rather a Scotsman, or any other foreigner, should rule over France, than that thou shouldst rule ill."

But one day, this good king fell sick. For weeks, his wife and mother watched by his bedside ; and at last, when they had given him up for dead, he revived a little, called for a crucifix, laid it on his breast, and vowed, if God would spare his life, to lead a new crusade. Tears fell like rain from the eyes of those who loved him, when they heard that vow. The good bishop tried to show him that his duty was to stay at home, and take care of the kingdom. " You think me mad," said Louis, softly. " I am not ; my mother must take care of France ; but I must do the will of God, however dear it cost me." To his subjects, he said, " I must go to the holy wars ; and if I have done any of you a wrong, I want to repair it before I go." Then, he made his vassals do homage to his children ; and taking his queen, he pinned the red cross to his shoulder, and set out for Palestine. De Joinville, who idolized his master, mortgaged his lands, mounted his horse, and went too ; and he tells us how he dared not look towards his castle as he rode, for fear the sight of his children might turn him from his purpose.

At the Isle of Cyprus, where they were to rendezvous, they stayed a year ; and the great heaps of corn which they had collected there for the army, sprouted on the outside, and looked like a green mountain. It was a grand and solemn sight when they set sail from Cyprus ; so many ships, that the sea seemed " covered with cloth," and the shrouds filled with monks chanting the *veni Creator*. At Damietta, in Egypt, they were met by the splendid army of the Sultan, with arms of burnished gold ; and

so eager was Louis to do battle for Christ, that he leaped into the sea up to his shoulders, and sword in hand, and bearing the sacred banner, waded ashore, before the rest had landed. The story of this crusade you must read somewhere else; for Uncle Merry will never let me have room to tell you here how little Tristram came by his name; and all about the terrible Greek fire; and the slaughter; and the dreadful Lent, when nobody dared eat fish; for the rivers were filled to the brim with Louis's dead knights; and the pestilence, and the old Man of the Mountain, and all the rest. But one thing I must tell you; that the king shared all the dangers and distress of his soldiers; took care of the sick; prayed with the dying; got his barons ransomed; and would have given himself as hostage for their safety, had not these noble young fellows declared they would rather suffer a thousand deaths, than that their beloved king should stoop so low. Better than this, plague-stricken and captive as he was, "with nothing," says the chronicle, "but courage wherewith to maintain life;" though threatened with fearful tortures, Louis would never abjure his faith. After six years of suffering, he was called back to France by the death of his mother, whom he mourned as his dearest friend and most trusted counsellor. His people were overjoyed at his return, and he repaid their trust by framing a just code of laws for their protection. His charity was unbounded. He dressed simply, that he might have more money to bestow on the needy; gave aid and comfort to the widow and orphan; and fed daily at his table, six-score poor people. Alone, at night, he wandered up and down the streets, to see with his own eyes if his people suffered. Determined that they should have justice, he reviewed daily the cases that had been decided in Parliament, and gave satisfaction to all parties. To this day, they will show you an oak in the wood of Vincennes, under which, every afternoon, seated on the ground, with all his lords about him, he would listen patiently to all who had complaints to make, and promise to redress their grievances. A servant of God was Louis, but no slave of the pope; nor would he, though he loved the church, commit any injustice to please the priests.

"Sire, you are ruining Christendom," said some insolent prelates to him one day.

"How so?" asked the king, quietly.

"By not compelling those whom we have turned out of the church, to ask absolution."

"If I find they have done wrong, I will," said the king; "but, first, I will hear what they have to say in their own defence."

"You have let England off too easily," murmured the French barons, when they had conquered its meddlesome king.

"I know he has no right to my lands," said Louis; "but our Lord has said, 'Blessed are the peacemakers;' and I will not oppress Henry, for our wives are sisters, and our children cousins."

The years rolled on; but the people saw with grief, that, though he did everything for their happiness and welfare, he himself was always sad and thoughtful, and no longer joined in their banquets. He still wore the red cross on his sleeve; and it was plain that his heart was far away. So, they were not surprised, when, after the news came that one hundred thousand Christians had been slain by the Sultan of Egypt, the king sent for them again, and told them he was going to the Holy Land once more. They called him their father, and begged him not to leave them desolate; they sobbed aloud, and would not be comforted. Louis, pale and sad, but led by what he thought was his highest duty, said only, "My children, it is God's will;" and tearfully, and with no enthusiasm, the knights made ready. De Joinville, who dared not leave his tenants again, takes Louis, who is too weak to stand, in his arms, and carries him on board ship; and, in the agony of parting from his lord, cries out, "Shame and blame to those who encouraged his going!" A few weeks, and Louis lay dying of the plague, under the walls of Tunis. These were his last words to his son: "Be patient in adversity, and grateful in prosperity; keep good manners; choose good companions; endure no evil-speaking of the present or absent, nor any profaning of God's dear name. Be liberal and firm to servants; restore what is not thine own; and never go to war without just cause." Then he crossed his hands on his breast, and slept awhile, awaking with the triumphant cry, "On to Jerusalem!" and so passed on to the heavenly city.

Slowly and sadly sailed the ship that bore homeward all that was mortal of Louis Capet, to rest in the land he had loved so well. Years after, the pope, finding out how he had dealt justly, and loved mercy, and done good and not evil all the days of his life, wrote his name among the saints in the calendar. But I doubt not, that long before this, it was written in the Lamb's Book of Life, and that our gentle, loving Louis was among the saints in paradise.

COUSIN ALICE.

THE SNOWBIRD.

POOR little birdie! I'm sure that your feet
Must get very cold in the snow and the sleet:
And where do you find enough food for your needs?
The bleak winter winds have frozen the weeds,
The nice juicy grass, the bugs, and the flies;
And even the sun has grown cold in the skies.

And when the night comes, pray, where do you sleep?
Do you not feel afraid 'mid the snow falling deep?
I should think the rough winds would toss you about,
And the storm-king would frighten you with his rough shout.
I think birdie knows, that whoever is good,
To him will be given warm sunshine and food.

Full many large birds have much fainter hearts,
And long, long ago sought sunnier parts,
Where beautiful flowers and fruits still abound,
And where the white snow never covers the ground;
Where the nights are all pleasant, and storms are at rest,
And the soft summer breeze bringeth sleep to each nest.

Little snowbird remains, and every morn comes
To seek in the snow, his breakfast of crumbs.
Each kind little child, I'm sure, will remember,
To feed little faithful, who comes in December;
And each little boy, who climbs the high tree,
I hope will be careful to let their nests be.

And, when the bright sunshine shall greet us again,
And the buds and the flowers expand in warm rain,
Will let little snowbird in quiet repose,
Till each little hope shall softly unclose,
And her proud little heart beat gladly to know
She'll not be alone next year in the snow.

ROSE SCOTT.

FAMOUS DOGS.

SAUER, THE DOG-KING.

"NOW, children," said Hal, the day after Christmas, as he looked complacently down from the majestic height of his fourteen summers on his younger brothers and sisters; "now, children, give us a rouser. Hip, hip, hurrah!"

In obedience to this call, out came the voices, vainly trying to equal those of certain older members of the family in a hearty three-times-three.

"What's it for?" asked Prince, after doing his little best to swell the volume of sound to imposing fulness.

"Don't you know?" returned Hal, with a grand air of superior wisdom. "Why, auntie's going to tell a story every night through the twelve holidays."

"What about?"

"Dogs, I guess. Famous dogs; none of your common kind. Forward! March!" Upon this, Hal began to whistle; and the small people falling into line, came tramp, tramp, into the parlor, where I was napping in the red glow of the evening fire.

"Wake up! wake up, auntie!" cried they; and one sweet pair of lips dropped kisses here and there on my face; a roguish finger tickled my ear; and my slippers came off quite unexpectedly. Evidently, there was no more sleep for me; so, I roused myself to the following narration from old Norse history: —

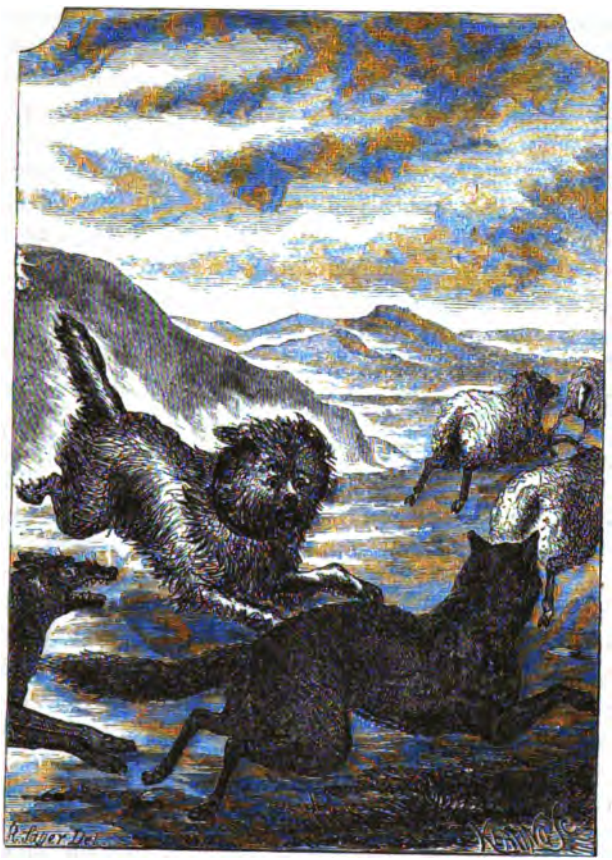
"Norway is a grand country, with nothing tame in it, from one end to the other. I think girls might possibly like the garden-like hills and meadows of England best; but Norway is a glorious place for boys. There are rivers upon rivers, and lakes upon lakes, full of fish, among which are excellent trout and salmon, that snap eagerly at inviting bait; while along the coast, one may catch no end of cod, mackerel, and herring. Then there are bears, wolves, and foxes to hunt; and plenty of dogs to help, — little wiry fellows, which set up their short ears in a knowing way, shake their curly tails till the curl is ready to fall out, and sniff to excellent purpose with their long, pointed noses. Great fun it is, too, to put the small, open carioles to the small, swift, sure-footed ponies, and go dashing along the very edge of frightful precipices; to fly round the sharp corners without drawing rein; and to get on generally, with a degree of speed unrivalled, even by Jehu of old.

"The people of Norway are strong and brave; but they are neither so hardy nor so warlike as their ancestors. The ancient Norsemen were a stormy race, and almost as tough as the animals which they hunted. They liked to face the biting north wind, and do battle with the tempest. They were hard and cruel, greedy of gain, and ambitious to rule.

"In those days, Norway was not governed by one sovereign; but was divided among numerous petty kings, who were seldom at peace with each other. At one time, Eystein the Bad cast a longing eye on the pleasant territory of Drontheim, and resolved to conquer it. To do this, it was necessary to call a Thing, or assembly; for, in those cases in which the free Norsemen acted in common, they claimed the right to decide in council upon the matter in hand. So he quartered an arrow, to show that the men were to assemble in arms, and sent the pieces in different directions, through his little kingdom. Each family forwarded the war-token in turn; and thus it passed over meadow and mountain, and rapid stream, with its welcome summons, which was obeyed as soon as it was heard. Arrived at the place of meeting, the warriors listened to the king's proposal; and, in token of approbation, they clashed their shields with a noise as if all the pots and kettles for twenty miles round had flown at each other, and shouted for joy till the hills rang again. They could hardly wait for the necessary preparations, so eager were they to be gone; and they poured down upon Drontheim so unexpectedly, and in such numbers, that they conquered the whole of it, and compelled the inhabitants to receive Onund, Eystein's son, as king. This done, they marched away; but no sooner were they safely at home, than the Drontheimites killed their unwelcome sovereign, and threw off the hated yoke. This brought back Eystein, far more furious than before; and he mockingly offered them for a ruler, Thorer, his slave, or Sauer, his dog.

"'Sauer let it be, then,' said the Drontheimites; for they thought, 'He will not live so long as a man; neither can he be so cruel.' Thereupon, the dog was solemnly proclaimed king. Nor was this an idle ceremony; for he had a gold collar and chain, in token of sovereignty; a palace, with men-at-arms, slaves, and other work-people; and there were given him also, herds of cattle, flocks of sheep, hens, turkeys, geese, ducks, and pigeons.

"The mere appointment to office makes little change in people, as we see every day in our elections. Sauer was a dog still, with



all his doggish tastes and ways; and these, which were natural and proper in his own sphere, were in laughable contrast with his comic elevation. He scratched his ears, and hunted for fleas, and caught flies off his nose, in the presence of his courtiers. He took the best place by the fire, and snapped at his food greedily, just as he had snapped at the huge pieces of roasted bear and broiled venison, thrown to him at meals by his old master. Then he growled fearfully, and showed his ivories, when things did not go to his mind; and, in fact, comported himself like a very common dog indeed. He hadn't the least dignity. He caught up

old shoes in his royal mouth, and mangled and worried them, and barked over them; thought it jolly to chase hens and geese, and to gobble up a chicken on the sly; darted after every cat that showed herself on the premises; and brought every ill-clad person to stand like a sentinel on duty. In the very midst of a grand council, if he scented his old friends on the land side, or caught a glimpse of their vessels in the fiord, he broke through the courtly circle, and tore out to meet them, with his gold chain thumping against his royal nose and banging his royal breast at every step.

"You can imagine how galling it was to the Norse warriors, to have a brute set over them in this derisive way. You may be sure that they talked of it together, when they were certain there were no spies about; and you can readily believe that they would have contrived some way to get rid of him, if they had not been afraid of Eystein. They could have burned him in his palace, as happened to more than one Norse king; they could have drowned him in the fiord, or poisoned him with a medicated bone; but that would have brought the merciless tyrant again upon them.

"They had begun to despair, when fortune at length favored them, by sending some wolves into one of the royal sheepfolds. Luckily, also, Sauer happened at the moment to occupy the seat of honor in the open air; so, that his attention was easily drawn to the attack upon his property.

"'Wolves! wolves!' exclaimed one of his courtiers, stamping, and throwing his arms about, as if terrified at the sight.

"'Yes, yes, indeed!' cried another, pointing to the poor frightened flock, running in wild disorder from their dreaded foes.

"'S-s-s!' hissed a third, through his half-closed teeth, but softly, in fear that Eystein's spies might hear him.

"'S-s-s!' breathed a fourth, a little louder.

"Another, and another, followed; and thus encouraged, Sauer rushed from his throne, and bounding forward, made a gallant charge upon the enemy.

"'Dear me!' growled a gray old wolf, the leader of the band, as his majesty flew at the throat of an esteemed kinsman; 'dear me! here's a pretty row! What a villanous fellow, to interrupt us just when we're getting our dinner! We'll teach him better manners than that!' So saying, he stopped chasing the sheep, and snapped with his great mouth and powerful jaws at the royal

head, at which signal the rest joined in a terrible onset; and in two minutes, nothing was left of the unfortunate monarch but his crunched and broken limbs, and his red and dripping ornaments.

"This termination of the fight had been foreseen by the Norsemen; and, although they dared not show any signs of joy, they were heartily glad that their dog-king's reign was ended."

M. G. SLEEPER.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

I.

I HAVE a young sister, who sometimes writes to me; and, as she often makes mistakes in her letters, it has occurred to me, that the sisters of other brothers do the same, and that it will be a good idea to send Uncle Robert a few suggestions, which may be of use to everybody's young sister or brother who is not experienced in letter-writing.

A letter represents the writer; and, as no young lady would willingly show herself in an untidy dress, with unwashed face and hands, neither should the written words which she sends to an absent friend have a slovenly and an imperfect appearance. It will not be difficult to avoid many defects and mistakes which are often seen in letters. It is the object of this writing, to point out some of these; and also to suggest a correct way of proceeding in some cases in which the unskilled writer might go astray.

First, it will not be amiss to say a word or two about the handwriting. The first and most important requisite is that the writing should be so plain and distinct as to be easily read. We have no right to compel the reader to spend his time puzzling over some scrawl which we have scratched off at the top of our speed. It is an old saying, and as true as it is old, that "Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well." I have known some scribblers to defend their poor handwriting, and even to take pride in it, from the fact that there are famous persons who are deficient in the same respect. All we need to say is, that this characteristic forms no part of their genius, and does not help to make them celebrated. No man has been helped on the road to fortune or to fame by being a poor penman. It was far from being an advan-

tage to Napoleon, that the scrawls which he sent to his officers were sometimes almost illegible. It has been no benefit to Horace Greeley, that his handwriting is not easily made out; but, on the contrary, I have no doubt it has proved many times to be a vexation and a misfortune. But most authors who instruct us by their learning, or charm us by their imagination, and most other eminent men, write in neat and legible characters. This was true of Franklin, of Washington, of Everett; is true of Bryant, of Dickens, of Tennyson, of Whittier, of Lowell, of Hillard, and many others.

A style of writing, to look well, should not be cramped, or have the letters too closely crowded together; nor, on the other hand, should they be too much spread out. An important consideration with almost every one is rapidity in writing; but for this, more desirable qualities should not be surrendered, namely, legibility and neatness. From what we have said, it may be inferred that a good style of writing will be characterized by well-shaped but not too large letters, and also such as may be rapidly formed by the pen. Avoid all flourishes. They are the signs of a very immature taste. A handwriting, like the ordinary attire of a lady, should be simple in its neatness.

A word of advice about the paper on which you are to write may be useful. Do not choose a very large sheet, unless your letter is to be a long one; and even then, in most cases, I should prefer to use two sheets, of a size much less than the large letter-paper. If it is the fashion to use a particular style of paper, you will not go wrong to follow the custom in regard to this matter. It is better to select unruled paper. If you find it difficult to write the lines straight across, without slanting up or down, you can make use of a half-sheet, on which heavy black lines have been ruled at the proper distance from each other. If a half-sheet, thus prepared, be placed underneath the paper on which you are writing, the lines will show through it, and serve as a guide. Do not write your letter on a half or a quarter of a sheet. Even if your letter or note fills only part of a page, it is best, in most cases, not to cut the whole sheet. Business letters are sometimes written upon half sheets; but the whole sheet certainly has a neater appearance, and seems to show more respect to the person who is to receive the letter.

We may begin a letter by writing, in one line, the name of the place where we are (that is, town, city, or post-office), the name of

the month, the figure or figures noting the day of the month, and the figures noting the year. Where shall this short line be written? Not too near the top of the page. Some, whose letters look well, leave an inch of space; many leave more than that. More should be preferred to less. When we have decided upon the proper distance from the top, we have one more point to find. As the line will not reach across the whole page, where shall it begin? As near to the right-hand side of the page as will permit the words and figures to be plainly set down, and leave a little space to the right. Let us give an example: —

Boston, Sept. 25, 1868.

There should be a comma after the name of the place; no point between the name of the month and the figures which represent the day, unless the name of the month is abbreviated, when, of course, there should be a period only. After the figures relating to the month, comes a comma, and after the year a period. It is better, in a case like this, to abbreviate the names of the months, excepting March, April, May, June, and July, which should be written out in full. Sometimes it is necessary to name the street or state. In such cases, all the words may be placed in two lines, as, —

51 Grand St., New York.
July 4, 1861.

Or, it may be *Oxford, Missouri;* or *Grand Rapids, Michigan;* or, *Halifax, Nova Scotia;* or *Lyons, France,* — the date forming the second line. It is always necessary to give the name of the state, unless you are perfectly certain that the one to whom you are writing is possessed of such information. If there is any danger that the abbreviation of a state or a town may be mistaken, it is best to be safe, and write out the word in full. Me., the contraction for Maine, might be read, if carelessly written, Mo., the contraction for Missouri; and so of many other abbreviations.

Sometimes it is desirable to give the hour of writing, as, —

Parker House, Trenton, N.J.
10 o'clock, Feb. 2, 1868.

Some writers of good taste place the numerals indicating the day before the name of the month, instead of after it, thus: 2 Feb., 1869; 4 March, 1869. In whichever position the numeral be placed, it would not be incorrect to join the proper ordinal termination, as 1st, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, etc.

We may now speak of the title which precedes the body of the writing, and is addressed to the person who is to receive the letter. Where should this be placed? A little farther down the page than the line we have just been considering, and at the left-hand side of the paper, but not too near the edge. Sufficient margin should be allowed to take hold of the letter without covering any part of the writing with the fingers. At least half an inch should be left as a margin. The taste of most writers will tell them to allow more than this distance; but this depends somewhat upon the size of the sheet.

Suppose we are addressing a friend, we might correctly write *My dear Friend;* but not *My Dear Friend*, nor *My Dear friend.* If the *My* is omitted, of course we should then begin the word *Dear* with a capital letter. *My dear Sister, My respected Friend, Dear old Comrade*, are thus properly written. At the end of the line of address, a comma should be placed. The first word of the body of the letter should begin directly below this comma.

Generally, in addressing a stranger, his name is written before the title, as, —

Mr. James Brown,

Dear Sir,

We have now seen how a letter may be begun; let us see how it may be closed. Spelling, punctuation, and some other subjects, we shall consider in another number of the MUSEUM. After we have said, in the main part of a letter, all that we wish to say, following the custom, we should set down a word or several words which may express our feelings towards the person we are addressing. For example: *Very truly yours; Respectfully yours; Your affectionate sister.* Whatever phrase may be chosen as suitable under the circumstances, it should not run on with the rest of the letter, but should be somewhat separated from it. Sometimes this expression will be a complete sentence, and take up a

whole line, or even two lines ; but usually, it is two or three words, as in the examples given. In such a case, it should be placed at the right-hand side, in a position similar to that of the very first line, which gave the name of the town, the date, etc. ; but perhaps not reaching as near to the edge of the paper.

Many young writers, and some old ones, misspell the word *truly*. It is a very bad mistake to write it *truely*. Many writers improperly make some other word than the first one of the phrase begin with a capital letter. Do not write *Truly Yours*, but *Truly yours ;* nor *Yours, Respectfully*, but *Yours, respectfully*, etc. A comma is not improperly inserted in the last illustration, and in similar cases, because the more natural position of the words requires them to be transposed. If your phrase, however, includes a title of respect or honor applied to the person addressed, the initial letter of such word should be a capital, as, —

I am, dear Friend, faithfully yours,

Richard Johnson.

At the end of the phrase, a comma should be placed ; and below, extending somewhat farther to the right, the name of the writer is to be signed as above.

To the left-hand side of the sheet is commonly written the name of the person to whom the letter is sent. There is good reason for this custom. The name shows conclusively to whom the letter belongs. If the name is placed at the beginning of the letter, before the title, as is often the case, it should be omitted at the end.

The writer does not pretend to say that there may not be other ways equally correct for placing some of the words of which he has treated. Some liberty may be left to the individual taste of experienced writers ; but beginners cannot well trust to their perception of what is neat and unexceptionable. L. J. C.

THE RAT-PANIC AT NUMBER EIGHTY-EIGHT, AS REPORTED BY TABBY, CAPTAIN OF POLICE.

To the Cats of Division No. 4321.

BRAVE COMRADES; — I have been aware lately of an unusual excitement among the rats of this house. I have not much to do with them, to be sure. When I came here, two years ago, we very soon made an agreement to let each other alone, — they keep to their part of the house, and I to mine. They are not to meddle with any food which may be placed in my saucer, and are to supply me with fresh mice at stated times. But it was impossible not to observe that there was some unusual excitement, — hurrying to and fro in the walls; scurrying across the kitchen-floor; voices in earnest conversation, etc.

At last, I was one evening sitting in the study before the fire. Father Stevens and Neighbor Willis were talking very earnestly about something. My thoughts were far away. I was thinking of a lovely young creature I saw one day, in the next street, picking a chicken-bone, — "a thing of beauty," with soft, white paws, and a bright ribbon round her neck. But that is neither here nor there. When I heard a scrabbling in the corner, and smelt a rat, my first impulse was to make a rush at him; but I remembered our agreement. I decided, however, to find out something of the mystery. (Mere idle curiosity.) So I seated myself at the mouth of one of their galleries — it opens into the washroom — and overheard this conversation between Mr. and Mrs. Longtail, as they call themselves: —

"Well, my dear, the country is ruined," said Mr. Longtail.

"I have heard that before," replied Mrs. Longtail.

"These walls where we have brought up our children; these galleries, that we have fashioned with our own skill and industry," continued Mr. Longtail; ——

"Supper's ready," said Mrs. Longtail.

"We must leave them. We must fly from our homes. North, south, east, west, I care not whither; but somewhere," continued Mr. Longtail.

"So you said when the new cat came," answered Mrs. Longtail; "but he has never troubled us."

"My dear," replied Mr. Longtail, "you know nothing about these things. This is something worse than all our other troubles put together."

"Worse than the new-fashioned trap, that nearly cost us our lives?" said Mrs. Longtail.

"Worse, my dear," replied Mr. Longtail.

"Worse than having the drain relaid last spring, just as our galleries were finished?" said Mrs. Longtail.

"Worse, far worse," continued Mr. Longtail. "*The Chinese*, my dear; the *Chinese!*"

"Well; what of that?" said Mrs. Longtail. "You don't drink tea. You and the children have been almost crazy ever since they came to Boston. Thank goodness, I have something better to do. I have been busy all day getting in newspaper for the winter beds; and I've peeled more than two dozen squash-seeds, and cracked ever so many nuts, for a person who won't eat them, now they are ready. I can't crack any more till I've been to the dentist's. One of my teeth is loose."

"But, my dear," said Mr. Longtail; "do you remember Cousin Grayback, who sailed to and from China in the bark Sea-Weed, so many years?"

"Yes; but what then?" asked Mrs. Longtail.

"My dear! Do you remember what he said of the *diet* of the Chinese, my dear?" said Mr. Longtail.

"Yes; but what of that? — they live on the other side of the world," continued Mrs. Longtail.

"*Now*, we are coming to the *point*, my dear," replied Mr. Longtail. "I have just been listening to a conversation between Father Stevens and Neighbor Willis, on the subject of the Chinese. It seems, this country has made a treaty with China. You don't know anything about such things, my dear; but it's something like our agreement with Tabby. 'And,' said Father Stevens, 'this will make a wonderful change. The Chinese will be coming over in great numbers; they will take the place of the Blacks and the Irish; wages will come down. The Chinese are industrious and frugal; a Chinaman can live on a rat a day.' 'Yes,' said Neighbor Willis; 'that's another good thing. They'll exterminate the rats. The dish which was set down in the bill of fare at the Chinese dinner, under the innocent name of Tai-wang-kow, is nothing more nor less than *rat-pie*.' I heard no more. I saw it all at a glance, — rats boiled, baked, stewed, — just as Cousin

Grayback told us. It chilled my blood. That is why I say, 'North, south, east, west, I care not whither;' but *somewhere*."

Mrs. Longtail was silent for awhile. At last, she said, "How about the moon? There's only one man there, they say."

"Not a bad thought, my dear," responded Mr. Longtail. "Besides, we should have plenty of cheese; though I believe it is difficult to get to the moon. However, there's going to be a meeting tonight, in the big gallery under the kitchen, — the children have gone now to help Uncle Brighteyes notify the neighbors, — then we'll see what can be done. If *you* have been busy today, my dear, so have *I*. We have nearly finished the passage through under the furnace. I had been thinking we should be warmer and more comfortable this winter, than we have ever been in this house; but, alas! our plans are all upset. By the way, tomorrow is mouse-day. There are half-a-dozen mice; they were killed yesterday. I took them out of the trap, for I was too busy to catch any. Put them in a cool place, and Tabby'll never know they're not fresh. He's got a cold; I heard him sneeze."

At this point, Bridget came in and made a great clatter, and ended by putting me out of doors for the night. If I could have caught old Longtail *then*, I would have made short work of him, the villain! A cold, indeed! It was only Neighbor Willis's snuff. But I suppose listeners can't expect to hear any good of themselves.

The next night, I posted myself as near as possible to the gallery under the kitchen, where the big meeting was to be held, and listened to their various plans for escaping the Chinese. Mr. Longtail proposed going to the moon. This plan was received with cheers from some, and jeers from others.

Uncle Brighteyes said it would be hardly safe. He had looked at the moon through a telescope, and it was a mere honeycomb. Completely riddled by cheese-mites. (Absurd!) Then, the man there might be a Chinaman, for aught they knew.

Brother Sharptooth said he didn't know about this movement, "dog won't eat dog;" and he had heard that the Chinese themselves were only rats of a larger growth, with their tails on their heads.

Brother Wiseacre suggested that they should disguise themselves in some way; wear wigs or masks, for instance. This, however was received with ridicule.

Many rats, of many minds, made their different propositions; and finally, Cousin Grayback, just home from a voyage, said he had lately left China, and he had seen no signs of a change there; and suggested, that, before they took any active steps in the matter, they should wait, and hear something more decided than the opinion of an old gentleman like Neighbor Willis. The meeting was then closed, and I came away.

And now, the question arises, "What are we *cats* to do?" If the Chinese eat *rats*, the Chinese also eat *cats*. We are in more danger than the rats, for one reason; it is, that we are much nicer and more delicate than rats. And in less danger for another; we are protected by our masters. Possibly, the *treaty* will protect us, as we are domestic animals. If we could only have licenses, like those disagreeable and useless creatures, the dogs, we should be safe. I suggest, that *we* hold a meeting, tomorrow night, to discuss the subject, in Miss Piminy's yard. There are no men in the house; and those three good old ladies will never disturb our meeting by throwing bottles or boot-jacks at us. Besides, there is a stone flower-vase in the centre, that makes a good stand for the speaker. Let us consider the matter before it is too late. Look at it in its proper light; not as rats, but as cats. Would

the fact that our day is their night, and our night their day, have any weight in the matter? "How about the moon?" as Mrs. Longtail says. Is it accessible? If it is, we could take possession of it immediately, and be ready to give the rats a warm welcome. We know that "the cow jumped *over* the moon;" but is there any way to go *to* the moon? Is the Milky Way a direct path? If so, it would seem to be a delightful one. And is the moon a desirable place of residence, setting aside the cheese-question, about which there are many opinions? Would it be pleasant to be always having a new moon, just as you begin to feel at home on the old one? All these things should be considered. If it comes to the worst, act promptly. Be foxy. Night is your time to work. Remember, in the night we can see our enemies; but they can't see us.

Strike! for your kittens, far and nigh!
Strike! or they'll make a kitten-pie!
Strike! and let every pussy cry—
"Down with John Chinaman!"

ANNIE MOORE.

HOLLYWOOD.

II.

HOLLYWOOD was an estate owned by an English family, who had established a school there, and called the place Hollywood, after their old home in England. The house was large and grand-looking; and the grounds around were laid out in tasteful style, in the form of garden and park. As Agnes and Cassy, the fourth day of their journey, rode up to the great arched gateway that formed the entrance to the carriage-walk, they were so impressed with the imposing appearance of things, that they began to feel a little awe and dread, children of the woods as they were; and Cassy, with a look of wonderment, whispered to Agnes, as she pointed to the house, "Oh, don't you wish Lule Fenwick could see it? Wouldn't she think it was a palace, where some king lived, or some great giant?"

"Yes," said Agnes, smiling; "and perhaps giants do live there;" and the smile gave place to a thoughtful look.

"I suppose you are thinking of the story Aunt Nelly used to tell us about 'Pilgrim's Progress,'" said Cassy. "Well, I shouldn't be one bit surprised, Aggie, if we should have as many troubles as 'Christian' had."

"Nor I," answered Agnes.

It was in the latter part of the afternoon, soon after the close of study-hours, that Agnes and Cassy arrived at Hollywood; and, as they walked up to the house, they noticed that there were little girls at play in the garden, and a number of young ladies standing out on the lawn and in front of the open doorway. They drew closer to their father, and bent their heads, feeling somewhat ashamed to have so many eyes upon them, for they were conscious of not making a very fine appearance. They had come all the way by stage;—a part of the time they had travelled by night, and they were so tired and lame, that they could not but limp a little as they walked. They knew that their hats were jammed, their hair flying, and their frocks badly wrinkled, and covered with dust; and then, it may have suddenly come to their perception, that their style of dress was not quite in keeping with what appeared to be the fashion; for a group of girls had passed them with bonnets not near so large as theirs, and of a different shape. Indeed, the whole style of their dress was different; and as Agnes and Cassy mounted the great stone steps that led up to the house, they became positive that there was something especially odd in their appearance; for a little girl, seemingly of their own age, and in rich attire, stood on one of the upper steps as they passed, and looked at them as if she was greatly amused; indeed, she almost laughed in their faces. Then anger drove their foolish shame away, and pride took the place of meekness. Cassy lifted her head with a proud air, and went up to the door in a manner that showed that she didn't care what anybody thought; and neither she nor Agnes were afraid now to glance calmly around in search of their friends, Helen and Jessie Pierce. Before they could assure themselves that they were not in sight, a servant came and showed them in; not, as they afterwards learnt, into the general reception-room, where they heard the sound of music and the low hum of many voices, but into the private parlor of the household, a cosy, homelike-looking room, furnished with rich, old-fashioned furniture, with beautiful paintings on the walls, and the windows open to the sun.

As they entered, a lady, a very old lady, rose and received them,

and in a manner so courteous and kind, and there was so much in her appearance that reminded Agnes and Cassy of their own dear grandmother, that they wanted to go right up to her, and throw their arms around her neck. Soon Miss Willbert, the principal of the school, came in. She was an elderly lady, and though dignified, not in the least stern looking. There was something in her low voice and pleasant countenance that won the children's hearts at once.

The father held a long interview with Miss Willbert; and when he rose to go, he told Agnes and Cassy that he had business that would detain him in L—— a short time, and that he would see them again in the morning; and then he kissed them good-by. They looked after him very wistfully as he left the room, and it was as much as they could do to keep back their tears. It was so hard to let him go. It seemed like breaking the last tie that connected them with home. They were shown to their room immediately after their father left, a pleasant little room, though plainly furnished, and near the "top of the house," as Cassy said; but it had two windows that faced the park, and gave them a good view of the city.

"You will have all the morning sunshine," said Miss May, the junior teacher, who had accompanied them; "and I hope that you will be very happy here," she went on. "You will of course be a little homesick at first; but when you get acquainted with the other scholars, and get interested in your studies, everything will seem homelike to you." And then she questioned them about their studies; and when they told her just how far they had advanced, she did not express any surprise, as they feared she would; but merely said, that "she supposed that they would be in her class, and that she would be pleased to have them."

"I do hope that we shall be," said Agnes; and she spoke in such an earnest tone, that Miss May laughed. "Well, I — I think," said Agnes, "that we shall like you very much, and not be afraid of you. You do not seem like a teacher."

It was true, Miss May did not have a great deal of dignity. She was small and youthful-looking; and, besides being beautiful, had the sweetest, most winning manners in the world. Her sunshiny presence drove all their gloom away. Soon after Miss May left them, Helen and Jessie came bounding into the room.

"We are not allowed to enter the girls' rooms without knocking,"

said Helen; "but we couldn't stop to knock this time." And then followed twenty questions, all in a breath.

Agnes and Cassy were so glad to see their little friends, they almost cried for joy.

"Now, don't be homesick," Jessie said to Cassy. "We shall have some nice times together; and you will learn to feel at home here after awhile; and you will like the girls, I know."

"Well, there is one I shall not like," said Cassy;" and she told them about the girl they had met on the steps, and who was so rude to them.

"That was Nettie Millburn, I know," said Helen; "it was so like her. She is the —— I won't say; it is best not to talk about her, I suppose; and it may be, that she is better than she seems. But none of the girls like her very well."

"Nettie Millburn?" said Agnes. "Why, she must be a niece of Mr. Millburn's — our Mr. Millburn. Cassy, you know he said that he had a brother, whose little girl went to school here; and I suppose this brother is the same one that is going to employ Tad Fenwick."

"Poor Tad! If he has to be near where that girl is," said Cassy.

"Cassy will never forget that," said Agnes, laughing. "Now, I do not care in the least. I suppose we did look odd. But, Helen, tell us; is it so very pleasant living? Do you think we shall like? Are the teachers as kind and good as Miss Willbert and Miss May seem to be?"

"Yes; there are only two others, and the professor. I suppose you didn't see the professor?"

"Who is the professor?" asked Agnes.

"Oh, it is the elder Miss Willbert. The girls call her that, because she is very learned, and she seems so like a man. She dresses in a strange way, and does funny things sometimes, she is so absent-minded. But we are all a little afraid of her, a great deal more than we are of the other Miss Willbert, the principal. She is the real head of the school. Everything has to be just as she says; and she does talk so sharply to the girls sometimes. She cannot bear to see vanity or silliness, or anything wrong in any of us. But we little girls don't see much of her; she don't often come out of her study."

Just then, a bell rang in the hall, and Helen said, "We'll have to go to our room now; but when the tea-bell rings, we will come after you, and all go down together."

"Oh, we shall have to go down to tea," said Agnes, after the door closed. "I am so sorry; I had rather go hungry."

"So had I," said Cassy; "but I suppose we shall have to go, and we had better be changing our frocks. Would you put on our best ones, Aggie?"

"No," answered Agnes. "You know what grandmother told us about dress; that, while we are at school, we mustn't think anything about it; and that we were to wear our best frocks only Sundays and holidays. We had better commence right in the beginning, and then it will be easy to go on. No matter what others do, let us be brave, and dare to do what we know is best."

After some hesitation, Cassy consented to put on a simple school-frock, and they had hardly completed their toilet, when the tea-bell rang. Miss May met them at the door, with Helen and Jessie, and they went down into the dining-room, feeling quite self-possessed; and though they did feel a little confusion, when they took their seats at the table, and saw so many strange faces around, Miss May soon put them at ease, and at the close of the hour of recreation that followed, Agnes and Cassy began to feel at home at Hollywood.

DAN'S DINNER.

A TRUE STORY.

DAN is a watch-dog in an iron foundry, and is always fed by his master at one o'clock. Dan knows the time, and is as punctual as the clock, waiting in the appointed place with an air of calm satisfaction delightful to behold. The other day, his master came in with the meat, but was called away at the instant; and, as it was not quite time, he hung it up on a nail, meaning to return directly. Dan didn't like that arrangement; but sat down and waited, with a resigned expression, both funny and pathetic. The clock struck, but no one came; and Dan barked, to remind his master that dinner waited. Master didn't hear; and there hung the delicious meat, just out of reach, in the most tantalizing manner. Dan bore it as long as he could; thought over his wrongs; and growled his opinion, that it was a mean shame to keep a hard-working fellow waiting when he was ravenously hungry. Presently, he made up his mind that he wouldn't bear it. He had a right to that meat, and he would have it, in spite of

other people's neglect. Up he jumped; took a good look; gave a spring, and — didn't get it. Over and over he tried, growing excited as he leaped up and bounced down, each time getting just one momentary sniff, as he snapped and missed.

One of the workmen, attracted by the noise, peeped in at a window behind him, and enjoyed the fun, wondering when Dan would give up. But Dan had no thoughts of giving up, for "Nil desperandum" was his motto; so, he jumped and pawed and snatched, till he was exhausted, then sat down to consider the matter.

Being a sensible dog, he soon had a bright idea, and astonished the watcher by dragging and pushing, with teeth and head, a chair to the wall, just under the meat. Having fixed it to his mind, he stepped into it, reached up, and with a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together, brought down the meat. He surveyed it with an air of pride, as well he might, after such a struggle for it, and then devoured it with a relish which hunger and hard work always give to one's meals; while the man went away to tell the story, and glorify sensible old Dan. L. M. ALCOTT.

UNDER THE SNOW.

DEAR little violet, under the snow,
Whatever you dream there I fain would know;
Do you hear the rustle of coming spring?
Do you feel the sunshine shed from her wing?

Does the swallow's first note thrill you through and through,
Till you wake from the dream and wish it were true?
Do you and the crocus whisper together,
Of the day of the month, and the pleasant weather?

Of the summer that was, of the summers to be,
Of the robin's long pause, and the gnats' mystery?
Oh, I long for the sunbeams to pierce and dissolve
All these drifts of snow — your being above,

For the warm rains to woo you into the light,
For the south-wind to sue you with all its might;
For then will you waken from out your trance,
And bring the forsaken remembrance. MARY N. PRESCOTT.

CROCODILE VS. MONKEY. — On some of the islands in the Gulf of Siam, crocodiles are very abundant; and a recent traveller in that region thus describes the manner in which these monsters of the deep catch the apes, also numerous, which sometimes take a fancy to play with them: — "Close to the bank lies the crocodile, his body in the water, and only his capacious mouth above the surface, ready to seize anything that may come within reach. A troop of apes catch sight of him, seem to consult together, approach, little by little, and commence their frolics, by turns, actors and spectators. One of the most active, or most imprudent, jumps from branch to branch, till within a respectful distance of the crocodile, when, hanging by one claw, and with the dexterity peculiar to these animals, he advances and retires, now giving his enemy a blow with his paw; at another time, only pretending to do so. The other apes, enjoying the fun, evidently wish to take part in it; but the other branches being too high, they form a sort of chain by laying hold of each other's paws, and thus swing backwards and forwards; while any one of them who comes within reach of the crocodile, torments him to the best of his ability. Sometimes, the terrible jaws suddenly close; but not upon the audacious ape, who just escapes; then, there are cries of exultation from the tormentors, who gambol about joyfully. Occasionally, however, the claw is entrapped, and the victim dragged with the rapidity of lightning beneath the water, when the whole troop disperse, groaning and shrieking. The misadventure does not, however, prevent their recommencing the game a few days afterwards."

ALDERMAN. — The word is derived from the Saxon, Ealdorman, meaning a senior, as the word "senator" is derived from the Latin word *senex*, an old man; the Saxons conferring the title on the old and sage, as well as those who were distinguished on account of the experience their age had given them. At the time of the heptarchy, aldermen were the governors of provinces or districts, and are so mentioned up to A.D. 882. After the conquest of England by the Danes, they were called *earls;* and the Normans styled them *counts*, a word having the same meaning, though of different derivation. In the time of Henry the Third, the name of Alderman was limited to certain municipal magistrates, next in rank to the mayor;

and so continues to be, both in Great Britain and the United States.

MECHANICAL USES OF CASTOR-OIL.—It is not as universally known as it deserves to be, that castor-oil is as useful in the trades as it is as a medicine. It is much better to soften and to redeem old leather than any other oil known; when boots and shoes are greased with it, the oil will not at all interfere with the polishing afterward, as is the case with lard, olive, or any other oil. In Harrisburg, Pa., the old leather hose of some of the fire-companies was greased with it, and found to become almost as soft and flexible as new leather. Leather belts for transmitting motion in machinery will usually last from three to five years, according to the wear and tear they are exposed to; when greased with castor-oil, they will last ten years, or more, as they always remain flexible, and do not crack. Besides this advantage, castor-oil will prevent slipping; so, that a belt three inches wide, impregnated with it, will be equal to a belt four and a half inches wide without castor-oil. It is necessary, however, to wait twenty-four hours, till the oil has disappeared from the surface and penetrated the leather; otherwise, the freshly-greased surface will cause slipping. That rats and other vermin detest anything impregnated with castor-oil, and will not touch it, is another advantage.

NEEDLES.—These useful little implements form a considerable article of commerce and home trade, in Europe and the United States. German and Hungarian steel is of most repute in the manufacture of needles. They were first made in England, by a negro from Spain, in the time of Queen Mary, who carried on the business at Cheapside, London; but, as he would not divulge the secret, the art was lost by his death, and not recovered again until 1566, in the reign of Elizabeth; when Elias Growse, a German, taught it to the English, who have since brought it to the highest state of perfection.

THE minutest fossil horse yet discovered was lately found by Prof. O. C. Marsh, of Yale College, in the tertiary deposit of Nebraska. Although full grown, as the ossification of the various bones prove, it was only about two feet high. This makes seventeen species of fossil horse now known to have lived in North America, although, until quite recently, it was generally believed that there were none indigenous to the continent.

IN building the Union Pacific, four rails go down a minute. There are ten spikes to a rail, three strokes to a spike, four hundred rails to a mile, and eighteen hundred miles to San Francisco. Consequently, twenty-one million sledge-hammer blows fasten the great iron highway; and more than half these blows have already done their work.

THE London streets, placed in a single straight line, would reach from Liverpool to New York. It takes three hundred and sixty thousand street-lamps to illuminate London.

A POULTRY raiser in Australia, has a pen of ten thousand acres, in which he keeps ostriches, for their feathers, not eggs.

Is it hospitable, when you ask a stout friend to come and see you, to tell him that you will give him a spare bed?

WHY are well-fed chickens like successful farmers? Because they are blest with full crops.

WHEN is iron the most ironical? When it's a railing.

sends the most complete list of answers to the December puzzles, and wins his third prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

27. I am composed of 24 letters:
My 11, 7, 13, 23, was an English botanist.
My 20, 6, 1, is an article of food.
My 24, 2, 10, 11, is part of a ship.
My 5, 6, 3, 12, is a fish.
My 8, 14, 4, 18, is an adverb.
My 9, 21, 16, is a pronoun.
My 11, 21, 18, 22, 2, 15, 17, 19, was a celebrated botanist and naturalist.
My whole is an excellent adage. *Cis.*

28. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 1, 12, 10, 3, 4, is an evergreen-tree.
My 4, 12, 10, is a color.
My 6, 4, 12, 12, 9, is a range of mountains in the United States.
My 7, 13, 10, 8, 5, is a girl's name.
My 11, 8, 2, 7, 13, is an undesirable adjective.
My whole is the author's name.

29. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 13, 8, 10, 5, is a reverberated sound.
My 9, 2, 4, 14, is a prophet.
My 6, 11, 12, is a deplorable occurrence.
My 3, 7, 1, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a very fine but rare sight. *R. C. L., Jr.*

30. 300250 10015150 16011 5005050 1000250900 5520025016020-025080 40000500 080 300-500500. *A. S.*

31. What number is that to which, if you add sixteen, the answer will be more than if it were multiplied by sixteen? *A. J.*

NAMES OF ISLANDS.

32. Which is the most barren island?

33. Which are the most crafty?

34. Which is precious?

35. Which is desolate?

36. Which is rising? *Rena.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

37. I made the box out of a ——— ———. *Fred.*

38. — ——— — the gold of ———! *Gilbert.*

39. ——— and ——— are often eaten (six letters). *Cis.*

40. ——— was ——— to carry the ———. *Violet Forest.*

41. ———! does it ——? *A. R. T.*

42. The frost ——— me like ———, and makes me ———. *Double You See.*

GIVE THE AUTHORS OF THE FOLLOWING QUOTATIONS: —

43. "Linkéd sweetness, long drawn out."

44. "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

45. "Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies."

* * *

46. Divide a province of Europe, and leave a game of cards, and a native of Africa. *Sagittaw.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

47. Turn to the left, ye water-fowl. *F. F.*

48. Faithful little insect. *Violet Forest.*

49. Above ground. *Genevieve.*

50. The head of a family pursued an article to distress a parent (a river in Brazil). *Frolicking Fan.*

51. 100051100. *F. F.*

52. 1500U900400. *Charlie.*

53.

HAUTBOY.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of March. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN DECEMBER NUMBER.

321. A tatterdemalion.

322. Oliver Twist.

323. Merrimac.

324. Freight.

325. Oliver Goldsmith.

326. Manage.

327. Popinjay, coxcomb.

328. Onager, orange.

329. Silent, inlets.

330. Drives, divers.

331. Ladies, sailed.

332. Mollusca.

333. Signature.

334. Supported.

335. Missionary.

336. Tabard, a bard.

337. Slink.

338. Horse.

339. Tomato.

340. Hymeneal.

341. Man-of-war.

342. Governor.

343. Zymotic.

344. Ciphering.

345. You may be able to bear your burden by persevering in your labor.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Keystone answers all but 336, 339, 340.

Belle answers all but 332, 336, 339, 340.

Max answers all but 327, 336, 340, 341.

F. R. S. answers all but 336, 339, 340, 341.

Chester answers all but 327, 336, 339, 340, 341, 344.

Wolverine answers 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 331, 338, 342, 345.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. T. W. Did you forget to return the list of answers forwarded? I have not heard a word from Oliver Onley since Christmas, 1866.

Dictator. I will do my best to "grant that favor." You are getting to be quite an artist.

Hautboy. If you "buy the magazine regularly every month," you will of course be "entitled to all the rights of a regular subscriber." The dictionary will tell you what the letters indicate as numerals. I have no curiosity concerning the "real name" of my correspondents; but when I do learn it, I place it in my book of reference, with the *nom de plume.*

Mamie. Send to L. Prang and Co., of Boston, for the first number of their journal, which will tell you how chromos are made. Uncle Robert gives one of the best, "The Barefoot Boy," as a premium for six new subscribers to the MUSEUM.

South Boston. In London, every furnace used in working engines, and every furnace in any mill, distillery, etc., is obliged, by law, to consume its own smoke.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Keystone, Belle, Max, F. R. S., Hautboy, and Dictator.

FEBRUARY is such a short month, and all are so busy finishing up their winter's work, that they haven't time for much chat apparently; and we have nothing but a letter from Cousin Tribulation to offer this month.

DEAR MERRY'S, — Sitting in a station the other day, I had a little sermon preached to me in the way I like; and I'll report it for your benefit, because it taught one of the beautiful lessons which we all should learn, and taught it in such a natural, simple way, that no one could forget it. It was a bleak, snowy day; the train was late; the ladies'-room dark and smoky; and the dozen women, old and young, who sat waiting impatiently, all looked cross, low-spirited, or stupid. I felt all three; and thought, as I looked round, that my fellow-beings were a very unamiable and uninteresting set.

Just then, a forlorn old woman, shaking with palsy, came in with a basket of little wares for sale, and went about mutely offering them to the sitters. Nobody bought anything, and the poor old soul stood blinking at the door a minute, as if reluctant to go out into the bitter storm again. She turned presently, and poked about the room, as if trying to find something; and then a pale lady in black, who lay as if asleep, on a sofa, opened her eyes, saw the old woman, and instantly asked, in a kind tone, "Have you lost anything, ma'am?"

"No, dear. I'm alooking for the heatin'-place, to have a warm 'fore I goes out agin. My eyes is poor, and I don't seem to find the furnace nowheres."

"Here it is;" and the lady led her to the steam radiator, placed a chair, and showed her how to warm her feet.

"Well, now; ain't that nice?" said the old woman, spreading her ragged mittens to dry. "Thanky, dear; this is proper comfortable, ain't it? I'm most froze today, bein' lame and wimbly; and not sellin' much, makes me sort of downhearted."

The lady smiled, went to the counter, bought a cup of tea and

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some sort of food, carried it herself to the old woman, and said, as respectfully and kindly as if the poor soul had been dressed in silk and fur, "Won't you have a cup of hot tea? It's very comforting such a day as this."

"Sakes alive! Do they give tea to this depot?" cried the old lady, in a tone of innocent surprise, that made a smile go round the room, touching the glummest face like a streak of sunshine. "Well, now, this is jest lovely," added the old lady, sipping away with a relish. "This doos warm the cockles of my heart."

While she refreshed herself, telling her story meanwhile, the lady looked over the poor little wares in the basket, bought soap and pins, shoe-strings and tape, and cheered the old soul by paying well for them.

As I watched her doing this, I thought what a sweet face she had, though I'd considered her rather plain before. I felt dreadfully ashamed of myself, that I had grimly shaken my head when the basket was offered to me; and, as I saw a look of interest, sympathy, and kindliness come into the dismal faces all round me, I did wish that I had been the magician to call it out. It was only a kind word and a friendly act; but somehow, it brightened that dingy room wonderfully. It changed the faces of a dozen women; and, I think it touched a dozen hearts, for I saw many eyes follow the plain, pale lady with sudden respect; and when the old woman, with many thanks, got up to go, several persons beckoned to her, and bought something, as if they wanted to repair their first negligence.

Old beggar-women are not romantic; neither are cups of tea, boot-lacings, and colored soap;—there were no gentlemen present to be impressed by the lady's kind act; so, it wasn't done for effect, and no possible reward could be received for it, except the ungrammatical thanks of a ragged old woman. But that simple little charity was as good as a sermon to those who saw it; and I think each traveller went on her way, better for that half-hour in the dreary station. I can testify that one of them did; and nothing but the emptiness of her purse prevented her from "comforting the cockles of the heart" of every forlorn old woman she met for a week after.

COUSIN TRIBULATION.

WIRY WILL; OR, THE SNOW-MAN.

THE six-corner school-house bell had rung for one o'clock, and the girls and boys, who were up on the hill, from where they had been riding down on their sleds, hastened to obey its call. Of course, they could ride down with far more ease than they could run; so, those who had sleds of their own, mounted them; while others, not so fortunate, grabbed hold of the runners, and were drawn down sideways, backways, or faceways, "any way, to get down." They presented a confused pile truly, as they halted at the bottom of the hill. One boy was nicknamed "Stingy Steve," because he had made his sled so little, that no one beside himself could ride on it. This was sufficient provocation to those who had none, to make his little bit of a sled do service for them, whether the owner was willing or not. Accordingly, he found himself almost smothered by the five boys who had been drawn down by his sled and him together; they were now all in a pile on top of him, and he kicked and scrabbled vigorously to clear an opening through which he could crawl out. "Jolly Johnny," as he was called by his teacher, brought up his charger almost in the door of the school-house; and whispering to pretty Bessie Brown, that she might take it at the girls' "recess," he went in, and took his seat. Next, was "Blowing Bob," who always came in with a rush, panting like a racer; he took out his reader, and placed it on his desk with an affectionate slap, then *he* became quiet. After the space of five minutes, during which the teacher had waited with a half-reproving smile on his face, at the playful capers of some of the boys who couldn't curb in the spirits all at once, he called out the "first class."

A good and kind teacher was Mr. Sidney, and made due allowance for frolicsome boys and girls; and didn't frown, and charge them with being ugly, and threaten them with a flogging, when the fun would pop out of their mouths in spite of them, and they had to give vent to a smuggled te-he. "The very fact that they tried to keep it in," he said, "was proof enough to him that they didn't mean to laugh if they could avoid it;" so, when he impressed them with a sense of the good opinion he had of them, they determined to deserve it; and when he told them it was the trusty boys who made trusty men, they declared he might go out of the schoolroom a whole hour, and not one would laugh, or whisper, or make faces while he was gone. At this he smiled, and answered, "that he hoped he wouldn't be obliged to try them to that extent;" and then the lessons commenced.

But Stingy Steve's fingers were cold, and he rubbed them and blew them; and Mr. Sidney suggested, "The hair is a warm place for fingers."

Stingy Steve thought this an excellent opportunity to revenge on one of the boys who had seized and held on to his sled coming down the hill, and who had taken pains to roll over him three or four times at the bottom, pretending he couldn't regain his feet before that; so he plunged his claws into that boy's hair, and gave it a lusty pull.

"I meant your own hair, Stephen," said Mr. Sidney; and going to the blackboard, he took up a piece of chalk, and wrote, —

"School is begun;
To books, every one."

Then he stood still and looked around at them all, as if he expected they would heed the motto — and they did.

After school, that night, the boys met in council, and resolved to build a huge snow-man. There was an open space at the six corners, where six roads met, and here they laid the foundation of the statue. The snow was very damp, so they could mould it into most any fashion, and it would keep in shape; and they made a man, with outstretched arms and a mammoth hat on his head. It looked like some frightful monster; so, at least, seemed to think the horses that went past with merry sleighing-parties, for they snorted, kicked up their heels, and got out of its vicinity as quick as their legs would carry them; and "Joking Jim" declared it wouldn't be a sin to worship it, because it "*wasn't* in 'the like-

ness of anything that is in heaven above, or in the earth beneath, or in the water under the earth.'"

When it was all finished, they commenced the game of "high spy." All except one were to hide their eyes, and at a given signal from that one, who was to hide himself, they were to search for him. It was considered quite a feat if he could give the signal, lead his pursuers in the direction of his hiding-place, and then slip away to some other, where, having heard no voice to guide them, they were sometimes long in discovering the object of their search.

This time, a slender boy, whose school-name was "Wiry Will," was detailed from the ranks to hide himself. When all had turned their backs and covered their eyes with their mittens, he stood a moment, considering where he should go. His eye lit upon the snow-man; he happened to remember its legs were hollow; so, quick as a wood-chuck, he got down on his knees, and commenced pawing the snow away with his hands. When he had made an opening large enough, he crawled in, and pulling in the snow after him, closed up the hole, and hallooed. The sound of his voice, coming from such a place, was so strange and unnatural, that the boys couldn't form any correct idea as to where it came from; but they set to work. They looked behind every stump, behind all the fences near, back of the school-house, and even went in and peered under the desks, though it was against the rule to go in, unless very necessary, after school-hours.

Wiry Will, in the leg of the snow-man, like an Esquimaux in his hut, laughed softly to himself, as the boys finally closed together, and reported their unsuccessful searches to each other; then they cried, "Give us the signal again!"

Wiry Will responded in the most unnatural notes he could manufacture; but it didn't seem to enlighten them any. "Timid Timothy," who seldom spoke, ventured now to say, "That sounds like somebody that's hurt; maybe he's fell and hurt hisself."

The boys, as a general thing, didn't pay much attention to Timid Timothy; but this idea caught; and the fact that they had looked in almost every place where he could secrete himself, seemed evidence that Wiry Will had outdone his task attempting some uncommon exploit, and was now suffering for it. They commenced the search again with renewed eagerness, but were unsuccessful as before. They hunted till dark, Wiry Will occasionally sending forth unearthly wails, that made their hearts tremble with fear and apprehension.

It was now supper-time; and the hungry boys separated, and each fled home with his story to his parents. When it became too dark to see distinctly, Wiry Will crept cautiously from his hiding-place, and ran across the fields, home to his widowed mother, whom he knew would soon hear the report of his disappearance, and its probable cause, and be frightened more than all the rest. He ran into the house almost breathless, and hurriedly cried, as he gave her a rousing smack on the cheek, — "I can't stay to sit down to supper, ma; I must go back — oh, such fun — give me some pie and cake — quick, please — on a plate. I came home to tell you, so you wouldn't worry. I hid in the snow-man, and the boys can't find me; and they're all going to turn out tonight. Oh, cracky! but won't I have a good laugh in there all to myself, when they're so scared, and think something worse than a bear has happened to me."

And Will, who hadn't time to finish the sentence properly, was out the gate, and over the fence into the fields; while his mother watched him from the window, till the growing darkness hid him from sight, then she halfsmiled, and said softly, "What a boy — just as his father was before him — bless him!"

As Wiry Will passed the coal-shed belonging to the school-house, he picked up some pine sticks which had been prepared for kindlings, and crawling into the leg of the snow-man again, he devoured his pie and cake, just as the subdued voices of men and boys, who had started out for his rescue, fell upon his ears. They were in good earnest now, and halted in the open place which had been selected for the erection of the snow-man. They then appointed a captain to arrange the plan of the search, and he divided them up into small squads of infantry, and assigned to each their line of march. There were four companies, and they were soon arranged; and the captain sounded the order, "Forward!"

Wiry Will peeped through a little window he had made in the snow-man's leg with his fist, and he could see their lanterns moving off. He broke up all his pine sticks except one into short pieces; then with a string he tied them together in a bunch, and fastened them to the long one remaining. With this latter, he reached up, and punched a hole through the head of his protector. He then lighted his pine torch from some matches he had in his pocket, and hoisted his signal.

The light fell all around, and soon attracted the attention of the expedition that had started out, expecting to find his mangled

remains before morning in some ghostlike hollow, or under some tree from which he had fallen. They wheeled round, and stared at the phenomena a moment; and, as they approached it, Wiry Will, hat in hand, and with a bow that would have become a prince, walked out into sight, and declared himself their "obedient servant."

Their fears were gloriously put to flight; and with a prolonged shout, they formed into line, and setting Wiry Will on the shoulders of the tallest man in the company, they marched triumphantly to his mother's house with him. The widow received them with a quiet smile; and to their inquiry, as to what she supposed had become of her son, she replied, with the pride of a fond mother who has a dutiful and affectionate son, "My boy Will would not

allow me to suffer anxiety on his account when he could prevent it. He came across the fields at dark to tell me."

"Good boy, good boy!" said Quaker Jones, patting Will on the back. "If thee is always so thoughtful of thy mother, thee will make a good and prosperous man; and thee may indulge in all the merriment thee likest, if it never harms any one more than it has this night."

The old Quaker was noted for his moralizing qualities; and when he was through, the company of neighbors bade Will and his mother a hearty "good-night," and returned home.

EMER BIRDSEY.

FAMOUS DOGS.

HOLD, TEAR, AND QUICK-EAR.

THERE is one thing that I really could not get at my sister Belle's, and that was my after-supper doze. I liked so much to creep into the lap of a great, fat easy-chair, and nestle between its soft, yielding arms, till the huge chimney became an enchanted castle to my half-closed eyes, and the brass andirons turned into burnished dragons; and the tall wax candles made themselves into knights, ready to assault and utterly demolish the stronghold of sorcery. The fortress was thrown down, to be sure, but by a very different set of soldiers; for my nephews and nieces, fresh and bright after a day of coasting and skating, and all sorts of healthy movements in the open air, burst in upon me with a rush-and-tumble, armed at all points; not with lances and swords of steel, but with requests and questions, and ingenious answers to proposed delays, and a power to do battle with indolence and day-dreams, which I could not withstand. Try as I would, the teasing, mischievous spirits were always victorious. I gave in, and the stories came out.

The third of these was about three wonderful dogs, named Hold, Tear, and Quick-ear. Now, these dogs were never clothed in real flesh and blood; they never positively barked or growled, or wagged their tails; but they have lived so long in Norwegian story, and their imaginary doings have delighted so many little boys and girls, that I thought they were fairly entitled to a place in our holi-

day series. I can't remember my very words; but the substance of them was as follows:—

"Once upon a time, three young princesses were walking in their father's garden, when a black cloud swept down upon it, and bore them away, in spite of their tears and cries. The poor king and queen were nearly distracted with grief at the loss of their daughters. The questions, 'Where have our darlings gone?' 'How can they be rescued?' agitated their minds, so that they could neither eat nor sleep. They were almost ready to die; and, as they had no sons, it appeared as if the kingdom would be deprived of the whole royal family, which would really have been too sad. All the wise men and women, therefore, hastened to give their opinion upon the case, and decided that the young ladies had been carried off by the mountain trolls; but their united wisdom and experience did not enable them to hit upon any plan for their rescue. The king was dreadfully disappointed at this; but, being resolved to do something, right or wrong, he issued a proclamation, promising to whoever should bring him his daughters safe and sound, the hand of one of them, with half the kingdom for her dowry. Thereupon, an amazing number of champions buckled on their armor, and with many boastful speeches, set forth in the search.

"Meantime, far away from the court, in the very heart of a forest, there dwelt a peasant-boy, who was both strong and brave, without making any talk about it. He had no better employment than the care of his mother's three hogs; but, as this was plainly his duty, he did it in the best manner, leading the animals where the acorns were largest, and where the beech-nuts fell most abundantly. This done, he played on a pipe which he had cut in the woods, and from which he contrived to draw the most joyful sounds.

"Once, when he was playing, an old man appeared, accompanied by an immense dog, who was so strong and handsome, and who looked so intelligent and good-tempered, that he wanted him for his own, and could not help regarding him with longing looks. Perceiving what was in the boy's mind, the old man said, 'I have come to exchange my dog for your hog.'

"'Oh, jolly! I am the luckiest fellow alive!' cried the boy. 'Take your choice of the hogs, father; it is all one to me.'

"The old man did so; and, as he was turning away, said, 'The dog's name is Hold; and whatever you desire him to hold, he will hold, were it even the fiercest troll.'

"When the boy reached home, his mother was so angry at the loss of her hog, that she gave him a terrible beating; but the love which he felt for his dog softened every stripe, and when it was over, he lay down beside Hold, and slept as well as if nothing had happened. Indeed, he thought so little of it, that the very next day, he exchanged another hog for Hold's brother, Tear; and the day after, he gave the last hog for his other brother, Quick-ear. These dogs were as obedient as they were handsome, and they danced to the music of their master's pipe in the most delightful manner.

"As there were no hogs to tend, the youth hunted instead, bringing his mother immense quantities of the choicest game, some of which she dried and some she salted, until she was so well supplied, that, from the bottom of the cellar to the top of the attic, there was no room to store another pound. Seeing her so well supplied, he felt at liberty to go abroad for a time; and being directed by the old man who had furnished his dogs, he travelled to the palace of the bereaved parents. He found them still mourning for their lost darlings; but he piped so sweetly, and his dogs danced so charmingly, that their grief was for the moment either drowned in the music, or was tossed away by the swift movements of the twelve whirling feet. The courtiers who had kept them company in a show of sorrow, without sharing their heaviness of heart, felt more relieved than it is possible to describe. They were so glad to laugh and joke a little. It really seemed like living again; and they wished that, if the young ladies could not return, this peasant-lad might stay with them always, and brighten the gloomy old palace. But he, like the rest of the young men in the kingdom, could think of nothing but giants and fair ladies; and although the king, almost with tears, advised him not to throw away his time and toil, and perhaps his life, as so many others had done, he took leave of his kind entertainers, and set off at once with his train. Tear, who was the strongest, carried him when he was tired; Hold took charge of the provisions; and Quick-ear, who could hear the grass grow on the ground, and the wool thicken on the sheeps' backs, listened to every sound, and reported it to his master.

"One day, when the four were at the bottom of a high mountain, Quick-ear exclaimed, 'One of the king's daughters is in here, winding golden thread on a golden spindle! She is alone at this moment; but, indeed, you must hasten, dear master, for the giant

is only ten miles off, and I already hear the clatter of his horse's golden shoes.'

"'Beat down the door of the mountain, then,' replied the lad.

"No sooner said than done; when the lad leaped through the opening, and greeted the beautiful maiden right cordially. But she was generous and noble, even in her dreadful captivity; and forgetting herself in her desire to save another, she cried, hastily, 'Fly, fly, young stranger, or you will surely lose your life!'

"'Never!' returned the youth, gallantly. 'I will rescue you, or die in the attempt!'

"At this moment, the giant appeared, and the lad cried, 'Hold, hold him! Tear and Quick-ear, tear him in pieces!'

"The faithful animals did as they were commanded; and the princess, overwhelmed with joy, kissed her deliverer, and exclaimed, 'Now, Heaven be praised, I am indeed saved!'

"Thereupon, the youth lifted the maiden upon one of the giant's horses, loaded the others with all the gold and silver he could find, and hurried away. Very soon, he rescued the second sister; and not long afterward, he entered the third mountain, where the last of the lovely maidens also sat and spun.

"But this giant was more cunning than his brothers; and instead of threatening the bold stranger, he pretended that he was glad to see him, and bade him welcome in his softest tones, which were not louder than the noise of a good-sized cataract falling down a mountain. He even invited his guest to dinner, and bade his poor captive get something particularly nice to eat. The princess wept, for she knew what was in the giant's mind; and even the dogs were uneasy; but the rash youth took no notice of this, and ate of the dainty dishes at leisure. When he had finished, the giant said, 'Above us, in the mountain, there is a spring of the purest wine; but I have no servant to bring it.'

"'One of my dogs can do that,' said the youth, now entirely off his guard. 'Hold, go to the spring, and get some wine.'

"Hold whined, but took the pitcher in his mouth and went out, and that was the last that was seen of him for a long time.

"'I wonder why the dog delays?' said the giant. 'Perhaps it would be better to let another of your dogs go and help him; the pitcher is very heavy.'

"So, the youth compelled Tear to go and find out why Hold was so long away.

"The giant was delighted at this; and when neither of the dogs

appeared, he said, with the least little bit of a sneer, 'Your dogs do not mind you very well. Suppose you send Quick-ear to find them?'

"This the youth was so completely infatuated as to do, even driving the faithful animal violently away, although he whined and kissed his master's hand, and entreated to remain, with his great, loving eyes. Then the giant rose in his wrath. His eyes sparkled with fury; his form seemed to grow as large as the cavern itself; and seizing his sword, he shouted, 'Die, thief and murderer!'

"The youth was frightened, as he might well be; but he did not lose his self-possession. 'Let me,' he said, 'repeat my prayers, and play a psalm on my pipe; for this no one in my country denies, even to his greatest enemy.'

"'Well, well!' growled the giant, impatiently; 'a few minutes are of no great account. Only be quick, for I can't wait very long.'

"The poor lad was rejoiced at this permission, although so grudgingly given; and kneeling, he said his prayers devoutly, and then blew a clear, sharp note on his pipe. The moment it reached the ears of the dogs, it dissolved the spell which the giant had laid upon them, and they came rushing into the mountain. Their master was overjoyed to see them, and instantly cried, 'Hold, hold him! Tear and Quick-ear, tear him in pieces!' and in a minute, nothing was left of the robber troll but a great pile of broken bones, and mangled and dripping flesh.

"You can imagine how gaily the little party set out on their way to the palace, the ladies driving in a gilded chariot, their deliverer riding a horse shod with gold, and managing the animals laden with the treasures of the three giants; while the dogs ran, and leaped, and barked for joy, at the good fortune of their beloved master.

"They had travelled thus several days, when they overtook two men on foot, ragged, tired, and hungry. The youth, seeing their wretched plight, immediately stopped; and finding that they were two princes, who had gone to rescue the princesses, he clad them magnificently, and, with the consent of the ladies, gave them seats in the chariot. Alas! never was aid more unfortunately bestowed; for they, moved by envy, wounded their benefactor, and leaving him for dead, took possession of everything, and threatened to kill the princesses, unless they would solemnly promise to keep their crime a secret.

"The peasant-lad, however, was not forsaken. His dogs re-

mained with him, kissing his pale face, keeping him warm with their shaggy coats, and bringing him food without which he must have starved. As soon, also, as he could bear the motion, Tear took him on his back, and master and dogs pressed forward on their journey. When the youth arrived, a great festival was in progress. Many guests moved about in magnificent attire; enchanting music filled the palace; a banquet was laid in the great hall; and altogether there was such a commotion, as proclaimed a very joyful event. 'Why all this splendor and jollity?' he asked of a servant.

"'Where can you have lived,' answered the servant, contemptuously, 'not to know that the king's three daughters have been

rescued from the power of the trolls, and this day the two elder princesses marry their noble deliverers?'

"'And how about the younger?' asked the lad, with a beating heart, for it was her with whom he had fallen in love.

"'She weeps continually,' replied the servant, 'and will marry no one.'

"At this, the youth's face brightened wonderfully; and he said, 'I also can do something for the amusement of the guests. I have some dancing-dogs with me. Can you not get me permission to show them?'

"The king was only too glad to add something new to the entertainment, and the youth was led into the hall with his shaggy favorites. But he had no chance to exhibit them; for the instant he stepped within the door, the princesses exclaimed, 'Oh, joy, joy! It is he! it is himself!' and they sprang from the table, and embraced him in the presence of the whole company.

"'What is this?' cried the king; and his face grew as black as a thunder-cloud.

"'What is this?' said the queen, frowning terribly.

"'What is this?' whispered the courtiers, tittering audibly.

"Then the princesses drew the youth forward, and told the true story of their rescue; when the would-be murderers were driven away in disgrace, and the peasant lad married his beloved, and finally ruled with her over the whole kingdom."

M. G. SLEEPER.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

JEANNE D'ARC.

PART I.

MIDSUMMER of 1422 saw France in a sorry plight. For thirty years, a crazy king had sat upon the throne; and the crimes of his queen, the treason of his vassals, the quarrels of his kin, and the youth of his son, had kindled the flames of civil war. Armagnacs and Burgundians contended for the crown; and now that the poor mad king was dead, the Duke of Bedford, favored by the Burgundians, made haste to push the claims of Henry VI., the baby-king of England, to the throne of France.

But where was Dauphin Charles, the rightful heir? Fled to the south, with hardly a pair of boots to his feet, only four crowns in his money-box, and a handful of Frenchmen to his flag; and forced to ask the very Scotsmen, whom Saint Louis had so much dreaded, to help him mount his throne. The north was all for Burgundy and England. In Paris, the butchers joined the Burgundians; but the carpenters were loyal to their prince.

The little hamlet of Domremy, on the Meuse, was noted for its devotion to the dauphin; and there was only one Burgundian in all the village. "How I hate him!" said little Jeannette d'Arc to her brother Pierre. "Please, God, I wish he was dead."

But, for all that, she had not a bad heart. There was not a better child in all Domremy, than Jacques d'Arc's little Jeannette, so every one who knew her said. Not a poor man, but gave her his blessing; and she was like a sunbeam at the bedside of the sick. She was simple, modest, patient, and obedient; and withal, so gentle and loving, that the birds would come at her call, and eat crumbs from her lap. Her parents were poor, hard-working people, and Jeannette was never idle. When she was not weeding, hoeing, and harvesting the corn, with her father and brothers, she was sewing and spinning with her mother. She could not read or write; but she knew her *Pater-noster* and *credo* by heart, and could give you the names of every saint in the calendar. Her hatred of the Burgundian was not strange; for, in Domremy, nothing was thought or talked about but the sufferings of the king. Every day brought news of fresh successes on the part of the English; and very often she saw her little brothers come home, with bruised and bleeding faces, got by fighting the lads of Marcy, who would hurrah for the duke. These things made her grave and sad; and when her work was done, instead of going to play with other children, they would find her on her knees, alone, in the old church that stood by her father's garden.

One summer noon, when Jeannette, then thirteen years old, was tending her sheep on the hillside, St. Michael, his face as bright as the sun, and with wings on his shoulders, came and told her she must go to raise the siege of Orleans, and bring back Charles to his throne. "But," said the awe-struck child, while the tears rolled down her face, "thou dear angel, I am only little Jeannette d'Arc. I cannot ride horseback; and I shouldn't dare speak to a soldier." "St. Margaret and St. Catharine will help you," replied the angel. "Trust in God, and do not be afraid; but go

to Vaucouleurs, ask for Robert de Baudricourt, and he will take you to the king." This is the story Jeannette told, and I have no idea that she meant to deceive any one; but my own belief is, that this pious and patriotic little maiden, whose only playmates were the images of the saints in the dim old church; who loved the king a great deal better than he deserved, and often prayed God to drive the English out of her unhappy country; — that this tender-hearted and thoughtful little girl, often hearing the prophecy, "a woman has destroyed France,* but a maiden of Lorraine shall save it," and longing to be that maiden, fell asleep that summer day, and dreamed of what her heart was full. Vision or dream, she could not shake it off. Again and again, she heard "the voices," urging her to go to aid the king. Her father became moody. He told his son, if Jeannette went, he would drown her; and he watched closely all her movements. Sad days were these for the poor child; and her heart was near breaking, when the family, driven from Domremy by a troop of Burgundian cavalry, returned, only to find their fields laid waste, and the dear old church in ashes. Then she felt that she could stay there no longer; and asking leave to spend a few days with her uncle, in the next village, she left her home to go and find the king. Her uncle told her, that Baudricourt said he ought to give her a good whipping, and send her back; but, in spite of this, she went to him herself, and prayed him to send her to the king. Baudricourt was very rude and harsh to her. "What do I care for a silly girl's dreams?" he asked. "My lord captain," said Jeannette, "I know it is not the work for me, and I would a great deal rather stay and spin with my poor mother; but I dare not refuse to do God's will." Her gentleness and piety so moved the rough man, that he swore she should see the king, come what would. So, giving her a sword and spurs, he sent six of his guard as her escort; and clad in a suit of men's clothes, Jeannette mounted her horse, and set off for the king's court at Chinon. One thing grieved her sorely, and that was, to go without the knowledge and consent of her parents, whom she loved and honored, and, until now, had never disobeyed; and she could not rest, till she had sent to beg their forgiveness. In his palace, sits Charles, plainly dressed, that she may not know him from his nobles who surround him; and many a sneer and jest goes round

* The infamous Isabeau, of Bavaria.

about the little girl who is come to save France. It is plain, they expect to see her awake from her dream, and shrink from the ordeal that awaits her. But when she enters, a blush on her lovely face, her eyes eagerly seeking for her king, — and when, as if seeing only him, and hearing only the voice of the angel, she bends before him, saying, simply, "Long life to you, gentle dauphin!" the sneer and jest were hushed. "But, Jeanne," said the dauphin, "I am not the king; that is he yonder." "Oh, sire! do not mock me," cried Jeanne; "you, and no other, are our true prince; and God has sent me to help you. I will raise the siege of Orleans; you shall be crowned at Rheims; and we will drive the English out of France."

Crowds flocked to see the fair peasant of eighteen, who promised such great things; among others, some noble ladies of the court, who asked her why she wore men's clothes. "I don't wonder you ask," said Jeanne; "but I must serve the king in arms, and it would not be modest for me to do so as a woman." The sweetness of her answer melted them to tears; and thus her innocence and gentleness disarmed all blame and won all hearts. But still, the king doubted. "Why will you not believe me?" she said to him one day. "I tell you that God pities you; and Saint Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees for you before him." Then he sent the maiden to Poitiers, where, for hours, she was tortured with questions by the wisest men in France. "Show us a sign of your mission," said one of them to her. "I am not here to make signs," replied Jeanne. "Let me go to Orleans, and you shall see why I am come." "But," said another, "you ask for *gens d'armes;* now, if God wished to deliver France, he would not need them." "The *gens d'armes* will fight, and God will give them the victory," said she. A third, who was rather noted for his bad French, asked her what idiom St. Michael had used in speaking to her. "A better one than yours," was her naive reply. Her firmness and dignity, at this trying time, gained her hosts of friends; and to her joy, it was at last settled that Charles should trust his cause to her, which he did the more willingly, as he began to realize that he could no longer safely trust it to any one else. At Blois, Jeanne appeared for the first time in armor, with uncovered head, and holding in one hand her banner, the image of Christ, with two angels at his feet, on a white field, broidered with the *fleur-de-lis* in gold; in the other, the sacred sword, which, by order of "the voices," she had taken from the altar of St. Cath-

arine's church. From Blois, she sent a defiant letter to the Duke of Bedford, telling him that the King of Heaven had sent her to put him out of France; and ordered him to give up the keys of the towns he had taken, and get home to England as fast as he could. Then, at the head of six thousand warriors, she began her march to Orleans. To throw into the suffering city a convoy of provisions was her first attempt; and the enemy, overawed by her boldness, did not oppose her entrance. The people of Orleans were wild with joy at the sight of her; and men, women, and children strove to touch her or her horse, as she rode through the town. Still, her generals and captains did not give her yet full credence; and who can blame them for trusting more to their own good swords, than to a young girl, yet untried in the fierce ordeal of battle? Jeanne's hour was yet to come; but it was near at hand. Three days later, she ordered a sally on the English forts; and when they saw how, with no thought of her own peril, she led the way when the bravest hesitated; how her calmness and courage nerved the timid, and struck terror to the hearts of the foe; when they saw her in the trenches, waving her standard, and with her own hands planting the scaling-ladder against the walls, herself the first to mount,—they would have followed her to the death. How their hopes sank when they saw her fall, pierced through the neck with an English arrow. She begged them to let her lie on the field, but they bore her tenderly to the rear. For a moment, the agony of the wound overcame her, and she wept bitterly. A mean-spirited wretch, whom not even her heroism could convince of her truth, whispered, "Why does she not charm away the pain with her magic?" Fixing on him a look of scorn, she said, "I would rather die than commit such a sin;" and, tearing the weapon from the wound, she mounted her horse, rallied her troops for the final charge, and raised the siege of Orleans.

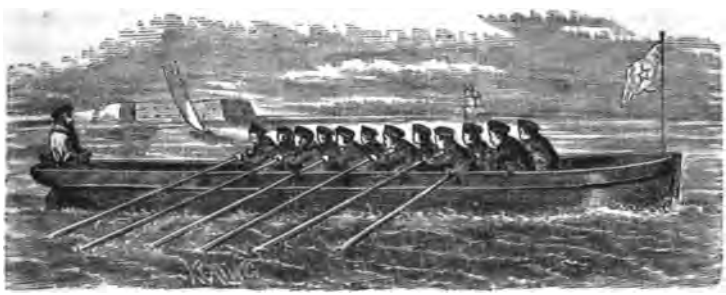
It was a double triumph. From that hour, *La Pucelle*, as the soldiers called her, was the idol of France. In the city, that night, Te Deums were chanted, beacons were lighted, and merry bells rang, far and wide, the joyful news of victory; and all this in honor of the timid child of Domremy.

C. A. BAKER.

A VISIT TO THE SCHOOL-SHIP.

ONE bright Sunday morning, a pleasant party of us steamed out to the school-ship, through the ice, with a fresh wind blowing, and winter sunshine turning the snowy islands into pleasant pictures for our eyes. Some of us sat in the engineer's room for warmth, and watched the mysterious cranks and wheels at their work; others flapped about the deck, trying to be romantic, with blue noses and tingling toes; while General Banks and the Judge settled the affairs of the nation in a place which we called the "cuddy."

A boat, manned by the boys, with a flag flying, came off to meet and escort us; and the rosy-faced lads, in their blue uniforms, looked very well as they rowed ahead, scrambled up the ship's side like so many monkeys, and stood ready to nod and grin when we came climbing up the stairs with a good deal of laughter, and much handing about by officers. There were a hundred and fifty boys aboard, I believe; and I was sorry to find that most all of them were there for some offence or other, — setting houses afire, stealing, unruly conduct, and all sorts of naughtiness. As they stood about the decks, the ship did not look a bit like a prison; but like what it really is — a school, where these boys are kindly taught, and helped to turn over a new leaf, and begin again. A



very wholesome place, I should think, for young rogues, with plenty of fresh air and exercise, good food and teaching, friendly faces round them; and, best of all, they are safely guarded from the evil examples, temptations, and want, which, in many cases, led them astray.

Presently, they formed in two lines down the deck, and marched below to the schoolroom, whither we followed, for the Sunday service. A pleasant place, looking like any schoolroom, except the little windows, queer beams, and odd corners. The good Judge conducted the services, and did it in a way that proved he was the right man in the right place. I couldn't help thinking, that the memory of his own lovely little daughters made him so fatherly kind to these naughty, neglected boys, who seemed so fond of him. While he read, I watched the faces before me, and found many interesting ones. Only here and there was there a really bad face; and I dare say, behind even the most sullen and brutal, was a real boy's heart, with a soft spot in it, ready to be touched by the right influence when it came. I like to think so; for I feel sure that there always lurks a spark of good, even in the worst of us. Some of the faces were so young and bright and innocent, that I wondered how they came there, especially two little lads, who read out of the same book, and seemed very fond of one another. Good little faces they had, and made a pretty picture, as they leaned close together, like the chubby-cheeked cupids in old paintings, only cupids don't wear blue woollen shirts and trowsers, and crop their heads. I liked that little David and Jonathan pair; but did not dare ask what offence brought them there, lest I should be told that my cherubs were the naughtiest boys aboard. Some of the bigger ones looked sober and sad; and I've no doubt they had cause to look so, especially the tall one, who glowered at his neighbor, and wouldn't sing. Some seemed sleepy, and one or two looked sick; but, on the whole, I thought them a pretty jolly set of boys, and longed to know what was going on in those cropped heads of theirs, for most of the eyes had a wide-awake look, as if very little escaped them.

One thing pleased me immensely, and that was the sight of several black boys among the white. That was as it should be; and that little church set a good example to many a splendid one, for in it there was no negro pew, but all were alike there, as they are in the eyes of the Father of all. The black sheep and the white were taken into the same fold; and the good work will prosper the better for the truly Christian spirit which makes room for all.

After reading and prayers, the boys sung, and sung as only boys can, with all their might and main. Didn't they shout with a will when the tune permitted! Didn't they fold their arms, and rock to and fro, as if entirely absorbed in the effort to get as much "sing" out of themselves as possible! And didn't the room ring with hearty music, as these little varlets warbled away with the sunshine on their faces, and good words on their lips! My two chubby ones grew chubbier still, and vibrated to and fro, chirping like two plump cock-robins on a swinging bough. The black boys roared manfully, and their eyes danced in their heads during the "shout." The sleepy ones woke up; the sad ones brightened visibly; I think the sick ones felt better; and I know the naughtiest ones wished they "hadn't done it" then, if they never did before.

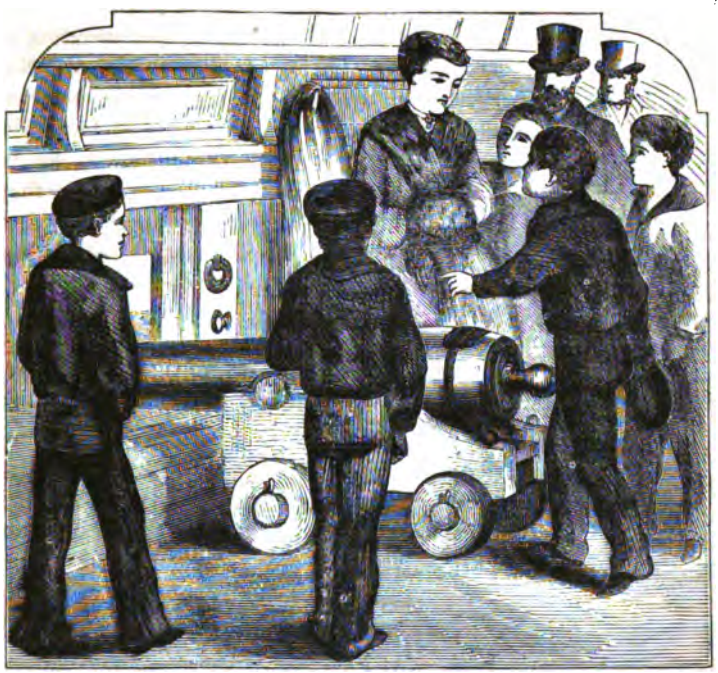
General Banks spoke to them, and I hope they were grateful to him for originating this beautiful and helpful charity. I was, and admired him more for that than for all the battles he has fought; for I don't like war, which fills hospitals and graves, and I do dearly love the philanthropy that turns prisons into schools, and tries to make good men out of bad boys. So, when any one proposes "Three cheers for General Banks!" I'll throw up my hat, and shout my best.

If I had not been told that his own kind heart took him there, I really should have thought the Judge had brought Mr. McC., as a sample of the manhood he wanted the boys to try to attain; for a better specimen of health, strength, comeliness, and courage, I have not seen this many a day. Somebody whispered to me that he had been in the army, with his father and six or seven brothers; and it was quite unnecessary to tell me that he fought gallantly. I knew it perfectly well; and so did the boys, I fancy, for their eyes turned oftenest to the fresh-faced young man, who nodded and smiled at them; sung when they sung; joined in their services; and when unexpectedly called upon to

speak, up and did it like a man, though it wasn't fair of the Judge to take him unawares. He knew how to talk to boys; one saw that in a minute, by the brightening of the faces; the twinkling of the eyes; the sly punches exchanged; the ready "Yes, sir!" "No, sir!" "Come again!" and so on, that accompanied his remarks. He didn't preach, but just talked to them like a big boy talking to his younger brothers. They felt that, loved him for it, I know, and heartily regretted his approaching absence, as they proved, by asking me, when I went to speak to them, after they had filed up on deck again, "I say, when is Mr. McC. going, ma'am?" "Will he stay long?" "Jest wish he'd take me!" "Hope we'll see him agin 'fore he goes!"

As I had never met their hero before, I could not give them any consolation, but asked them all sorts of questions; while they stood round the cannon on which I sat, looking ready to talk, and glad of a little attention. In summer, they go short cruises, and work the ship themselves, which they consider "jolly fun." Several affably explained the different parts of the rigging to me; and one young man of ten, with a nose as red as his tippet, informed me, that they fired the cannon sometimes themselves, which seemed to be his idea of earthly bliss. We were just beginning to get quite friendly, when I was called away to examine the ship, and forty blue caps bobbed, as I said "good-by."

Down below, I saw the long tables set for dinner, with regiments of mugs, and the spoons stacked like muskets. I likewise tasted of their soup in the kitchen, and found it very good. Everything was very nice; and, if cleanliness is akin to godliness, these boys ought to be young saints. In the sleeping-room, which was a big place, with hammocks rolled and slung up by day, we found two lads ready to show us how they got into their high beds, which had comfortable little mattrasses and coverings. As I thought of the wilderness of fun-loving boys collected in that big room every night, I couldn't help asking one of the young sailors if they didn't have splendid pillow-fights there? He tried to say, soberly, "'Tain't allowed, ma'am;" but the other boy snickered, and the virtuous sobriety of Number One's face was not proof against the infectious sound; so we all laughed together; and I went on, sincerely pitying any one who tried to bottle up the effervescent spirits of a hundred and fifty rollicking lads. I saw the clothes-room, the workshop, the library, and the hospital; for every want seemed supplied, even to a brisk matron, in a cheerful red jacket, and



several teachers, who looked as if they did not have a very hard time. From Captain Mathews, the excellent superintendent, and Mr. Brooks, the teacher, we learned several interesting things. How one of the boys, who was friendless and sick, was taken to the house of a kind lady in New Bedford, who made his last hours happy, and taught every boy in the ship a beautiful lesson, making them feel that they were neither forgotten nor despised, because of their wrong-doing; but their self-respect was encouraged and gratitude won by such true charity. We also heard how one kind gentleman gave the boys an island of more than two acres in extent for a playground; how other friends made pleasant picnics for them; sent them a cabinet organ, good books, kind letters, and brought interesting people to see them; how Dickens paid them a visit, and said, in his speech, "Boys, just do all the good you can; and don't make any fuss about it," — advice which boys out of the school-ship had better follow, as well as those in it.

Many of the lads are sent off on whaling-voyages, and made good sailors; others get places, but they don't forget their friends, and the officers often receive letters from them; and sometimes, on their return from voyages, the boys visit the old ship, even before they go home, which tells well for the kindness and faithfulness of these patient teachers. Winter on the briny deep is not exactly what one would choose, perhaps; neither is loss of liberty, homesickness, and the minor trials that afflict boyhood under such circumstances; but, judging by what I saw, I should say that the school-ship was an excellent place for the boys who can't keep out of mischief; and advise those who like to see good works under way, to go and pay a visit to this floating hospital for wayward wills, feeble consciences, tempted souls, and erring hands.

I think this ship will have a prosperous voyage; that wintry winds will not visit it too roughly, as it lies at anchor in the harbor; and that Heaven's sunshine will be on it, as it makes its summer cruises, manned by the waifs and strays which its good commander has rescued from the great sea of poverty and sin, where so many little boats go down for want of a pilot to bring them safely into port. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

HOW TO WRITE A LETTER.

II.

IN our writing, we cannot be too careful to guard against misspelling. A poor handwriting, with its cramped or scrawled letters, is bad enough; but words wrongly spelled are a great deal worse. I shall take it for granted, that every boy or girl who writes a letter wishes to spell correctly, and would be mortified to fail, even in a single instance. The question is, how shall we avoid mistakes of this kind? By care and watchfulness. We should be perfectly sure that every word is as it ought to be, as to spelling. Some persons misspell even the simplest words, those that are in their mouths every day of their lives. But it seems to me, that a very little care and examination would show them how likely they are to make mistakes. Being once put upon their guard, it is in their power to avoid such errors. It is a great step one has gained in knowledge, when he has learned to doubt.

By carefully looking over our writing, we may find some words which we are not quite certain we have given in the proper spelling. If we have a shadow of a doubt, we should remove it, and make ourselves certain by referring to a dictionary. For instance, we do not know but we have written *able* as the ending of a word, when we should have written *ible;* or we have made an *ei* take the place of an *ie*. Such doubts come sometimes to writers of considerable experience. There is no other safe way than a reference to a dictionary. If we should look as sharp at each word in our composition as a boy would look at his brand-new pocket-knife, or a girl at her doll when it first comes into her hands, we should soon be pretty good critics.

Another important matter, to one who wishes his letters to look well and read well, is the inserting of the proper punctuation marks. The absence of a stop-mark, or the improper use of one, may destroy the sense of what we have written. The change of a single comma may wholly change the meaning which we wish to bring out, as an example will show us. A charitable man, it is said, caused these lines to be placed over his door: —

"Be open evermore, O thou, my door,
To none be shut, to honest or to poor."

The generous man dying, the room came into possession of one noted for his stinginess, who kept the same lines, changing but a single point, making them read in this manner: —

"Be open evermore, O thou, my door,
To none, be shut to honest or to poor."

In neither form is the punctuation quite correct, yet in each the meaning is readily made out.

The hatter, whose sign read thus, "We block your hat, while you wait for fifty cents," had no right to complain when a customer demanded pay for waiting. If the point had been placed after the word *wait*, the meaning would have been expressed as the hatter intended it should be; but in this case, the last three words might have been given a better position in the sentence.

The points most used are the comma, the semicolon, the period, and the question-mark. No simple rules which would be of much practical value can be given here for the use of these marks. Their power and use should be learned from some book which

treats of the subject. It will require neither very hard nor long study to enable any one, who has some knowledge of grammar, to punctuate his letters, at least with tolerable accuracy. Some persons disfigure their writing by making dashes do duty for all or almost all the stops. A paper thus marked is sure proof that the writer is wholly ignorant of one important subject.

Care must also be taken in the use of capital letters. The general rules for their use are few, and not hard to understand. It may be quite unnecessary to tell any reader of the MUSEUM, that every sentence and every proper name should begin with a capital letter, and that no one should ever be so disrespectful towards himself as to make the pronoun *I* a small letter; but there may be a *few* readers of MERRY'S who might wrongly write *monday*, instead of *Monday;* or *lake George*, instead of *Lake George;* etc.; and there may be a larger number who would write *christian*, when in all cases, the more correct form is *Christian.*

Almost all young writers are at a loss to know what to say in their letters. They have no difficulty in finding enough to talk about to their companions, face to face; but when they try to talk by means of a pen and blank paper, they find it a hard task. The best style for a letter is an easy, conversational style — a talking style. You have something to tell your friend. How would you tell it if he were present? In common words, no doubt. Then try to write in the same manner. Because you have put a pen between your thumb and fingers, you are not to get upon stilts also. Don't despise the small words — those which serve us every day — the Anglo-Saxon words; they will generally give your meaning better than the long words, and with more effect. If you wish to speak, in serious writing, of your *house*, don't call it your *domicile*, nor your *habitation*, nor your *residence.* If you have had a *gift*, don't say that you have received a *donation.* Don't write *location*, instead of *place; courageous*, instead of *brave; veracity*, instead of *truth; to ascend*, instead of *to go up; to descend*, instead of *to go down; to commence*, instead of *to begin;* and so on, to the end of the list, — solely because you fear the shorter terms are homely and common. The longer words are to be used; but they are not to take the place of the short ones, when the latter will better give the sense. A writer, skilled in the English language, will choose the word which best expresses his meaning; but, if a simple word will do that duty just as well, he will use it. It is *thought* that gives life and power to words; but a noble thought

might be clothed in such ill-fitting garments as to cover up and conceal its truth and beauty.

When that accomplished gentleman and daring sailor, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, was on his way to England, after a voyage of discovery to the strange lands in the west, called America, he sailed in the smaller of his two ships. It was a frail bark; and when a dreadful storm arose, no one on board expected to live through it. While the storm was raging, Sir Humphrey, who sat on deck, calmly reading, called out to his men, "Be of good heart, my friends; we are as near to Heaven by sea as by land." This saying of Sir Humphrey is made up of a few of the most simple words in our language; yet, how much trust and heroism do they make known to us. What other and longer words would so fasten themselves in the memory?

"Wild and fast blew the blast,
And ice-cold grew the night;
And nevermore, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light."

"Don't give up the ship," we are told, was the last heroic order of Captain Lawrence, who commanded the Chesapeake in her fight with the Shannon. They are simple words; but they still live to show us the unconquered spirit of the dying hero.

"I'll try, sir," said Colonel Miller, when his commanding officer asked him, at the battle of Lundy's Lane, if he could capture some of the enemy's cannons, which were hurling their iron-balls among our men. If Colonel Miller had answered in this style, "I will endeavor to accomplish the hazardous undertaking, general," I fear he would now have been almost or quite unknown to fame.

"We have met the enemy, and they are ours," was the laconic report of the gallant Perry to General Harrison.

"England expects every man to do his duty," was the signal by which Nelson nerved his men for their bloody work in the battle of Trafalgar. They are living words, worth to England, it may be, as much as the great victory that Nelson that day won. These are but a few of the illustrations that might be given to show the power of simple, honest speech. Such words are not upstarts, taking the places by good rights belonging to their betters. They are good enough to be joined with great deeds, and they are good enough for our use.

L. J. C.

WHAT A DYING BOOKWORM SAID TO HIS FRIENDS, THE YOUNG BOOKWORMS.

IT was a pleasant night in the latter part of December. The old bookworm had crawled through his last volume ("Egypt's Place in Universal History"), which had come near proving his winding-sheet, and lay outstretched upon the cover. He was so thin, that he appeared to be nothing but skin and brains; yet, he was not at all desirous to pass into the chrysalis state at present, and, if he could only have crept into Death's ear for a moment, would have plaintively inquired if there were not some error in chronology here. He had anticipated feasting upon the fifth volume of "Egypt's Place in Universal History," when it should appear. But the rider on the swift white horse does not wait for responses nor remonstrances when he is out on his raids. The scene was an impressive one. The young bookworms had been summoned in haste to the library of their dying friend, and were quite unable to get away on so short notice, from the books they were burrowing in. Doubtless, most of them would have chosen different companions from these with whom to enter that venerable presence for the last time. One little blue-eyed creature appeared, with her head just emerging from "Les Miserables;" another had wriggled half-way out of the last edition of "Mother Goose Illustrated." There was one still inside of Hans Andersen's "Ugly Duck;" how he managed to get there with the rest, is more than anybody can tell. The Powder Magazine for boys and girls was present, with two mites rolling over and over one another on the cover, in their haste to get inside; and one serenely smiling worm, with a grape-vine cigar in his mouth, bore aloft "Our Standard-bearer," on his branching horns, which somewhat resembled a small olive-tree. Not one vermicule appeared with an arithmetic or a geography; though there were plenty of them with sabbath-school books, which are another kind of school-book. A consumptive-looking individual, with spectacles on, dragged his slow length along behind the rest, with a Westminster Catechism strapped tightly around him. I observed that he was shunned by all the others, as though he belonged to a different order of beings.

The only one present without a book was a fresh little gro-

worm, softly shining in one corner. Even the astral-lamp, over against the dying bookworm, appeared to give less light; and he looked at her as though it kept him from dying. "My dear young vermes," he slowly began, and his feeble voice sounded like the turning of a leaf; "I am glad to see so many here. There are some thoughts wriggling about in my brain, which will not let me die until I communicate them. Perhaps they will help you to live better; then shall I have been of some service before leaving this world, where I have lived to so little purpose. The wisest counsel I can give you, is, *Come out of your books.*"

These words were spoken so earnestly, and in so shrill and piercing a tone, that a thrill went through the whole assembly; and the little fellow still between the leaves of "The Ugly Duck," backed out in such haste, that he turned two or three somersets in the air, coming down on his head on Webster's Unabridged. But his body was so light and his head so puffy, that it did not appear to hurt him in the least; and quietly reversing his position, he remained there with his intelligent horns pricked up, waiting for another charge.

Several grains of sand slipped through the hour-glass on the mantel, before the venerable speaker recovered breath to go on. "Aye; come — out — of — your — books. I have burrowed in mine all my life; and now, when my time has come to die, I find myself on the outside of the world, in the very place where I was born. I don't know any more about the inside of this globe, which men call so wonderful, than if I had been a native of Saturn, or a mite in a cheese."

"Why!" exclaimed a wise-looking little worm, with a furrowed forehead, from his perch on "The Birds of New England;" "I thought, the more we read, the more we know?"

"Alas!" he replied; "so I believed once. And here, among my books, I do seem wondrous wise; but, when I venture away from them, it is like going into the woods in a starless night. The youngest glowworm is not afraid of getting lost, for she knows where she is; and her little lamp not only lights her on her way, but cheers many a wandering bat and owl — sometimes even a solitary, belated bookworm. If you want a light like hers for your very own, to carry about with you always, you must be at home amongst things and people, as well as books; for I believe every human being has such a light born with him, and might always have it, growing brighter and brighter to the end of his days. But

one smothers his in his library; another in his counting-room; and so, it comes to pass, in one way or another, that there are very few human glowworms. If you wish to learn about birds, my young ornithologist, study them in the live book of nature, and then go to man-made books to recite your lessons and ask questions. So with people. First, the living ones; then, the mummies in history. They will keep, so you need not be in a hurry. Never forget that it is your *mind* that is your kingdom, not book-knowledge; for, if you do make that sad mistake, you will end by being a slave instead of a king. Look at me. I feel as though books had squeezed more out of me than I have out of them, after all." And he laughed in a way, which it was enough to make any one cry to hear. "But I have something to say about the kind of books you vermicules devour, as caterpillars and grasshoppers do the green herbage (and which grows again for you, faster than you can mow it down). When I was young, MERRY'S MUSEUM was my magazine, 'Robinson Crusoe' one of my best story-books; and, if I did try to bury myself in 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' my disobedience of my parents and their punishment of it, were surely quits; for, when they found me in my snug harbor, behind two doors which lapped over one another, in my mother's bedroom, absorbed in one of those bewitching red volumes, they were forthwith consigned to the flames, and I never knew how the story ended until I was grown up. Then, there was 'The Life of William Wallace,' Mrs. Sherwood's thirteen volumes of stories, Rollin's Ancient History, almanacs, Mrs. Hemans' Poems, Sunday-school books, — ah, Plato! why did they let me read so many books?

"But, you! I squirm all over, when I think of the brain-mills that are at work, grinding out new stories and verses and riddles, and the Yankee only knows what, for your entertainment. That is the word. And the grubbing-machines grubbing up the roots, that you need not have that hard task to perform; and the miners mining for facts for your instruction. That is the word. And the furnaces in full blast, smelting the ore, and refining the metal, to pour it into your brains at a white heat. As if they were sausage-skins, to be stuffed and stuffed with chopped meat, all peppered and seasoned! It is worse, infinitely worse, than burning your tongue, and destroying the tone of your mucous membrane, with hot drinks, mince-pies, candy, and cake, etc., etc. Your brains will die of convulsions, and what a miserable set of soft, pimping bodies

you will have left, to bore through this world with; for, whether you ever think of it now or not, most of you will have to do your own boring. Not many are so fortunate, or so unfortunate, as to have a dead grandfather to feed and clothe and house them all their lives, as I have had. But you can never take hold in this world, if your muscles become flabby and white, in consequence of being shut up inside of books. Oh, that I could have your parents here to listen to me for a little while! Your reasoning powers, your memories — ah!" and the old bookworm fainted from sheer exhaustion. The young ones shrunk away from him, shivering with a new, strange feeling, for they thought he was dead; but a little glowworm glided softly to his side, and laid a dewdrop on his furrowed forehead. Presently, he opened his eyes, and looking up at her with a pleasant smile, went on as though nothing had happened; but his voice was now no louder than the flicker of a flame, or the sound of snow falling in the night. "Dear little creatures," he whispered; "if I were you, beginning life anew, I would take but one magazine, the one your parents think the best. Then you will remember it with pleasure all your lives, as I have MERRY'S MUSEUM. Neither would I read more than one Sunday-school book a week. And do not think you can get knowledge, either from books or nature, without digging hard yourselves. Only what you earn by working for it is really yours. And you, my little-girl bookworms, don't quirl up around a book as soon as you get home from school. I beseech you not to get in the way of thinking that you are happier inside of a book than anywhere else. If your mother asks you to take care of the baby or help her, try to extract sweetness from whatever she tells you to do. You can, if you persevere; for you will have the pleasure of knowing you have helped her, at any rate; and isn't that drop of pure honey better than any candy, or the most delicious story?

Furthermore, I would say to all of you, don't study much Latin and Greek. If you do, you will be very likely to spend your days as I have done, groping in some musty old cheese of a library, instead of *living*. How sad to bore artesian wells for all the water one uses, and dig underground for all the fuel one burns, when there are clear, sparkling springs and brooks out in the sunshiny meadows and up on the rocky hillsides, and wood in the forests, which don't have to be coaxed to burn. Dear young folks, if you would resolve, this New Year's Eve, to be shy, solitary, moping bookworms no longer, but live hearty boys and girls, such as

everybody loves, because *they love everybody*, — but it is considered very old-fashioned to form resolutions nowadays, and I only ask you to think about —" At this moment, the door suddenly opened, and in rushed an avalanche of wild, anxious-looking fathers and mothers. Not a word was spoken; but each individual was swooped up and borne away as by an eagle. I and Dimple were whisked out of the room with the rest by my husband; but eyes travel faster than bodies, and mine took what they call an instantaneous daguerreotype of that "Interior," as I was whirled through the doorway. The astral-lamp shone down on "Egypt's Place in Universal History," but the old bookworm had disappeared from his hard couch. Could it be, that his wisp of a body had been caught up by that whirlwind, and borne away into space? Neither was little glowworm anywhere to be seen. What could have become of them? If I've asked my husband that question once, I've asked it a hundred times. He only laughs at me, and still insists that I dreamt all that wise discourse, as he calls it, which I have written. Ah, well! Joseph's brethren called him a dreamer. Don't people always say you've been dreaming, if you've got any new light? *And I have.* My Dimple shall be a bookworm no longer, if I can help it; and it appears to me that I can. I intend to superintend her reading in person. We have discontinued four magazines and three child's papers, leaving her one "best" of each; have had her transferred from the Latin class to the natural-history class in school; and next summer, when we go into the country, neither freckles nor tan shall stand in the way of her enjoying and learning all she can out of doors. My husband says he is mighty glad I dreamt that dream New Year's night, and wishes every mother in the land would dream one as sensible.

M. R. W.

CHARLIE MONK'S FORTUNE.

WHEN Charlie Monk was a very small boy, he came over from England with his parents. They lived some fifty miles from New York City, and by honest industry gained a comfortable livelihood. When Charlie was six years old, his father died very suddenly, and his mother was sick a long while. The funeral expenses of the father and the sickness of the mother consumed what little property they had; and when Mrs. Monk was able to work, there was none to be got, for the times were very hard, and every one must do their own work.

Piece by piece, Mrs. Monk sold what little furniture they had, and all the clothing they could possibly spare, to buy bread with; but the time came when there was nothing more to be sold. They tried starvation awhile, and then set out afoot for New York. Everything was to be found in New York, so people had told them. Yes, almost everything was there; and, among other things, hunger and cold. Their journey was long and wearisome; they begged their food and lodgings of the kind-hearted, as they travelled along. The journey and exposure were too much for Mrs. Monk, and she died in three days after reaching New York, in a poor shelter where she had been permitted to lie, after giving her wedding-ring as a pledge for payment. Little Charlie cried and sobbed over her body, until it was taken away for burial, but he had not fully realized his loss till it was gone. Then he felt how utterly alone and forlorn he was, and wondered what he should do; father and mother both dead, no brothers or sisters, no one in the wide world that he knew, to feed or clothe him. What was to become of him? He asked the man who had sheltered him for a piece of bread, and was roughly told that he must get his own bread, for he had something else to do beside feeding paupers. So, he opened the door, and told him to tramp, retaining what few things his mother had left, as he said, to help pay her expenses. Thus thrust out, Charlie wandered up and down the streets. He saw plenty of food in the bakeshops and markets; but when he asked for it, they would say, "Where's your money?" And when he answered, "I haven't any," then they would tell him that they had nothing for him. He was so hungry and faint that he felt almost sick. He saw other boys that were not starving; but who fed them? Some of them were carrying

baskets, and others, bundles; happy boys! for, with work comes bread. Charlie asked for work; but was told that he looked too thin and pale; that he was not strong enough to work. Alas! what should he do? He had been without food so long that he was exhausted, and he sat down on the sidewalk and wept. He felt utterly forsaken and discouraged. Some one touched his shoulder; he looked up. "Say, young 'un; what's the use of snivelling? It never helped 'un." Charlie said nothing. The boy who had spoken to him was coarse in appearance as well as in speech, and he carried a rough broom. "Tongue-tied, are you? Well, you needn't; I knows — hungry — I knows; got the bread-ail — I knows."

"Yes, I'se hungry," wailed out poor Charlie.

"Then I'm the one you want. You just play my broom, and you'll have summat to eat. I'm you're man. I feeds 'em that works for me; take my broom and come on."

Charlie took the broom and followed mechanically. They went to one of the most frequented and fashionable streets. Here, big Dick, the broom-owner, stopped, and taking the broom, began sweeping with great energy. "There, sir; just sweep like that. Keep the crossing as bright as a gold dollar; but be sure to hold back your broom and play up ye cap every time there's a crosser. That'll be money for boss, for you've got a tip-top business look; hain't never had enough to eat since ye was born, I knows; but I'll bring ye summat for the stomik. You'll make heaps today, 'cause its pleasant, and there's lots of free folks out; but rainy days there isn't many, only the men from the stores, and the Wall-Street folks, as they call 'em, and they don't notice nobody. Then, the young ladies, all dressed up in their toggery, they don't give; oh, no. They be so afraid of spoiling their dresses, that they won't stop to get out a cent. Sometimes, I slops my broom on the ground, and bespatters their fine clothes, in revenge. But some walk along quietly, and speak easy-like, and don't curl up their noses — them's the ones to give; I know 'em. Now, mind yer eye; don't think o' stealin' the boss's money; 'cos, yer see, I've got a cove on hand to look out for all my brooms; and I tell ye, none ov 'em tries it more'n once, young 'un." Then, with a grin, big Dick went off, looking back at Charlie as he went, and giving him a nod of approval as he commenced to sweep.

Charlie swept away quite briskly at first; but the broom was

heavy, and he was so hungry and faint, that he soon had to flag. Still, he did not dare to stop sweeping, except to hold out his cap to the passers; and he looked anxiously the way Dick went, hoping to see him come back. The poor little fellow's anxious, piteous look brought many a copper into his cap; but he did not dare spend one of them. Had Our Father, who watcheth the sparrows fall, forgotten the little orphan? Oh, no; he never forgets one of his children, *never*. An Irishwoman, carrying a huge basket, passed the little hungry sweeper. She threw a roll into his cap, exclaiming, "Eat! eat! and may the Holy Virgin bless the likes of ye'es!"

Charlie eat the roll, but it roused his appetite, that had been dying out in faintness, and he seemed hungrier than ever. A pretty curly-headed little girl came tripping along with an apple in her hand; when she saw Charlie, she stopped a moment, then went up to him, held out the apple, and smiling, said, "Please, take it." The apple was very welcome to the little orphan; but the smile and kind word sent a sunbeam to his heart.

About three hours from the time he left, big Dick came back, with a bundle in his hand. "Well, young 'un! hand over!" he exclaimed; "boss's come. Show the yellow-boys." Charlie gave Dick his cap; and when he had emptied it, he seemed quite satisfied, handing it back with some dry bread in it, saying, "There, run into that alley-way, and cram now; but, mind ye, don't keep me too long at the broom." Charlie ran into the alley-way as he was told, and ate the bread as soon as possible, thinking himself very fortunate, and wishing his mother could know of it. Feeling very grateful to Dick, he made haste to relieve him of his broom. "That's right; you're the one for me," said Dick. "We'es a firm for business; you're a rare one to draw — a real little haingel, young 'un." Saying this, he left Charlie, to look after his other employees. Grateful as the little orphan was at first, he soon found that the scant allowance of food given him was only enough to keep him alive; and he had no place to sleep, except dark doorways and out-of-the-way corners, such as he could happen to find.

One forenoon, it had been rainy, and Charlie took but little. When big Dick came, he upbraided and abused him, because he had no more; and only gave him a small dry bun to eat, telling him that was more than he deserved. After Dick left, tears rolled down Charlie's cheeks, as he continued sweeping. A little boy came along, and asked him what made him cry? if he hadn't

had anything to eat? "Yes, he answered; "big Dick gave me a bun; but sech isn't fillin' very." The boy turned away, was gone a few minutes, and came back with three rolls; what riches for poor little Charlie!

As time passed, the orphan's fortunes were not improved. Big Dick was both selfish and cruel. The cold weather was coming; his clothes were nothing but tatters; and the cold wind cut him through; he had neither shoes nor stockings, and his feet ached on the icy pavements. What would become of him?

It was the day before Christmas. A drizzly rain was falling, and freezing as it fell, and the crossings were a glare of ice. Poor houseless, homeless, barefoot Charlie was at the crossing, holding out his old cap to the passers-by. How cold he was! How his feet did ache! He tried not to cry, but the big tears would fill his eyes and stand upon his cheeks. An old gentleman, stepping from the crossing to the sidewalk, reached out his hand to put something in Charlie's cap. He slipped and fell, and was quite helpless. Charlie sprung to help him up; but not being able, he lifted his head, and held it tenderly on his knees till a carriage was brought to carry him to his home. The old gentleman was conscious of the child's kindness, and when he was seated in the carriage, beckoned him to approach. He thanked him, and put fifty cents into his hand, and then he noticed the little bare feet. "Why, you poor child!" he said; "you poor child! No shoes or stockings this cold day. Come with me!" and he drew Charlie into the carriage.

"Oh, I've left my broom! I've left my broom!" said Charlie, in a frightened tone.

"Never mind your broom, child," said the gentleman; "it's not much loss."

"But it's big Dick's; and he'll beat me if I lose it."

"No, he won't beat you. I'm your friend now," was the answer he received, as the carriage drove off. Still, Charlie feared he was doing wrong to leave Dick's broom where it might be stolen. The carriage stopped at a beautiful residence, the home of one to whom "our Father" had given much of this world's goods. Charlie followed the gentleman, Mr. B——, into the sitting-room, where he was kindly greeted by the family, who were present. They soon learned the little orphan's history, and in their hearts thanked God that they had the means to relieve him. Charlie soon had more food set before him than he could eat; and he

was afterwards dressed in nice warm clothes. He looked at them in wonder; tried to express his thanks; then started to go back to his crossing.

"No, Charlie; don't go. We want you to stay with us," said his new friend.

Charlie stood quite still, looking at the carpet. At length, he said, "If I don't go, I'm afraid Dick's broom'll get lost."

"Well, if it does, I'll pay Dick double the value of it; so, don't let that trouble you any more."

Oh, what a happy Christmas was the next day to the little homeless, barefooted orphan boy! And every succeeding Christmas was an anniversary of the birthday of comfort and plenty to little Charlie. It proved to be indeed a home to the once forsaken and discouraged little one — a home full of friends, where he was not only fed and clothed, but he was cherished and loved, and made happy.

ANNIE PHILLIPS.

PRAISE TO GOD.

FROM THE GERMAN.

NO creature lives upon the earth,
For thee, dear Lord, too small;
Thou lovest every living thing,
Because thou'st made them all.

The bird, high in the mountain air,
To thee his song does lift;
The snake hides in the hollow rock
And hisses from the rift.

The fish, that in the waters float
So shy and still, thou'lt save;
Though mute, thou'lt hear their silent voice,
Far down beneath the wave.

To thank thee for their joy in life,
There's none too poor and small;
Not e'en the motes and dancing-flies,
Where'er the sunbeams fall.

The sun and moon, that slowly move,
Thy wonders spread abroad,
Proclaim the richness of thy love,
The majesty of God.

Thou'lt guard us from all hidden foes,
And number every hair;
No sparrow falleth from the roof,
Without thy tender care.

So, let us raise
A song of praise,
The birds a hymn;
The fish may swim,
The bees will hum,
The beetle drum,
The timid mouse is not too small, —
Let our dear Lord be praised by all.

S. W. LANDER.

SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR NAME.

I WONDER if the boys and girls who read this magazine ever think that the names they are called by have a meaning? Does Sarah know that her name means *princess?* She will find all about the first Sarah, Abraham's wife, in Genesis. There are two other ways of spelling it, Sarai and Sara; and no doubt, the eastern Zara is still another. Then there is the liquid-sounding variation which old-fashioned people like, Sally, in these days spelled Sallie.

Does John understand where *his* name came from, and what it signifies? It is a Hebrew word, *favored of the Lord.* It is common to many languages, only in each it is quite a different word; thus, in some nations, in central Europe, we find Johann, Jan, and Hans; farther south, it is Juan, Jean, and Giovanna. John is one of the very best of boy's names, easily spoken, easily written, pleasant to the ear; an honest, familiar, home syllable, which we have been accustomed to all our lives. Who wants a better? Then think what men once bore it; think especially of two, —

that John, the Baptist, who was cousin to our Lord, and who came to prepare the way for him; and that other John, whom our Lord loved best of all His disciples.

Albert means *illustrious*. It is a favorite among the Germans; so also is Louis, *bold warrior;* often written Lewis. Alfred is *good counsellor*. One of the best and wisest Alfreds wore the English crown, and met with strange adventures and misfortunes. The story of this good Alfred is as interesting as a fairy tale.

Amos is *strong;* Anthony, *praiseworthy;* Caleb, *a dog*. Augustus is *augmented, increased;* Augusta is the feminine form. A great many names of women come in this way from the names of men; as Theodora, shortened into the much prettier one of Dora, is from Theodore, *the gift of God;* — Jane and Joan, and the beautiful Scotch Jeannie and Janet, belong with John. Thus, also, Victor, a *conqueror*, and Victoria; William, *protector*, and Wilhelmine, a sweet name for a girl; Ernest, which *means* earnest, and Ernestine; Oliver, an *olive-tree*, and Olive and Olivia; Philip, *a lover of horses*, and Phillippa; Felix, *happy*, and Felicia; Francis, which is *frank* or *free*, and Frances and Fanny; George, a *husbandman*, and Georgianna, Georgine, and Georgette; Charles, meaning *crowned;* in Spanish, Carlos; in German, Carl; and the feminine names from it, Charlotte, Lottie, Sharley, Carlotta, Caroline, Lina, Cally, Carry, Cad. Then there is Julius, *soft-haired*, which has the charming feminines, Julia, Juliet, and Julianna. Henry, *the head of the house*, and Harry, from which are derived Henrietta and Harriette. Henry and Henrietta have been shining names in the history of kings and queens. Last of all these couplets of names which we shall give, and best, because the meaning is *rich peace*, most precious of meanings, are Frederick and Frederika.

Robert *is bright in fame;* Oscar, a Celtish word, is *bounding warrior;* Ida is *godlike;* Eve and Eva, *life;* Esther, *secret;* Junia, *youth;* Florence, *blooming;* Miranda, *admirable;* Rhoda, a *rose;* Thomas, a *twin;* Susan, a *lily*.

Theresa (Teresa, Thirza, Tirza), means *carrying ears of corn;* Walter, *ruling the host;* Amelia, *bury;* Barbara, from the Greek, *strange, foreign;* Blanche, *white;* Bertha, *bright;* Cora, *maiden;* Catherine (Kate, Kitty), *pure;* Rufus, *red*. The children will remember William, king of England, who, because of his red hair and beard, was surnamed Rufus.

Hannah signifies *gracious;* Ann, Annie, Anna, Annette, and Nancy are the same; all come from Hannah. Ruth is *satisfied;*

Persis, a *Persian woman;* Phebe, *shining;* Richard, *rich-hearted;* Bertha, *bright;* Bridget, *strong;* Leonard, *lion-like;* Irene, *peace;* Mina, *love.*

In another number, I will tell you about some other names.

KITTY CARROLL.

ICE-BELLS; A FEBRUARY RHYME.

"Walking in the wood, I saw a pair of perfectly moulded bells depending from the icy margin of a little brook."

TINKLE, twinkle, down in the dingle,
Crystal bells hanging over the brook;
Jingle, jingle, silver lips mingle,
With the lips of the lingering brook.

Little brown brook, your lips are freezing,
Your ears are turning white as the snow;
I see your icy shroud a-weaving
Along the edge where you linger so.

Glad is your voice; I hear it jingling
'Neath the sighing pine-trees, loud and clear;
But my ear's too dull to catch the ting-a-ling
Of those crystal bells I know you hear.

Beautiful bells, did frost-sprites mold you,
Or did you grow so, out of the snow?
Surely, the babbling brook has told you,
For nobody else knows how you grow.

I guess, for I saw him caress you,
Saw how the cold wave slowly slips;
Every time he leaps up to kiss you,
He leaves a film of ice on your lips.

Tinkle, twinkle, down in the dingle,
Crystal bells hanging over the brook;
Jingle, jingle, silver lips mingle
With the lips of the lingering brook.

M. R. W

Allegretto. Music by D. W. LOTHROP.

All for kill-ing a robin! I thought it would be ver-y

fine, If from a sweet plump little red-breast My

dar-ling pet kit-tens could dine. So I

clambered high up in the tree-top, And took him right out of his
nest, A round-eyed and plump lit-tle rob - in, With
down on his neat pret-ty breast.

2.

All for killing a robin!
Are they any better than mice?
I heard one last night in the pantry,
And down on him pounced in a trice.
And you called me a "very nice pussy;"
But mousey was sleek and quite fair;
And his eyes, sure, were brighter than robin's,
And shiny and sleek was his hair.

3.

All for killing a robin!
Now, Johnny, pray, do tell me why
The robin is better than mousey,
The reason I cannot descry.
For I'm certain, to that old mouse-mother,
Her sweet little mouse is as dear
As round-eyed and plump little robin
To the redbreast, with song-note so clear.

4.

All for killing a robin!
Oh listen, dear boy, to my woe;
Now, pray, do not drown poor old pussy;
Come, come, let me scamper and go.
And just think of my three frisking kittens,
So cunning and happy at play;
They'll mew for their dear old cat-mother,
If she does not come near them all day.

5.

All for killing a robin!
There, John, you merciful boy,
I knew your kind heart would be softened;
I'll scamper away now for joy.
I will try and do better, dear Johnny;
But, if sometimes I do disobey,
Remember, I'm only a pussy,
And make some allowances, pray.

NOSE BLEED. — There are two little arteries which supply the whole face with blood, one on each side; these branch off from the main arteries on each side of the windpipe, and, running upward toward the eyes, pass over the outside of the jawbone about two-thirds of the way back from the chin to the angle of the jaw, under the ear. Each of these arteries, of course, supplies just one-half the face, the nose being the dividing line; the left nostril is supplied with blood by the left artery, and the right nostril by the right artery. Now, supposing your nose bleeds by the right nostril, with the end of the forefinger feel along the outer edge of the right jaw until you feel the beating of the artery directly under your finger, the same as the pulse in your wrist, then press the finger hard upon it, thus getting the little fellow in a tight place, between your finger and the jawbone; the result will be, that not a drop of blood goes into the side of your face while the pressure continues; hence, the nose instantly stops bleeding for want of blood to flow; continue the pressure for five or ten minutes, and the ruptured vessels in the nose will by that time probably contract, so that when you let the blood into them they will not leak. Bleeding from a cut or wound anywhere about the face may be stopped in the same way.

ONE of the most remarkable deposits of petroleum is in the region of the Caucasus Mountains. The oil springs have been known and the oil collected there (by skimming) for ages. On the eastern shore of the Caspian, twenty thousand such wells, all of them quite shallow, are now skimmed. The wells are often quite close to each other, and a new one does not affect the productiveness of another near it. One sunk in 1863, by the very side of another, which had for centuries produced three thousand four hundred pounds per day, yielded forty thousand pounds per day, without affecting in the least the other. The American method has lately been introduced, and flowing wells have burst forth from a depth of two hundred and fifty feet, which have, until controlled, maintained a jet from forty to sixty feet high. It is calculated that nineteen million pounds are annually produced in the Caucasus region; while two hundred thousand pounds of paraffine are now made from asphaltum.

SAGACIOUS HORSE. — A very heavy horse, known as "Dick," owned by Mr. J. Campbell, and

used as a coal-carrier, slipped and fell, a few days ago, under a heavy load, and was badly shaken by the fall. After he was gotten up, and while the men were freeing the team, Dick was missing — no one knew where he had gone. The deacon, his master, found him at last in the smithy. "Who brought that horse here?" he inquired. "No one, sir; he walked in himself unaccompanied, and signified that he wanted a new pair of shoes. I understood the case instantly, and fitted him exactly. He had fallen, and was aware that the poor shoes he had on were the cause of the disaster; and came to me to supply the preventive against future similar disaster." (Demonstrations of gratitude from Dick.) The deacon took the horse and departed, — the firm step of the animal indicating his confidence in the improved understanding given to him by the worthy smith. — *Gloucester (Mass.) Paper.*

IN the manufacture of cheap shoes now, hardly a scrap of leather is allowed to go to waste. The wagon-loads of odds and ends made in cutting — the refuse of the splitting-machines — are all worked up again into that kind of leather known as "pancake." This is made by pasting and pressing together the scraps, which, being rolled and dried, is made to do service in the cheaper grades of shoes, as inner-sole leather, or as "lifts" for the heels. Some firms do a large business in the manufacture of "pancake," which is accomplished by powerful machinery driven by steam.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD DUN. — This familiar word is derived by some from the French verb *donnez*, meaning *give;* by others, from the old Saxon word *dunon*, to clamor; but both of these derivations are wrong. It took its rise from a famous English bailiff, named Joe Dunn, in the time of King Henry the Eighth, who plied his hard trade of collecting doubtful debts with remarkable success. As a last resort, creditors would threaten to put Dunn on their debtors; and hence the phrase of "*dunning*," which has continued to our day.

SEVERAL of the English magazines owe their choicest illustrations to young women who have learned to draw on wood. Many of the designs in *London Society* and *Belgravia* are furnished from this source; and some of the most amusing sporting pictures in *Punch* are from the pencil of a young lady who can draw and ride with equal daring and freedom.

THE palindrome is a line that reads alike backward and forward. One of the best is Adam's first observation to Eve: "Madam, I'm Adam." Another is the story that Napoleon, when at St. Helena, being asked by an Englishman if he could have sacked London, replied, "Able was I ere I saw Elba" — the best palindrome, probably, in the language.

IT is said that the three highest mountains on the globe are Gaurisanker, of the Himalaya range, twenty-nine thousand three hundred and eighty feet; Dapsang, in Western Thibet, twenty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirty feet; and Ranchinjinga, in Eastern Thibet, twenty-eight thousand six hundred feet.

AN indignant orator, at a recent political meeting, in refuting an opponent, thundered, "Mr. Chairman, I scorn the allegation, and I defy the alligator."

WHY is a man who has fallen into a river like a man ruined by a bank failure? Because he has lost his *balance* at the *bank*.

NO book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.

answers all but one of the January puzzles, and wins his second prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

54. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 1, 5, 9, 10, 11, is a noise.
My 13, 12, 8, is a boy's nickname.
My 14, 2, 3, 4, 6, is a portion.
My 2, 9, 7, 14, denotes disapprobation.
My whole is the name of an author. *Vincent.*

55. I am composed of 21 letters:
My 19, 17, 18, 11, is an article of food.
My 13, 3, 17, is a decoction.
My 2, 9, 7, 10, 8, 12, is a kitchen utensil.
My 6, 14, 15, is not easily broken.
My 16, 1, 21, 20, is always made of metal.
My 4, 5, 16, is an animal.
My whole may be found in Merry's Museum.
R. C. L., Jr.

56. I am composed of 12 letters:
My 7, 8, 9, 5, is a fruit.
My 12, 11, is often disagreeable to hear.
My 6, 8, 2, 3, 10, is the name of a woman mentioned in scripture.
My 4 sounds like a nickname.
My 1 sounds like a verb.
My whole is an approval.
Snowdrop.

TOWNS IN MAINE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

57. An animal and fun.

58. A boy's name and a weight.

59. Stone and soil.

60. To consecrate and a measure.

61. A wine and soil. *Rena.*

QUESTIONS, ETC.

62. Behead a bird, transpose, and leave its enemy. *Keystone.*

63. Behead a guide, and leave an animal; behead again, and leave dexterity; transpose, and leave a certain kind of man; transpose again, and leave an animal.
Violet Forest.

64. What word of four letters contains (1) a tree, (2) a guide, (3) two familiar names, (4) an exclamation, (5) a nickname, (6) a seat, and (7) a verb?
Guielelmus.

65. My first, we all possess; my second is an animal; my whole is used for my first. (A compound word.) *B. B.*

ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

66. Two boys' nicknames.

67. A color, an article, and an adverb.

68. An insect, and a verb.

69. A verb, a run, and an article. *Sigma.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS DIFFERENTLY ACCENTED: —

70. You ——— that you are ——— with him. *Franc.*

71. A ——— would naturally try to ——— others. *Golden Arrow.*

72. My first is low; my second is a sphere; my third is a deadly weapon; my whole is an organization. *Clara.*

73. My first is part of the human frame;
My next has oft supported a dame;
My whole is pretty well known to fame;
So now, Merry Cousins, tell my name. *Charlie C.*

ANAGRAMS.

74. Nice Max. *Dictator.*

75. O! Em, I ring a call! *Vincent.*

76. I stir men. *Fanny Fern Marble.*

77. Pour in ices. *Auntie.*

78. Port Silome. *Carter.*

79.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of April. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JANUARY NUMBER.

1. Pentahexahedral.
2. Petroleum oil.
3. Merry's Museum.
4. Eatable.
5. Pilot.
6. Bridemaid.
7. Ware, wear.
8. Steam, teams.
9. Taste, state.
10. Siren, risen, rinse, reins.
11. Lemonade.
12. Serenely.
13. Elucidates.
14. Opportunities.

15. Drain, nadir.
16. Alco, coal.
17. Room, moor.
18. Sail, rail, nail, jail, mail.
19. Decalogue.
20. Mendicant.
21. Secede.
22. Spotless.
23. Biography.
24. Brooklyn.
25. There's a divinity that shapes
our ends,
Rough hew them how we
may.
26. I loved not wisely, but too well.

Of the above Puzzles,—

Joe Kose answers all but No. 4.

Clem answers all but 1, 4.

F. R. S. answers all but 6, 22.

Max answers all but 22, 26.

Belle answers all but 1, 6.

E. W. W. answers all but 4, 6, 26.

Keystone answers all but 4, 6, 10, 26.

Ixia answers all but 1, 4, 6, 26.

Hero answers all but 1, 4, 5, 6.

Chester answers all but 6, 16, 22, 26.

Charlotte answers all but 6, 10, 19, 26.

Ben answers all but 1, 4, 6, 10, 15, 22, 26.

Tempy answers all but 6, 8, 9, 10, 20, 22, 26.

Hautboy answers all but 1, 6, 7, 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 22.

Empire State answers 6, 11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 21, 25, 26.

Zadoc answers 9, 11, 17, 23, 24.

Emma Van Wagner and *Annie Washburn* answer Nos. 11 and 17.

To Correspondents.

Carter. Thank you, for your friendly letter and puzzles.

Rubie Linden. Present number, 151. I shall certainly be on the lookout for that "bonnet."

Charlotte. See remarks to *Hautboy*, page 98, February number.

Hautboy. Your illuminated address was fully appreciated. Satan cannot find much mischief for you to do, if you "contribute" to all the periodicals you name. I do not know when "Uncle Robert's" puzzle department was commenced. It fell into my hands when the Youth's Cabinet and Merry's Museum were united.

Keystone. Although you "forgot to sign" your name, I knew at once who was the author of the nice clean list of answers, written on such a generous quantity of pretty paper. I sometimes get a long list of answers crowded and mixed on half a small sheet of paper, and it does not *look* well; to say nothing of the extra trouble it gives me to sort them out. I am afraid you will not be able to obtain the number you require, but will make enquiry.

Emma Van Wagner and *Annie Washburn.* If you examine the numbers, 7, 9, and 10, you will see that the letters of one word can be resolved into the other word: *e.g.*, "*taste*," "state," etc. Try again.

Empire State. I dare not trust so valuable a medal to such an indefinite address.

Ben. Your respectable list of answers needs no apology.

Joe Kose. Same address?

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Chester, Belle, Zadoc, Tempy, Ben, Sarah R. Lydecker, Charlotte, Hautboy, Keystone, Empire State, and Alice Parsons.

GOOD-BY to winter; for, according to the heavens, the swallows, wild-geese, and old hunters, spring is coming early this year, which is pleasant news for every one. Thoreau, the Concord hermit, who lived by himself in the woods, used to come smiling up to his neighbors, to announce that the bluebirds had arrived, with as much interest in the fact as other men take in messages by the Atlantic cable. On certain days, he made long pilgrimages to find

"The sweet rhodora in the wood,"

welcoming the lonely flower like a long-absent friend. He gravely informed us once, that frogs were much more confiding in the spring, than later in the season; for then, it only took an hour to get well acquainted with one of the speckled swimmers, who liked to be tickled with a blade of grass, and would feed from his hand in the most sociable manner.

New bonnets are usually the first harbingers of spring in the city; and we should have to take season on trust, if the parks did not give us glimpses of sprouting grass, and allow the children the never-failing delight of finding the first dandelion. A little friend of ours, who had been told that, though the flowers died in the autumn, they would come up as beautiful as ever in the spring, lost her baby sister, and some time after was found sitting by the little grave with a face full of hope and expectation. On being asked why she was there, she said, with an air of innocent faith: "Oh, I'm waiting for baby to come up. We planted her last winter; but she'll soon come now, prettier than ever, like my snowdrops in the garden." It took a long time to teach her the truth; and she was much grieved, because baby would not sprout visibly, and blossom again on the little green bed where she had slept so long.

March used to be a great month in a certain town; for then, all the schools met in the large hall, to give samples of their improvement; to dance and sing; have a simple

feast; and enjoy themselves among their friends. On one of these occasions, they sang this little song to the air of "All the Blue Bonnets are over the Border:"—

March, march, mothers and grandmammas,
Come from each home that stands in our border;
March, march, fathers and grandpapas;
Now Young America waits in good order.
Here is a flower-show,
Grown under winter snow,
Ready for spring, with her sunshine and showers;
Here Irish shamrock grows,
Scotch thistle, English rose;
And, fresh from our hills, the Pilgrims' May-flowers.

Here is the New World, that yet shall be founded,
Here, are our Wilsons, our Sumners, and Hales;
Here, with ambition by boy's play now bounded,
Perhaps there may be a new "splitter of rails;"
Here are our future men;
Here are John Browns again;
Here are young Philipses watching our blunders;
Out of these boyish ranks,
A new Shaw, Grant, or Banks,
May come to make northern hills echo their thunders.

Here are the women who make no complaining,
Dancing and skates chasing vapors away;
Queens of good health, over happy hearts reigning,
Innocent, fresh, and fair as the day.
Fullers with gifted eyes,
Friendly Eliza Frys,
Nightingales born to give war a new glory,
Britomarts brave to ride
Thro' the world, far and wide,
Righting all wrongs, as in Spenser's sweet story.

March, march, mothers and grandmammas,
None are too old to dance at our ball;
March, march, fathers and grandpapas,
Here is a Union that never will pall.
Lads in your blithest moods,
Girls in your pretty snoods,
Come from all homes that stand in our borders;
Concord shall many day,
Tell of the fair array,
When Young America met in good order.

THE LITTLE BOATS.

DRAWN BY MISS GREENE.] [See page 180.

ELSIE'S EAR-RINGS.

ELSIE was sitting by the fire, one stormy afternoon in January, dressing the new doll which she had found in her stocking on Christmas morning; for this was before Christmas-trees came into fashion, and Elsie had always hung her stocking in the chimney-corner, after the good old custom which her mother had taught her. She was making a new gown with a pocket, for her beloved "Waxy;" and the cut of the sleeves so perplexed her, that she did not hear David as he came stamping in, and shaking the snow off his boots in the porch. Indeed, she thought herself quite alone, until two packages were tossed into her lap; and looking up, she saw her brother, with red cheeks and cold fingers, standing before the great brass andirons.

"You're in luck, sis," said he. "Even if it was too stormy for you to go out, your paper came, and a letter too."

Elsie seized the letter. The MUSEUM came every month, and could, like other frequent visitors, wait until a stranger had been greeted; for Elsie had never before had a real letter through the post-office, with stamp and mark, all complete. She could hardly believe her own eyes, when she read —

MISS ELSIE LOW,
STONYBROOK,
MASS.,

in a plain, round handwriting; and her astonishment was greater than ever when she opened the letter, and out fell a ten-dollar bill — more money than she had ever had at once before. "Why, David!" said she; "what's this?"

"It looks like money. Wish I had it."

"But who sent it?"

"I should advise you to read the letter; perhaps that will tell you."

"So it will; I didn't think of that. Cincinnati — oh — it's Uncle Tom; I know. Oh — isn't he good?" and Elsie danced into the kitchen, waving the letter above her head, and calling "Mother! mother!" in so excited a way, that old Mrs. Quimby, who lived next door, ran in bareheaded, to see if the child was burning to death.

"What's the matter?" called her mother, from the depths of the "back-chamber" closet.

"Just see what Uncle Tom has sent me!"

"Come here, and tell me about it."

Elsie ran upstairs, and, as soon as she had reached the top, read, —

CINCINNATI, January 1, 1856.

A Happy New Year to my dear little niece; and to show her that I really wish to make her happy, I send her ten dollars, to buy ear-rings, or rings for her fingers and bells for her toes, or whatever she likes best. I would have a New-Year's game of "blind-man's-buff" with her today, if I could; but I'm, unfortunately for her and her cousins, Thomas Low, a man with business on his hands, and not, as I was last winter, her lazy

UNCLE TOM.

"Did you ever hear anything so nice, mother?" went on Elsie. "Now, I can have some real ear-rings, not brass ones, such as half the girls wear. I'm old enough, you know, for I'm ten; and you had your ears bored when you were only eight."

"I'm afraid my ears will be deafened, if you go on at that rate, Elsie. We'll talk about the ear-rings by and by, after I have cleared out the closet. Did David bring anything else from the office?"

"Only my magazine. Oh, I haven't seen it yet." Tearing the wrapper off her MUSEUM, she rushed downstairs, and read until her mother came. Nothing more was said about the New-Year's gift, until at tea-time, when Elsie's father had come home. He heard her story and read her letter. "Now, I must have some ear-rings, father," she said, in her pretty, coaxing way.

"Ear-rings and nose-ring, too," broke in David. "You careless child, you're not fit to be trusted with anything more than the rubber ring you had to cut your first teeth on. If you had your flummeries tonight, tomorrow morning you'd be crying out, —

"'My ear-rings, my ear-rings,
I've dropped them down the well;
And what to say to Uncle Tom,
I cannot, cannot tell.'"

"Don't be a goose, David," said his sister.

"You always say that when you're crushed," retorted he.

"Children!" said their mother, quietly; and they were silent for at least two minutes.

After tea, when David was reading the new MUSEUM, and Elsie, for the fortieth time, was turning over a file of old ones, she uttered a long-drawn "O—h!" and said, all in one breath, "Just let me tell you this: oh, have you read about the castle that is under the lake, and you can look down and see it, and every May morning The O'Donohue comes up, with his men and horses and hounds, and rides over the water — I wonder if anybody ever saw him? And oh, mother! here's the story about Robin Hood and his archers. I'd give anything if I could only see all those places that Robert Merry writes about; and I shall, sometime, too."

"Where are you going to find your money?" said her father, with a queer smile.

"Oh, I don't know. Teach, like Miss Kendrick, perhaps; or, write books; or something."

"How long would it take to save money enough to see all the places you would like to see?"

"How can I tell? Ten years, perhaps. Rollo's Uncle George had three months to travel, and spent eight hundred dollars. I should stay a year, and that would take — oh, dear! — thirty-two hundred. I don't care. If I wait till I'm forty, and go alone, I'll see Europe. I'd give anything to go."

"What — your ear-rings?" said her mother, who had laid down her work, and was listening to her little daughter's eager words.

Elsie's face grew grave. "Why, mother!" said she at last; "all the girls have them."

"'All the girls' don't care to see Europe. The question is, whether you are willing to give up seeing all the beautiful countries you read about, for a great many years, or to give up your ear-rings; and by ear-rings, I mean everything that David calls 'flummery,' and save the money to use in sight-seeing when you grow older."

"But, mother; I don't spend money enough for that."

"I don't wish to make you give up anything that you need; but you certainly have a great many little things that you can give up, as well as not. You're a great girl now, Elsie, and won't need any more dolls. Then, you are pretty sure of five dollars on your birthday; and you earn something in your summer vacation by picking berries for me. Suppose that you try to learn the art of *doing without.* It will be hard; for, as you grow older, you will like to have bracelets and rings and sashes, such as other girls wear. I don't wish you to grow miserly, or to deny yourself anything that it is best for you to have, you know; but do you think that you can put Uncle Tom's money into the bank as a nest-egg, and add something to it every year?"

"I'll try it," said Elsie, somewhat doubtfully, thinking, perhaps, that she could take her precious money out of the bank whenever she chose. Besides, she was just working problems in "interest" at school, and she thought that it would be very fine, if her ten dollars would grow as the money did in her "Walton's Arithmetic."

Thus it happened, that the next time Elsie went to Boston, she asked her father to go with her to the "Five-Cents Savings Bank," and deposited her ten-dollar bill, receiving a neat little bank-book in return. In April, her birthday came; and her father's gift of five dollars went, as she said, "to keep Uncle Tom's money company." Then she earned two dollars in the summer, by picking berries for her mother; and, at the end of a year, with interest and all, she had nearly twenty dollars.

"It's nice to think that it's growing, isn't it?" Elsie said one day to her mother. "But I do wish I had a coral pin."

"Perhaps you'll get one in Naples some day," said Mrs. Low, smiling. "How much better it would be to buy it there, where you can choose from the best, than here."

When Elsie was twelve, her Aunt Rebecca was married, and, by the greatest good fortune in the world, the little girl thought, went abroad for a year. How eagerly her niece watched for the letters which came from her! Even the queer, thin paper and the foreign postmarks had a charm in her eyes; and her face fairly beamed, as she read of London, and Stratford-on-Avon, and Edinburgh. And "O David! she has been at Abbotsford, and is going to the Highlands!" or, "She's in Rome this week, mother — Holy Week!" were her exclamations over the closely-written pages.

"What shall I bring you, Elsie?" was one of her aunt's last questions. "Some Roman pearls, or a Florentine mosaic?"

Elsie's blue eyes opened very wide; but she said, "You know, I can't wear 'flummery.'"

"A little won't hurt you, I think," laughed her aunt. "But, if I brought you home anything of the kind, you would wish it were in the bank, and it would be an eyesore to you. I must try to find something that you can take with a clear conscience."

At last, the long-looked-for steamer came in, and one bright, autumn afternoon, Elsie stood at the door, waiting for her uncle and aunt. She was a tall girl for her age, and so bright and fresh-looking, that she did not need "getting up" with ear-rings, or, I was going to say, "crimps;" but they had hardly been heard of ten years ago. While she stood, all in a flutter of happy expectation, a carryall drove up, and the next minute she was in her aunt's arms. When the first excitement of meeting was over, and "father" and "mother" had received their gifts, Aunt Rebecca gave Elsie a large package, and told her to open it carefully. She was happy indeed, when she found in it a plain but finely finished stereoscope, and a hundred views, in separate packages,

labelled "Paris," "Rome," "Geneva," "English Lakes," "Edinburgh," "English Castles," "French Cathedrals," "Switzerland," "Germany," "Venice and Florence." Elsie was so happy, that she could hardly thank her aunt; her voice trembled, and her eyes were full of tears. At last, when she could speak, she said, "How did you know what I cared for most?"

"Oh, I guessed it; and there are two hundred more views in one of my trunks, that you shall see when we are settled."

"Thank you; thank you. It's the best thing you could have brought me. And I shall like to see your views, too."

All that winter, Elsie studied her pictures, dreamed of them at night, and wrote descriptions of them for her school compositions. She looked at the canals of Venice, with their arches and gondolas, and almost believed that she heard the cries of the boatmen, and the chants from the church at one side. Then, when she had woven a gorgeous dream about the old palace, before whose door stood a graceful boat, waiting, she thought, for some dark-eyed lady, she would speed, with her seven-leagued boots, to Switzerland; and, sitting in the valley of Interlachen, would look up to the mountains, and fancy that she heard avalanches tumbling down their sides. Another stride would take her to England, where she would wander, to her heart's content, through Kenilworth Castle and Tintern Abbey.

. . . . . .

Girls of twelve sometimes fancy themselves philosophers, and solemnly vow that they don't care for dress, ornaments, or society; but thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen, bring wishes for many beautiful and pleasant things in the great world, of which they hear faint murmurs or catch fleeting glimpses. It was thus with Elsie. When her friends came round her with new "summer silks," and sets of gold, or coral, or glancing cut-steel, or told her of the glories of French flowers and pheasants' breasts, she was often tempted to buy others of the same kind for herself. "I have as much money as they," she said to herself; "and I may as well spend it now, as save it for what may never come."

Once, she yielded to her wish, and, with her mother's consent, bought, with her Uncle Tom's last New-Year's present, a new brooch, which she needed, she thought, because her old one was so small and shabby. But I think she was half-sorry that she had spent her money, especially when David came home from college for his winter vacation, and after his sister had come flying down-

stairs to meet him, and he had kissed her as usual, said, in a tone which she did not quite understand, "Flummery!"

But you ask, "Did not Elsie grow selfish and miserly?" No; for her own generous feeling took care of that. She never went empty-handed to Sunday-school, for instance; and always had Christmas and birthday gifts ready for all the family. Of the worse kind of selfishness — that which creeps into little duties and little pleasures — Elsie was not in much danger. Her mother had taken care that her daughter should not grow up absorbed in one idea; and had given her so many things to do and plan for other people, that she learned to put aside her own wishes for the sake of those around her. Sometimes, when a journey was planned, or an evening in Boston at opera or concert proposed, Elsie would say, "Mayn't I stay at home, mother? I can take journeys and go to the opera by and by, you know."

Then her mother answered, "I wish you to go, dear; for these things are as much a part of your education as anything that you learn at school, and will be as useful to you. You would not like to go abroad, would you, and say that you had never seen anything of your own country, except the State where you were born? You must know something of what goes on here, before you can gain anything by going abroad."

When the war-time came, Elsie's money did not grow very fast. She had fewer presents now, and she gave whatever she could spare from her allowance to the soldiers or freedmen. If I were writing a "good-girl story," I might say that, after a long and severe struggle, she took all her little fortune out of the bank, and devoted it to the Sanitary Commission. She did no such thing, but worked for it in her own way, with her whole heart; made lint and bandages, and the thousand other things, which you, who were old enough to help your mothers and sisters in those days, know all about.

When the war was over, and Elsie out of school, her pet plan looked as far from its accomplishment as ever; but, by one of the good chances which sometimes fall to us all, something happened which made her dream real. She had begun to teach, like a great many other girls. "I must not let my French and German grow rusty," she said; "and the best way to keep them bright and fresh, is to use them." Being a bright girl, and a "good scholar" besides, with a way of talking which made all who listened to her feel that she was in earnest about everything, and meant to know

as much as she could about whatever she knew at all, it followed that she was fortunate enough to be asked to teach in a really good school. For two years, she worked, and read, and studied, and last, but not least, saved money.

Last year, an old friend of Elsie's father died, and, by his will, left him some money — not a great deal — not a fortune, by any means ; but enough to live on for a year or two. One day, when Elsie had come home from school, her father said, "Miss Kendrick is going to Europe with a party of young girls, to travel and study. She has room for one more — an assistant and companion for herself, who can study with the others. Do you think that your bank-account is large enough to take you?"

"O father!" began Elsie, then stopped, and very sadly shook her head.

"I think it is," said her father, taking a bank-book from his pocket, and showing her the amount of his legacy entered in her name.

Need I say more? Let each one of you imagine yourself enjoying what you would like best in Europe, and then think how happy Elsie is ; for she went away a year ago, and will not come home for another year ; and, best of all, her own money, which she had saved for so many years, has given her much of her pleasure. I should be afraid to tell you how much it was. It is enough to say, that, with her father's gift, it has enabled her to see all the places of which she had dreamed and read ever since she was a child, and which I hope, dear readers, that you and I too may see some day.

K. E.

AURORA, AND WHAT SHE DID.

I AM going to tell you what happened one time to Aurora. Aurora was a goddess. But, come to think of it, you will know much better about fairies than about goddesses; and I think myself, Aurora was a fairy, after all.

Well, Aurora was very bright and happy. Her face always wore a bright smile; and she had golden hair and blue eyes. Then, she always wore a dress, very soft and white; and it was trimmed with gold all around the edge, and round the waist and sleeves. On her feet, she had golden slippers; and her long, curly hair was tied up with a ribbon. Sometimes she wore a blue ribbon; but almost always it was of a shiny, golden hue.

One bright morning, Aurora was running along over a meadow, gathering the most beautiful flowers you ever saw; but pretty soon, she came to a river, blue and sparkling, and a boy sat there, catching fish. Aurora sat down beside him. She was very tired running, and she liked to see the pretty speckled fish. Then she asked the boy what his name was; and he said "Cleo;" and he lived in a beautiful city called Troy. "Such a beautiful city it was! and so many things happened there."

Then Cleo told Aurora ever so many stories. He told her about an elegant statue they had in Troy, and how it was stolen away; and about an enormous horse made of wood, and what happened about that. Cleo told Aurora too about a brave soldier, whose name was Hector; and how he took up his little baby to kiss her good-by, when he was going to the war, and the baby cried, because she did not know her papa when dressed as a soldier.

Cleo was so kind and pleasant, and Aurora was so much interested in all these stories, that when it came night, she felt sorry to go away, and she said, "Cleo, you are very handsome; and I like you better than any one I ever saw before. I wish you would be my brother, and stay with me all the time."

Cleo said he had always wished he had a sister, and that he should like Aurora to be his sister very much. So then they kissed one another, and said they would be brother and sister, and love one another all the time. Now, Cleo knew, that, though Aurora looked just like any little girl, she was really a fairy; and once in awhile, she could do some very strange things; but she

looked so bright and good, he felt sure she would never do anything very naughty. Well, every day they used to play together; and beside playing, they used to do a great many little errands and kind acts for people. Sometimes they visited the boys and girls, and sometimes they visited the fairies. They were very, very happy for a long time. Cleo loved Aurora dearly, and Aurora loved Cleo with all her heart; and it really seems as though they might have lived always without ever getting angry or saying an unkind word.

But I have to tell something very sad that happened. The fairies were going to have a ball; that very night it was to be. They were going to a place where beautiful roses and lilies grew, and there they would make wreaths to wear on their heads. Then they would have supper; and when the moon was bright, they would dance on the smooth grass. A mischievous fellow, whom I have no doubt you have heard of — his name was Quicksilver — was going to make music for them to dance by.

Aurora began at once to think how delightful the ball would be. She was just considering which would be the prettiest to wear on her head, a wreath of pink roses, or one of blue lilies, when all at once, Cleo said he should not go to the ball, because some boys he knew were going out on the river in a boat, and he had much rather go with them. Now, Aurora could not bear to go to the ball without Cleo. She loved him very much, and was very proud of him, because the fairies all thought he was so handsome; and now, when he said he would not go, Aurora quite lost her temper. Indeed, she became very angry, and tears came into her eyes. But still, Cleo would not consent to go to the ball. The more Aurora begged him, the more Cleo was determined not to go. Then, what do you think happened? How can I bear to tell it? You must remember, that, though Aurora looked like a little girl, still, she was a fairy. Well, she was very angry; and she stamped her foot upon the ground, and lifted up her hand, and turned Cleo into a grasshopper.

"Good gracious! What has happened to me?" Cleo thought; for, though he could not speak a word, he could think all the time. And, as for Aurora, one minute before, she had stood there by Cleo; and now, she was all alone. A grasshopper, it is true, was on the ground beside her. "Well," said Aurora, "I'm glad of it;" and brushed the tears from her eyes, and ran away as fast as she could go. She tried not to cry; she wanted to be really glad for

what she had done. But, in spite of herself, the tears came all the time; and pretty soon, when she came to a green bank where little violets grew, and where Cleo and she had sat so many times, "Oh, dear, dear!" she said; and then she threw herself on the grass, and cried as if her heart would break. She did not care now for the ball; but she thought she should cry as long as she lived, for thinking of what she had done, and longing so to see Cleo.

Now, I know very well, you are ready to say, if she could turn Cleo into a grasshopper, why couldn't she turn the grasshopper right back into Cleo? It was a great pity she could not; but the power was gone. It is so with fairies; they cannot always do these wonderful things. Only once in awhile they have the power. And poor Aurora knew very well, that, miserable as she was for what had happened, she could never bring Cleo back. She did not know where she should go, or what she should do; she only wanted Cleo again. If Cleo had gone out in the boat, she thought how happy she should be, to sit and wait until he came back; but now, she should wait and wait, and he would never come again. And then, Aurora cried more than ever. For a long time, she lay on the grass, sobbing and crying. But pretty soon, she heard some one coming along, and the steps came up close to where she was. And then some one said, "Aurora, what is the matter? What makes you cry so?" Then Aurora opened her eyes, and saw that it was her dear fairy godmother who had come. Her godmother had on the green-velvet dress that she always wore; and she looked kind and smiling, as she always did. "Aurora," she asked, "what is the matter that you cry so?"

"Dear godmother," Aurora said, "such a dreadful thing has happened; and I feel ashamed to tell you; and yet I cannot help telling you, because I love you so much; and it will be a comfort to confess how wicked I have been, and how unhappy it makes me. You know how much I loved Cleo. Well," — and here Aurora sobbed so violently, she could not speak a word.

"Yes, Aurora," said her godmother; "I know all about it. Dry your eyes, now, and come with me."

It was by this time quite dark; so, the godmother caught a firefly as it flew past, and tied it up in a corner of her cobweb handkerchief for a lantern; then, taking Aurora by the hand, they turned to go to the woods.

"Where are we going, godmother?" asked Aurora.

"You wish to bring Cleo back, do you not?" said her godmother.

"Oh, dear godmother, indeed, indeed, I do!"

"Well, now we will go into the woods, and you must look sharp. I will hold the lantern low. Look carefully for a blue harebell; one that has a little drop like dew in it."

The woods were dark; but the lantern the godmother carried gave light, and Aurora looked very closely under every leaf, as they went along. Pretty soon, she found some harebells, but they didn't have the drop of dew; and then, in some of the harebells, lady-bugs had crept and gone to sleep. On they went, Aurora looking very eagerly at every harebell she could see. The birds kept peeping out of their nests, wondering what the little lady in the short, white dress, all trimmed with gold, and the godmother, in the green-velvet dress trailing along, could be doing in the woods at that time of night. Far off, Aurora heard the music, and she knew the fairies were dancing at the ball; but she did not care for the ball now; she only wanted to find a harebell, in which was a drop of dew.

So very far they went, — on, where the vines grew with bright red berries, and where the moss was soft and green. Sweet, beautiful little places; where the humming-birds had their nests, and where they put their baby-birds to sleep at night. But Aurora didn't try to kiss the little birds, or to pick the pretty berries; she only looked for harebells. She looked and looked and looked, a long, long time. "Godmother," she said, after she had searched a great while, "do you think I can ever find one?"

"You *must* find one," replied the godmother, "if you wish to have Cleo again."

"So many harebells," said Aurora; "but not one has any dew." Still, as she said this, she kept on. She meant to look on and on, and never stop, until she found the precious dewdrop. And now! now! All at once Aurora stops. "O godmother! dear godmother!" And Aurora clasped her hands, and looked up to her godmother's face. "See! see! O godmother! a flower, and a dewdrop, right in its heart!" Aurora was ready to sink to the ground. She could not possibly pick off the flower, she trembled so; but the godmother took it off very carefully, and gave it to Aurora to carry. "See, Aurora," she said; "the dewdrop is a little mirror. Be careful not to break it."

Then, they turned to go out of the woods; and now, by this

time, the birds were brushing their feathers, and beginning to sing their morning songs.

"Godmother, what am I to do next?" asked Aurora.

"You will wait, now, until the sun is fairly up. We are out of the woods; so, sit here, on this stone. I must go; but listen. Wait till you see the sun; then take the harebell — be careful the mirror does not get broken or soiled — and go to the spot where Cleo stood last. You will be more likely to find him there than anywhere else."

"O godmother! and shall I really find him?"

"I do not know. You will be more likely to find him there than anywhere else. Listen — go to the spot. Take each grasshopper carefully in your hand. In the other hand, hold the harebell. If you see the picture of Cleo, down in the little flower-cup — well — if you see it — and if anything happens, you will know."

"O godmother! tell me —"

"That is all — I must go. Be careful as you pick up each grasshopper."

"Oh, yes; I know. Because I might take up Cleo."

But the godmother was gone quite out of sight, and all Aurora could do was to sit still, and wait until the sun should rise. It seemed a long time; but at last the sunshine came, and everything looked so golden and glorious. Aurora's face was bright as smiles could make it. Her golden ribbons fluttered, and her golden slippers shone like the sun itself. How blue and lovely the harebell was; and the dewdrop was like a diamond. Then Aurora jumped up, and went along to the spot where she had stood by the side of Cleo, the day before. As she came near the place, she walked very carefully, fearing she might hurt a grasshopper with her foot; "because," she said, "who knows, it might appear to be a grasshopper, and be Cleo, after all?" She sits down now on a stone, and catching a grasshopper, looks carefully in her mirror. She sees nothing but the clear, bright, diamond mirror; the little grasshopper has hopped away. She catches another; still, she sees nothing in the bright mirror. Another, and another; a great many grasshoppers she catches. Still, she sees nothing in the mirror. Then, at last, a grasshopper hops along, and hops right up on her hand. "Oh, indeed, indeed, this must be Cleo!" and her hand trembles, and her heart beats fast. She looks in the mirror — nothing is there — and the grasshopper has hopped away. "O Cleo! dear Cleo!" she exclaims; and great tears come in her eyes. But what is that she sees just now, at a little distance from her? It is a grasshopper, lying by the side of a stone. It seems to be lame or hurt; but it is lying there, its eyes looking straight at her. Aurora springs to her feet, and takes up the grasshopper; its eyes still look at her. "O Cleo!" she exclaims; and she kisses the grasshopper tenderly, and lays it lovingly in her lap. Tears blind her eyes; but she brushes them away, and looks in the mirror. Is it a picture of Cleo down in the little diamond? She cannot really tell; for Cleo is standing right before her, and the harebell is withered on the ground, and there is no grasshopper on her lap. Is it really Cleo that she sees? She has to keep brushing away the tears. Aurora cannot speak; she presses her hands close against her face. But Cleo sits down beside her, and puts his arm around her waist.

"O Cleo!" Aurora says; "I thought I should never see you again. Do you think you can ever forget how angry and naughty

I was; and — and — do you think you will ever love me again?" And Cleo tells her he cannot help loving her; and then he kisses her so many times, that Aurora feels perfectly sure that he does love her.

Never was any one so happy as Aurora. And here comes the fairy godmother, so pleasant and smiling; and she is so glad that everything has come out so well. And she says she hopes, that as long as they live, they will always be very happy, and love one another, and be kind and obliging to everybody. G. B.

FAMOUS DOGS.

VIGE, THE DOG-SOLDIER.

I DIDN'T think of hiding. I only slipped behind the curtains to take a look at the moon, and see how she managed about the soft shadows which she traced so prettily on the white snow. No, indeed; I didn't dream of such a thing, feeling how useless it would be; but the long, heavy drapery was almost as good as a door, and shut me in so completely, that, when the small people came with a hop, skip, and jump into the drawing-room, they couldn't see the least bit of me.

"Where is she?" asked Pet, in a disappointed tone, looking under the furniture, as if I were a spool of cotton.

"She's been and rund away," muttered Prince. "I think it's real mean."

"I'll bang she," threatened Midget, doubling up a pair of chubby fists in a comical manner.

"No, no; don't," piped up Puss. "Let's say 'please.' She's always good when we say 'please.'"

That sounded too funny, and I gave a smothered giggle.

"What is it?" whispered Midget, dropping behind a table.

"Who's afraid?" answered Prince, with a brave air, but white cheeks.

"Nobody," said I, leaving my nook.

"No, nobody!" echoed Hal, who came in with a bound, and fairly lifting me off my feet, placed me triumphantly in my favorite chair. Then he swung Prince to one cricket, whisked Puss to

another, tossed Midget into my lap, seated Pet on a hassock, and finished up by saying, "Quick's the word, auntie."

"Is it going to be a truly story?" asked Pet.

"Yes," I answered; "a true story, about an Irish dog named Vige, in the time of the Norsemen. Although he afterward became illustrious, he began life as a peasant. He lived in a log-house; but, as the sea-kings themselves had no better, he found no fault, and made himself very contented, all things considered. It was a little inconvenient about the fire, which burned in the middle of the great living-room, with two stones for andirons, and a hole in the roof to let out as much of the smoke as did not prefer to go eddying round and round, blackening the walls, and changing the color of the family skin to a tint resembling that of the flitches of bacon which hung from the great rafters. Over it, the pot was suspended. It was never taken off, except for an occasional rinsing; and such savory stews of bear and hare, beef, pork, and poultry, came out of it, that nobody could be cross over them, if their eyes did smart some. Then, in summer, Vige was seldom within doors. It was hardly worth while to go to bed in the short nights; for, beside the general watch-care confided to him, he rose with the dawn to oversee the labors of the barn-yard. There was Brindle, the favorite of the house-mother, because she gave the richest milk; and there was Whitefoot, a black cow, with four white feet, which looked as if she were in stockings. Cherry was a noble red cow; and Crumple — poor old Crumple — was a little, dried-up, wizened thing, with one horn twisted and the other broken, the marks of early fights, which made her, in spite of her small size, the queen of the yard. Vige went from one to another, looking as wise as an owl, and shaking his tail in approval as the pails were filled with the foaming milk, from which he was sure of a basinful when the last was ready for the house. This he lapped at a furious rate, used his tongue for a napkin, and gathered his family for a start to the pasture. In addition to the cows, there were certain heifers, and some calves, and all were fat and sleek, the pride equally of the good farmer and the good dog. At first, the latter strutted off in high dignity; but in a minute or two, old Crumple, who always took the lead, was sure to strike out viciously with her twisted horn, and Whitefoot would stop just a moment to snatch a mouthful of fresh grass; whereupon, he dropped his airs and graces, and rushed forward in a business-like way to restore order to the march. Now and then,

a pair of magnificent oxen were added to the cavalcade, which made him grander than ever. All day, he watched his charge carefully, and as carefully brought them home at night, their large eyes looking a soft content.

"The dog, knowing nothing, feared nothing; but his master was conscious of a secret dread, which spoiled all his pleasure. He dwelt near the coast; and year after year, the terrible Norsemen landed, now at one point and now at another, stealing everything they could lay their hands on; while they often murdered the old, and dragged the young into captivity. Of course, accounts of the sufferings which they occasioned flew all over the country, and nothing appeared so fearful to the poor people as these pirates. Whenever the subject was mentioned, the peasant said, with a sigh, 'It will be our turn next. Who knows what will come to-morrow?' His wife was more hopeful, and tried to make him as courageous as herself. 'They've never happened along here,' she said; 'and I dare say they never will. At any rate, if they do come, we've got Vige. Vige! up, and at them!' and the dog, as he had been taught, sprang forward with a fearful growl, his eyes flashing, and his shining teeth eager to seize the enemy of whom his mistress spoke.

"The peasant's fears were well founded. By and by, his turn did come. Olaf Trygvesson, one of the most renowned of the old Norse sea-kings, came across the water in his famous ship, which was made to represent a dragon. A great gilded head stretched out in front; behind, a gilded tail curled over the steersman; a row of red and white shields hung over the sides, to imitate the scaly skin of the horrid monster; and sixty oars, thirty on either hand, rose and fell, like imaginary legs, pushing the vessel through the water.

"The sound of his ivory horn, ringing out his commands to the accompanying vessels, carried terror to every heart; but, wonderful to relate, he did not land to murder, but only to steal; and, instead of marking his course with fire and blood, he contented himself with driving off all the flocks and herds within easy reach, and among them, the animals over which Vige kept watch, although the latter fought for them, like the faithful fellow that he was. The peasant's children cried; but his wife said, 'Why don't you fight?'

"'Fight!' he answered, contemptuously. 'What can one man do against fifty?'

"'I'd strike one blow,' said the wife, 'if only to show what I thought of them; but, if you won't fight, then beg.'

"'Beg!' exclaimed the husband, still more scornfully than before.

"'Yes; beg!' replied the wife. 'Ask the man; maybe he'll leave us a cow or a calf. That would be better than nothing.'

"So, the peasant — just to keep peace in the family, but really expecting nothing — approached King Olaf, and humbly begged him to give back his cattle.

"'Ha! ha!' shouted the Norsemen; 'ha! ha! ha!' and they laughed loud and long, it appeared to them so funny that the poor man should think of such a thing. But Olaf happened to be in a joking humor; and he told the peasant that he might take his animals, if he would not delay the march.

"'Ha! ha!' laughed the rude warriors again; for the cows and oxen, and calves and heifers were mixed with hundreds of others, and who could separate them from the multitude without much time and labor?

"The peasant laughed too, but for a different reason. Then he whistled, and Vige rushed up, ready for anything he might ask. 'Set the cattle, Vige!' he said; and Vige dashed in among the animals, and while they were still moving toward the shore, he brought out one, and another, and another, till all were collected.

"Olaf looked on in amazement. The number was the same as the peasant had stated, and they bore the same mark, so that there could be no mistake. 'What a splendid dog! What a magnificent fellow!' he exclaimed. 'Surely, one good turn deserves another; will you sell him to me, my good man?'

"'I can't sell him,' replied the peasant. 'I can't think of selling Vige; but I will give him to you, if you like.'

"'I don't blame you,' answered Olaf; 'I should feel just so myself. But you can't refuse to take my ring in exchange,' he continued, handing a heavy gold ring to the peasant; 'and with it, my protection also. If any of my men ever come upon you, show it to them, and you may be sure it will be respected.'

"Poor Vige was extremely unwilling to go with his new master. He put his tail between his legs; dropped his head; tried to fly; and when he found that impossible, he howled all the way to the vessels.

"It was a hard case; but he soon grew reconciled to his new home and new friends. He became a mighty hunter; and

numberless were the stories told at the winter fire of his long runs, his keen scent, and the wonderful way in which he unearthed foxes, tracked bears, and pulled down the fiercest wolves. There was no end to the petting he had — the ever-dropping love-pats, the cheery words, and the dainty bits which were tossed to him on every hand. Olaf could hardly endure to lose sight of him for a moment; and the dog not only ate from his table and slept at his side, but sailed with him always, and even accompanied him to battle. He became as well known as his master; and if there had been any office at all adapted to his ability, he would certainly have been promoted. But he wasn't fit for a standard-bearer, because he would have dropped his banner in the middle of the fight. He couldn't wield a sword, or strike with a battle-axe, or throw a dart; so that there was really no way but to leave him in the ranks, the most admired and beloved of common soldiers.

"For a long time, Vige escaped every danger; but, like most warriors, he was wounded at last. His master resolved to compel the heathen chief of Halogaland, Thorer Hiort, to profess Christianity. Thorer found out this, and met him on the ocean, thinking that in a sea-fight, he might possibly overcome his powerful enemy. But he was mistaken. He lost so many men, that there were hardly enough left to turn the ships toward the shore; and when he landed in hot haste, he was entirely alone. He hoped to escape, notwithstanding; for he could run like a squirrel, and he knew every foot of the country, which his foes did not. He would have succeeded in his attempt, but for Vige. The latter had been watching the battle, his quick eye taking in every movement, and his whole body quivering with excitement, as blow followed blow, and friend after friend fell on the slippery decks, or was plunged headlong into the waters. When his master jumped overboard, his sword between his teeth, and his shield held high above his head, he jumped also, and swam with him ashore. Thorer was before them, tired and sorrowful, but unyielding, and clinging to his gods all the more strongly, because his right to do so was so hardly disputed. Upward stretched the friendly hills, with their caverns and leafy trees throwing protecting shadows. A faint hope rose in his heart. He had never been beaten in a race; and now, that life and death were in his step, he was sure not to falter. He looked behind. He was gaining on his pursuer. A few more steps, and he would be safe. Olaf saw it.

He could not win alone, but he could depend upon his dog. So, he called, 'Vige! Vige! catch Hiort!'

"Obedient to the command, Vige rushed furiously at the fugitive, when Hiort struck him with his sword, and wounded him severely. But Vige would not let go his hold; and Olaf, taking advantage of this pause, threw his spear with so true an aim, that it pierced Hiort's side, killing him instantly. One after another of Olaf's men now came up, and forming a rude litter, they carried Vige tenderly to the ships. He had the best of nursing; but he was getting old, and though he recovered, he never was so strong as before. He died full of years and honors; and the old sagamen wrote his story in the history of his adopted country."

M. G. SLEEPER.

DROPS OF WATER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

RAINDROPS to the earth must fall,
To nourish grass and flowers small;
They must the well with water fill,
And swell the stream to drive the mill;
The ships unto the ocean bear,
And of the little fish take care; —
For, where would mighty ocean be,
Did we not the raindrop see?

If little duties you would spurn,
A lesson from the raindrop learn;
If small you are — 'twill comfort bring —
The raindrop is a smaller thing.

S. W. LANDER.

UNCLE JOSEPH'S STORY.

"WELL, now, children, if you will be satisfied with just one more story," said Uncle Joseph, as the children climbed into his arms, coaxingly, "and then go to bed and have pleasant dreams, I will tell you about an exciting ride that I had when I was quite a small boy, long before you were born."

"We will try," said both at about the same moment.

"Well; when I was about eleven years old, I 'shipped' on board the 'Mary Ann' — "

"Why, that is just my name! how queer!" said the bright-eyed and rosy-lipped little girl.

"Yes; I knew that," said Uncle Joseph. "I had you named after that same ship, I loved it so well. But, if you interrupt me in this way, it will take me till after your bedtime to finish my story."

"Well, please, go on," said Mary Ann; "I will listen now."

"As I was saying, I was only eleven years of age — "

"Just the age of Willie," chimed in the little girl.

"There, you have interrupted me again."

"Oh, I am so sorry. I didn't talk; only my tongue will keep moving. If you will commence again, I will try hard to keep still," the little girl added, rather sorrowfully.

"I shipped on board the 'Mary Ann,'" he continued, "for a whaling-voyage, to be gone four years, or about — "

"Oh, my! what a long time to be away from home! When I am away for only two days, it seems almost a year," said Mary Ann, her eyes seeming about to leave her head.

"Another interruption." said Uncle Joseph, a little displeased.

"O uncle! I really did not mean to. I didn't think. Now, I will hold my hand up to my mouth, to keep my lips still;" and she sat back, with her head against her uncle's arm.

"At that time," he continued, "whales used to be all 'along shore,' right in sight of our window. Once, I saw one about ninety feet in length — "

"What! a whale ninety feet long, and right close to the shore?" said Mary; "so near, that you could almost touch him?"

"I think that I shall not be able to tell my story," said Uncle Joseph, "till after this little chatterbox is asleep. She has stopped me three times, and I have only just commenced; so, good-night."

"Now, please, commence just once more," pleaded Mary. "I will tie this handkerchief over my mouth, to keep it still."

Uncle Joseph commenced again. "I saw this large one 'spouting;' and he remained so long, that my father and two of the neighbors decided to take a boat, and go out to harpoon him. As the boat came close to him, and I stood by the side of my father, who had the harpoon raised, just ready to — "

"O uncle! I should have thought that you would have been afraid," said Mary, pushing the handkerchief from her mouth.

"Your tongue is still active, Mary," said the somewhat discouraged uncle. "I thought — "

"Well, I will not speak again while you are telling this story," Mary interrupted again. "I will get some of the sticking-plaster, that the doctor left here when Willie cut his hand, and stick my lips together, so that I cannot speak till you get done your story." And she did as she agreed, having a very funny look.

"Well," continued Uncle Joseph; "we harpooned this whale, and I helped tow him in to the shore. But that was not the one that I was going to tell you about. You interrupted me so much, that I shall have to leave this story, and tell you about my ride." (At this point, Mary tried to speak, making a queer noise, as she wished to hear both; but, as it was late, he continued.) "As I was saying, I went to sea young; and on our way to the Pacific Ocean, we put in at a port on the coast of Brazil, on the Atlantic coast, to get some fresh provisions, as we are not able to go to the market every day for our dinner, while at sea. As we were leaving that harbor, I saw a large whale not far off, and we made for her, as it proved to be an old one with two young ones, called 'calves,' at her side. I suppose it was impolite to disturb this quiet family; but we wanted oil, and did not care much whether it was 'cow' and 'calf' oil, or not. Well, we moved slowly up in the rear; and soon a harpoon was thrown deep into her monstrous side; and then a lance, — another, and another; but she proved rather 'tough to kill.' But about this time, the 'cow' — like those with horns — seemed to feel insulted, and disposed to defend herself and her little ones, her *baby*-whales, to the best of her ability, as any good mother would do; so, she went down under the water for some distance, and came up, on purpose, just under our boat, striking it so hard, that she upset the boat, and threw us all into the water, increasing her family too much to suit us. At any rate, I was not willing to be a 'calf' with her other two. (Here, a

comical sound came from Mary's lips; but she held them with her hands, and kept quite still.) The men swam to the boat, turned it over, and got into it; but I was some distance from them, struggling in the water (something that sounded like 'Oh!' escaped from Mary's lips, but it was not distinct, as they were stuck together). All of the time, the cow was 'tearing round' furiously, making the water foam and look bloody. At one time, she came so near me, that she made the water go all over me (another stifled 'Oh!' from Mary); and it was about as much as I could do to get the water out of my mouth and breathe again. I was now some distance from the boat, and was growing tired, as I had been swimming, it seemed to me, almost an hour. I felt very weak, and thought I must sink (here, Mary put her hand to her lips, and almost screamed). I tugged away, almost exhausted. I tried to make the men hear me, but I was too weak; and it seemed to me that they had forgotten that I left home with them, or that I was in the water. The ship was about a mile from us, and I knew that I could not swim but a few moments longer.

"Just as I felt that I could keep above the water only a few moments longer, something touched my foot (another suppressed 'Oh!' with a frighted look, from Mary), and then something came

up between my legs. At first, I was frightened, thinking of sharks, etc. Something raised me up, higher and higher, till I saw that it was one of the 'calves,' and that instead of swimming, I was really on horse — no, baby-whale-back. I sat upright, just as I would on a pony's back, and had a gay time. He went round and round, trying to find his mother, I suppose, once starting off some distance, and made me almost think that he was going to carry me home to New London, without my baggage or my part of the oil.

"After having the most exciting and pleasant ride that I ever enjoyed, the boat came to my relief, took me to the ship, where we had the pleasure of cutting up blubber and trying out the oil, having captured the mother-whale 'cow' and one calf. The 'cow' had fought hard, did the best she could to protect her babies; and one calf had used me much better than the family were treated."

As soon as the story was ended, Mary commenced tearing off the straps from her lips, and broke out in such a torrent of words, intending to make up for lost time; but just at that moment, her mother came in, and reminded the children that it was half-an-hour after their bedtime.

Mary's slumbers seemed somewhat disturbed that night; and she was heard to say, "Oh!" quite often, and then, "See him go!" "He'll fall off!" "Whoa! whoa!" "Go after him!" and such expressions.

J. H. H.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

JEANNE D'ARC.

PART II.

YOU have seen how bravely La Pucelle kept her first promise to the dauphin; but still, he dared not claim her second. In the battles before Orleans, the enemy had lost thousands of men; and worse, they had lost heart. Jeanne was in a fever of impatience. She saw them panic-stricken by what they thought her supernatural power, and she was eager to pursue her advantage. Besides, she had a sort of superstition, that, whoever was first crowned, should be in truth the king; and dreaded lest the crown of France should be placed on an English brow at Paris,

before the anointing oil touched that of Charles, at Rheims. "Do not hold any more councils," she urged; "but, rather, let us on to Rheims." Finally, Charles replied, that he would go when she should have recovered all the towns then in the hands of the English, between that and Orleans. To this, Jeanne gladly agreed, and prepared to march at once upon Jargeau, whither the Duke of Suffolk had fled. But the surviving chivalry of France, encouraged by her success, now flocked to the dauphin's standard, and stoutly opposed this plan. "Do not fear, though we be fewer in numbers," cried Jeanne; "for God is on our side. If I were not sure of it, should I not rather go back to my sheep, than expose myself to such perils?" Her enthusiasm carried the day. It was resolved to attack Jargeau; but, meanly enough, as I think, Charles made Jeanne second in command, putting the Duke of Alençon at the head of his army, a post of danger which I imagine the duke did not covet; for, as they rode side by side into battle, he looked so sad and anxious, that Jeanne whispered, "Gentle duke, are you afraid? Don't you know, that I have promised your wife to bring you back, safe and sound?"

For a week, the French sat down before Jargeau. The defence was as brave as the assault was fierce. La Hire, Dunois, Xaintrailles, and all the princes of the blood were there; but it was not they whom the English feared; not in them was the Frenchman's trust. Though Jeanne was second in command, she was foremost in the fray, and on her every eye was fixed. Down in the fosse, they saw the golden lilies gleaming; and then a heavy stone came crashing down from the wall above. The sacred standard trails in the dust, and on it, pale and still, lies the senseless form of the maid. A breath, and France is saved. "Courage, friends! Forward!" gasps Jeanne, as she reels to her feet.

"See! She is no mortal! Death has no power over her!" cry the besieged, as the weapons fall from their fear-palsied arms; and the walls are gained. The Duke of Suffolk, hotly pursued by a Frenchman, named Renaud, sees that he must surrender. "Are you a gentleman?" he asked. "Yes," replied Renaud. "A knight?" says the duke. "That honor is not yet mine," answered Renaud. "Then I make you one," said Suffolk; and knighting him on the spot, immediately gave up his sword. To yield, was no disgrace; but to yield to a private gentleman would have brought lasting infamy on a knight in the days of chivalry.

Blessings and thanks were showered upon Jeanne, as she re-entered Orleans in triumph; but, resting not a moment, she hastened after a detachment of the enemy, who, under Lords Talbot and Scales, had gone to Meun and Beaugency. Upon her approach, the troops, completely demoralized by their belief in her witchcraft, abandoned these towns without a battle. She came up with their rear-guard, on the plains of Patay. "Look!" cried Alençon, in some trepidation; "the English make a stand. Must we fight?"* "Have you your spurs?" asked Jeanne, quietly. "Then we are to retreat," replied the duke. "In God's name, fall on them!" shouted Jeanne, in scorn; "for it is they who will run and never stop, and you will need your spurs to follow them;" which truly did they. Even brave old Sir John Falstoffe, when he saw his comrades, Scales and Talbot, prisoners, turned his back in fear, and set the example of flight to his men.†

"Beloved prince," said Jeanne, after this victory, "you see how, by God's help and your good servants, all things favor your cause. Go now, I pray you, to Rheims; for, when you are a crowned king, your name will be a tower of strength to your people." Again, she wrung from Charles and his lords an unwilling consent to advance. Before Troyes, a city most hostile to the dauphin, strongly fortified and well garrisoned, their reluctance became open refusal. For days, the soldiers had been without bread. Rheims was many weary miles away, and not a few walled towns lay between, filled with English and Burgundians. A council of war was held, to which Jeanne was not asked, and the majority clamored for retreat; when an old officer being asked his opinion, replied, with rare good sense, that, for his part, he should rather hear what La Pucelle had to say about it, since it was by her advice they had come so far. At that moment, a loud knocking was heard at the door, and the maiden entered. "Jeanne," said the frank old soldier, "the king and his council are in sore trouble; tell us what we are to do." Not alone for her bravery on the battle-field do I love Jeanne d'Arc; but for her courage, her firmness, her patience, her self-control in scenes like this. How in her heart she must have scorned the paltry prince at that hour.

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* History does not make a coward of this duke; but heretofore, the English had been victorious in every pitched battle.

† For this act of cowardice, says the chronicle, his Order of the Garter was taken from him.

She might have reminded him of all she had done for him; she might have reproached him with the fact, that, though after every victory he had called her the inspired virgin, the saviour of his kingdom, — today, she was slighted and distrusted. She might have left him to his fate, and gone back to her sheep on the hills of Domremy; but stifling all personal feeling, caring only for the welfare of her country and its prince, she asked him, sorrowfully, "Gentle dauphin, will you believe what I am going to tell you?"

"Willingly, if it is to profit me," said the ungrateful Charles. "Then, sire, tarry yet two days before Troyes, and the city shall be yours." It was her wonderful self-command that gave her absolute authority over others; and every man that saw her now was as eager to stay, as before he had been to go. Knowing that new prodigies of valor would be required of her, she made ready for the assault. Clad in white armor, and mounted on a jet-black charger, which she managed easily with one hand, holding in the other her snowy banner, the sight of her smote with fear those within the walls. "She is in league with evil spirits," they said to each other. "Do you not see the clouds of white butterflies fluttering above her head?" and throwing down their arms, they sent out their bishop to offer terms of surrender to Charles. So, step by step, the maiden fought her way to Rheims; forced, alas! to fight not only against English archers, but against the indolence of the dauphin, the jealousy of his nobles, and the distrust of his generals.

Passing near Domremy, Jeanne wept for joy at the kindly greetings of some of her old neighbors. They asked her if she were not afraid she should be killed in battle. And she answered, as if already the shadow of her fate hung over her, "I am afraid of nothing but treason."

Jeanne's hour of triumph came on that July morning, in the year 1429, when she stood by Charles's side, before the high altar of the old cathedral at Rheims, and saw the crown which she had won for him placed upon his head. Speechless with joy, her face radiant with happiness, she gazed at him; then, overcome by her emotions, fell sobbing at his feet, while ten thousand lips shouted, "Long live La Pucelle! Long live King Charles the Seventh!" "Gentle king," said she, at last, "the will of God, that I should bring the true king to be crowned at Rheims, is done; my task is ended. Let me go back, now, I pray you, to tend the sheep with my brothers." Nothing in her character is so beautiful as Jeanne's

humility at this brilliant moment of her career. Success delights but does not spoil her. Pride and vanity have no place in her heart. She has been but the humble instrument in God's hands; and now, that all is done, and well done, she claims no reward for her services, and dreams not of power or place. Crowds follow her with blessings, and they tell her no one has ever done such noble deeds. Grateful for their praise, she turns with streaming eyes to Count Dunois, and says, "Oh, the kind people of Rheims! When I die, I hope I may be buried here." "And when will that be?" asked Dunois. "When God pleases," replied Jeanne, solemnly, for nothing grieved her more than to be suspected of supernatural knowledge.

Patriotism, not ambition, has made her the heroine of France; and now, that her country needs her no longer, she remembers only that she is Jacques d'Arc's daughter, and begs that they will let her go and help him with his flocks. Oh, that the king had granted her request! But he saw now, that in Jeanne was the hope of France, and neither he nor his generals would consent to her leaving them yet. In return for her services, he freed Domremy from taxation, and later, granted letters of nobility to his "well-beloved Jeanne La Pucelle," and her family, forever; so, though she could not return to the home of her childhood, she was still its joy and pride. Such was now the power of her name, that Charles's progress was like a triumphal march; and, though Jeanne urged delay, he determined to besiege Paris, the stronghold of the English, and the only city of note that still defied him. As usual, she led the assault, made contrary to her better judgment, and without the command of "the voices;" and here, she met her first reverse. The water in the trenches made them impassable; but, though terribly wounded at the outset, she remained all day under fire. Despair had seized her, and she seemed willing to die under the walls of Paris. Again, and again, her captains, who, though envious of her fame, still loved her too well to see her perish so, begged her to retreat. She was deaf to their entreaties; but at nightfall, Alençon dragged her from the field, and the French retired in good order to Saint Denis, where she was received with tender reverence, the poor people kissing her hands and her garments. Here, she hung up her arms as a votive offering before the shrine of the patron saint of the kingdom; for, though burdened with the command of an army and the cares of a nation, she never neglected her religious duties.

In the spring of 1430, she went to the relief of Compeigne, then in a state of siege. Whether with or without her approval, historians are not agreed, a sortie was made upon the Duke of Burgundy's quarters. Look at her, as she comes forth from the gates that morning; for, when next she rides, your eyes will be dim with tears. Her beautiful courser steps proudly, as if knowing that he bears the nation's hope. Her erect and graceful figure is clad in full armor, over which, by a strange fatality, she wears today a flowing robe of scarlet cloth of gold. Her mailed hand grasps her spotless banner; her head is bare, and the May breeze tosses her dark hair. Her face no longer glows with the inspiration of old, but is thoughtful and resolute; yet, her voice is as clear and sweet as ever, as she speaks to the general beside her, perhaps to prophecy the duke's discomfiture; or, it may be, with a presentiment of her own ill fortune. The English being rapidly reenforced, and the attack repulsed with unusual valor, some one gave the signal for retreat. Unable to rally her troops, Jeanne, with a handful of soldiers, covered their retreat; but such was the press at the gates, that she could not enter. Surrounded by the enemy, and recognized by her standard, a Burgundian seizing her robe, pulled her from her horse. The towns-people, seeing her peril, rang all the bells of the city, to call the garrison to her aid. Was there none, of all the warriors she had so often led to victory, that dared stand by her in defeat? None, of those high among the so-called chivalry of France, to whom it would have been honor and glory enough to rescue her, or die in her defence? Not an effort was made to save her; and we are forced to believe, that these *noble* lords willingly sacrificed her to her foes, for we are told that not a man of note was wounded or taken at the barrier that day, — only little Jeannette d'Arc, fighting bravely for her king. The English were more pleased at her capture, than they would have been at that of all the rest of Charles's generals. Such was the joy at Paris, that bonfires blazed in the streets, and *Te Deums* were chanted in the churches. Meantime, John of Luxembourg took his prisoner to the castle where his wife and sister lived, who did all in their power to console her. The treatment due to a prisoner of war was Jeanne's right; but only her death could satisfy her enemies. In an agony of fear, lest she should escape their vengeance, the English ordered the Burgundians to give her to them; but she remained the prisoner of John of Luxembourg until October, when English state-craft found in

French church-craft the willing tool of its revenge; — and the infamous Bishop of Beauvais, under the plea that she had been taken in his diocese, ordered her captors, if they wish to be thought good Catholics, to hand her over to the clergy, to be tried as a witch. It pains me to add, that the count was not proof against the more convincing argument of ten thousand *livres* purchase-money, and Jeanne was sold to her foes. If the chivalry of France had been anything but a name, it could not have deserted her at this hour. Not an arm was lifted, not a voice plead for her, save that of Luxembourg's wife, who, in spite of former prejudice, had learned to love Jeanne dearly, and begged her husband not to surrender her. The hapless girl, preferring death to an English dungeon, threw herself from the tower of her prison, but was preserved for a more dreadful fate. Taken to the castle at Rouen, she was loaded with irons, guarded night and day by brutal soldiers, and subjected to cruel insults from the English lords, who, now that she was in chains, no longer feared to look upon her.

Ecclesiastical threats and English bribes summoned a tribunal, composed almost wholly of Frenchmen. A greater difficulty was to decide for what crimes Jeanne should be tried; for all the testimony summoned against her was so much in her favor, that it could not be used. A priest was then sent to her cell, and on the confessions wrung from her misery, were based their charges. After languishing ten months in a prison, this simple girl of nineteen, who could neither read nor write, was confronted with her judges. No one was allowed to assist or warn her in her replies, which were marked by dignity and discretion, though a dozen questions were often put to her at once, all inspired by hatred, and intended to betray her. When they mocked her, she turned their own weapons against them with such cleverness, that they were always worsted. They asked her if St. Catharine spoke English. "Why should she," replied Jeanne, "when she was not on the side of the English?" — "Jeanne," cried another, "they say you can foretell future events." "One thing I can prophecy," said she, with pride; "the English will not stay much longer in France." — "Do you think you are in the favor of God?" "If I am not there, He will bring me there; and if I am, He will keep me there," said she, reverently.

When they had tried in vain to make her swear, that, in wearing men's clothes, she had sinned; that her visions were an imposture;

that she had dealt in magic, and was a blasphemer, she saying that she was accountable only to God, but was willing to submit her cause to the pope, — the bishop, fearing to condemn her for this, lest the people should regard her as a martyr, determined to force her to renounce her former life as a lie. For this, she was brought, on the morning of the 24th of May, to the cemetery near Rouen. Not a single friend was near. Surrounded by thousands eager for her death; seated on a scaffold, the executioner in a cart below, waiting to convey her to the stake already erected; exhausted by sickness; distracted by the torture to which, for months, she had been subjected, — Jeanne at last affixed the sign of the cross to an abjuration which she could not read, and, at that moment of horror, scarcely heard or understood. Furious at her escape, the crowd stoned her as she was hurried back to her former prison. There she was stripped of the dress which seems to have been, in their eyes, her greatest offence; but, doubtless to tempt her to a relapse, it was left in a bag in her cell. They denied her the visits of those who might have consoled her, and left her to the tender mercies of her gaolers. They had promised her liberty, if she would sign her abjuration. Now, sentenced to a life-long captivity, bound by night with heavy chains to her narrow bed, and never safe from insult and outrage, who can tell the agony she endured? On the third day, it was noised abroad that the maid had again put on her armor. The bishop, with an inquisitor, hurried to her dungeon, and found the pretext they wanted for her death. Her anguish, as she told them the story of her wrongs, would have melted hearts of stone; but theirs were pitiless. The farce of a civil trial was played; and at daybreak, on the 30th of May, she is told that she is to be burned at noon in the market-place.

The hour arrives. It is Jeanne's last ride. In a cart, drawn by four horses, she sits, clad in mourning-robes, her head crowned with a mitre, on which was written the words, "Apostate — heretic — sorceress." Her face is swollen with weeping. No one can hear her sobs unmoved; not even the monk who played the spy in her cell, and now, in tears, throws himself in front of the cart, and pleads for forgiveness. Even in this terrible hour, she does not forget the king for whom she gives her life; but says, that, whether she has done well or ill, the responsibility of her deeds rests not with Charles. Calling for a cross, a soldier broke his stick in two, and made her one. Two who sat among the judges

at her first trial, and the officer who led her to and from the court, are her sole friends. One of them brings her the cross from the cathedral. Clasping it to her bosom, she remained some time in prayer, till some fiend in human shape cries out, "Away with her to the stake! Would you have us dine here?" Her cries and groans, as they bound her to the stake, filled all who heard her with remorse; but they were merciless wolves, who thirsted for her blood, and the cruel flames were lighted. Her last hope gone, Jeanne is calmer; and thoughtful for others to the last, she begs the priest, who tries to comfort her, to stand back a little, lest he may be burned. . . . She had asked to be buried in holy ground. Even this was refused her, and her ashes were thrown into the Seine; but no monument was needed to commemorate the virtues of Jeanne d'Arc. The judgments of God seemed to follow her murderers. A few years after her death, the pope granted to her heart-broken parents a revision of her trial; and the very Church that had condemned her, pronounced its charges false.

The testimony of all who had ever known her was taken, from that of the parish-priest who baptized her, to the cruel judges who doomed her; and all bore such tender witness to her truth, her unselfishness, her purity, her affection, her piety, her courage, and her patriotism, that, as I read what they say of her noble life, I more than half believe what some aver they saw, that, when her pure spirit winged its upward flight, a white dove, rising from the flames, soared gently heavenward.

C. A. BAKER.

THE LITTLE BOATS.

DOWN by the sea, lived Dan the fisherman, with his wife, and little son, who was called Dandelion, because he wore yellow pinafores, and had curly, yellow hair, that covered his head with a golden fuzz. A very happy family, for Dan was kind and industrious, — Hetty, his wife, a cheerful busy creature, and Dandelion, the jolliest three-year-old baby who ever made sand-pies and paddled on the beach.

But one day, a great trouble came to them. Dan and his fellow-fishermen sailed blithely away as usual, and Hetty watched the

fleet of white-winged boats out of the bay, thinking how pretty they looked with the sunshine on them; while Dandelion stood clapping his chubby hands, and saying, as he always did, "Daddy tummin' soon." But Daddy did not come soon that time; for a great storm arose, and when some of the boats came scudding home at nightfall, Dan's was not among them. All night, the gale raged, and in the morning, Dan's boat lay empty and broken on the shore. His mates shook their heads when they saw the wreck, and drew their rough hands over their eyes; for Dan was a good seaman, and they knew he never would desert his boat alive. They looked for him far and wide, but could hear nothing of him, and felt sure that he had perished in the storm. They tried to comfort poor Hetty, but she would not be comforted. Her heart seemed broken; and if it had not been for her baby, her neighbors feared that she would have gone to join Dan in his grave under the sea. Dandelion didn't understand why every one was so sad, and why his father stayed away so long; but he never lost his cheerfulness, never gave up hoping, or stopped saying, with a contented smile, "Daddy tummin' soon." The sunshiny little face was Hetty's only comfort. The sight of the fuzzy yellow head, bobbing round the house, alone made it endurable; and the touch of the loving baby-hands kept her from the despair which made her long to end her sorrow in the sea.

People don't believe in fairies nowadays; nevertheless, good spirits still exist, and help us in our times of trouble, better even than the little people we used to read about. One of these household spirits is called Love, and it took the shape of Dandelion to comfort poor Hetty. Another, is called Labor; a beautiful, happy spirit this is, and it did its part so well, that there was little time for bitter thoughts or vain regrets; for Hetty's spinning-wheel must go, in order to earn bread for Dandelion, whose mouth was always ready for food, like a hungry bird's. Busily hummed the wheel; and as it flew, it seemed to catch an echo of the baby's cheerful song, saying, over and over, "Daddy tummin' soon," till Hetty stopped crying as she worked, and listened to the cheerful whirr. "Yes, I shall see my good Dan again, if I wait patiently. Baby takes comfort in saying that, and I will, too; though the poor dear will get tired of it soon," she said.

But Dandelion didn't get tired. He firmly believed what he said, and nothing could change his mind. He had been much troubled at seeing the boat laid up on the beach, all broken

and dismantled, but his little mind couldn't take in the idea of shipwreck and death; so, after thinking it over, he decided that Daddy was waiting somewhere for a new boat to be sent to bring him home. This idea was so strong, that the child gathered together his store of toy-boats, — for he had many, as they were his favorite plaything, — and launched them, one after another, telling them to find his father, and bring him home.

As Dandelion was not allowed to play on the beach, except at low tide, the little boats sailed safely away on the receding waves, and the child was sure that some of them would get safely into the distant port where Daddy was waiting. All the boats were launched at last, all sailed bravely away; but none came back, and little Dandy was much disappointed. He babbled about it to himself; told the peeps and the horse-shoes, the snails and the lobsters, of his trouble; begged the gulls to fly away and find Daddy; and every windy night, when the sea dashed on the shore and the shutters rattled, he would want the lamp put in the window, as it used to be when they expected Dan, and tried to make home look cheerful, even before he got there.

Hetty used to humor the child, though it made her heart ache to know that the light shone in vain. At such times, Dandy would prance about the room in his little shirt, and talk about Daddy as happily as if long months had not passed without bringing him back. When fairly in his big, old-fashioned cradle, the boy would lie, looking more like a dandelion than ever, in his yellow-flannel night-gown, playing with his toes, or rocking himself to and fro, calling the cradle his boat, and blithely telling his mother, that he was sailing "far way to find Daddy." When tired of play, he lay still, and asked her to sing to him. She had no heart for the gay old sea-songs she used to sing for lullabies; so, she sung hymns in her soft, motherly voice, till the blue eyes closed and the golden head lay still, looking so pretty, with the circle of bright hair above the rosy face. "My little saint," Hetty called him; and though she often wept sadly, as she watched him, the bitterness of her grief passed away, and a patient hope came to her; for the child's firm faith impressed her deeply, the pious music of the sweet old hymns comforted her sore heart, and daily labor kept her cheerful, in spite of herself. The neighbors wondered at the change that came over her; but she could not explain it, and no one knew that the three good spirits, called Love, Labor, and Hope, were working their pleasant miracles.

Six long months went by, and no one ever thought of seeing Dan again, — no one but his little son, who still watched for him here, and his wife, who waited to meet him hereafter.

One bright spring day, something happened. The house was as tidy as ever; the wheel hummed briskly as Hetty sung softly to herself with a cheerful face, though there were white hairs among the brown, and her eyes had a thoughtful, absent look at times. Dandelion, more chubby and cheery than ever, sat at her feet, with the sunshine making a golden glory of his yellow hair, as he tried his new boat in the tub of water his mother kept for her little sailor, or tugged away with his fat fingers at a big needle which he was trying to pull through a bit of cloth intended for a sail. The faithful little soul had not forgotten his father, but had come to the conclusion, that the reason his boats never prospered was because they hadn't large enough sails; so, he was intent on rigging a new boat lately given him, with a sail that could not fail to waft Dan safely home. With his mouth puckered up, his downy eyebrows knit, and both hands pulling at the big needle, he was so wrapt in his work, that he did not mind the stopping of the wheel when Hetty fell into a reverie, thinking of the happy time when she and Dan should meet again. Sitting so, neither heard a step come softly over the sand; neither saw an eager, brown face peer in at the door; and neither knew, for a minute, that Dan was watching them, with a love and longing in his heart that made him tremble like a woman.

Dandelion saw him first; for, as he pulled the thread through with a triumphant jerk, the small sailmaker lost his balance, tumbled over, and lay, staring up at the tall man with his blue eyes so wide open, they looked as if they would never shut again. All of a sudden, he shouted, with a joyful shout, "Daddy's tummin'!" and the next instant, vanished, ship and all, in the arms of the man who wore the rough jacket. Over went the spinning-wheel, as Hetty vanished likewise; and for a time, there was nothing but sobbing and kissing, clinging, and thanking Heaven for its kindness to them. When they grew quieter, and Dan got into his old chair, with his wife on one knee and his boy on the other, he told them how he was wrecked in the gale, picked up by an outward-bound ship, and only able to get back after months of sickness and delay.

"My boaty fetched him," said Dandelion, feeling that everything had turned out just as he expected.

"So it did, my precious; leastways, your faith helped, I haven't a doubt," cried Hetty, hugging the curly-headed prophet close, as she told Dan all that had happened.

Dan didn't say much, but a few great tears rolled down the rough blue jacket, as he looked from the queer sail, with its two big stitches, to the little son, whose love, he firmly believed, had kept him safe through many dangers, and brought him home at last.

When the fine new boat was built, no one thought it strange that Dan named it "Dandelion;" no one laughed at the little sail which always hung over the fireplace in the small house; and long years after, when Dan was an old man, and sat by the door with his grandchildren on his knee, the story which always pleased them best, was that which ended with the funny words, "Daddy tummin' soon." LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE LITTLE FREEDMAN.

IN Southwest Missouri, bordering on the Indian Territory, the little black man enjoys his freedom as much as the big one, and I am not sure but he feels his consequence a great deal more.

Many of them also rejoice in consequential names, as Leonidas, Theophrastus, and Philadelphus, for boys; while their little jet-eyed female playmates smile condescendingly when addressed by their august cognomens of Gabriella, Evangeline, and Francesca. These high-flown names, coupled with such grotesque-looking little figures, involuntarily excite a feeling of mirth in the beholder, which is sometimes changed to real admiration of their kind natures when put to the test.

When boys and girls are inclined to laugh at the features of this hitherto unfortunate class, they must remember, that they spring to life from the hand of the Creator, with no fault of theirs if lacking in beauty, though I have seen a few more beautiful than the fair Caucasian. When boys and girls of high and free parentage are disposed to regard them as of inferior intellect, they must recall to mind the fact, that their race, for generations, has been deprived of the exalted privilege of education and its attendant noble refinements.

Passing often by our door, the little freedmen attracted considerable attention, especially one, who, from a slave-child, had been metamorphosed into a groom of the stables. He had charge of half-a-dozen rough, Indian ponies, whom he daily drove to water, riding behind them on the oldest and most sedate one with as much dignity as ever knight of old bestrode his Arabian charger, on the plains of Palestine. The faithfulness with which this little sable Leonidas performed his task induced us to venture upon an acquaintance with him; and knowing that asking a favor, for which I would reward him with money, would be the most pleasing to him, and being fond of cats, we proposed to him to bring us a kitten for which we would return a stipulated price.

His keen black eyes danced with satisfaction, as his bare heels twinkled round the corner; and in the course of half-an-hour, he appeared, hat in hand, and a kitten in the crown of it, about the size of a pint cup before he unrolled it, and with glistening ivories, displayed its tiny velvet paws and white breast.

"So, your name is Leonidas Mason; and what are you going to do with your money?" asked I, as he deposited the scrip, with a banker-like air, in an old purse, which he placed in the old pocket of his old pantaloons, that were altogether too high, too low, and too broad for his small, elfish figure. Of course, I knew he would go and buy sweetmeats; for his jaws greatly resembled a pair of nut-crackers, and his mouth looked as if it might contain two whole ounces of sugar-plums at once.

Leonidas rolled his eyes around with an air of pleasant anticipation. He placed his hands in his pockets — not a gentlemanly practice at all, by the way — and responded, "I'se goin' to save 'um."

"It won't do you any good lying in your pocket," I ventured to suggest.

"Goin' to git more to put with 'um."

"Ah, I see. You want to buy enough for a large mouthful, when you buy at all."

Leonidas didn't quite understand. The cavity in his face broadened perceptibly, and the "windows" above it enlarged. At last, he caught the idea. "Ain't goin' to put 'um in my mouff."

"Where, then?"

He was becoming rapidly enlightened, and with a one-sided smile on his shining visage, he answered, "On granny's back, when Chris'mus comes."

I began to feel ashamed of my foul suspicions. I thought of the wasp and the bee — how an ugly object by its works became beautiful. Granny was old and blind, and sometimes not quite comfortably cared for. Leonidas was going to buy her a shawl, to help keep her old shoulders warm.

I determined to assist Leonidas in a similar manner, till he should be able to accomplish what, to him, was a heroic undertaking. By the time he had hunted up another kitten for a playmate to the first, and brought a little pig, some chickens, and a puppy, which were all gratuitous gifts from some of his sable patrons, who were small property-holders, he had enough to buy a shawl, and on Christmas morning, I asked to go with him, so as to be present at the presentation. I thought I knew just what the grateful old woman would do. I expected to hear her "bress de chile," and see her cry, and hold up her hands with astonishment and gratitude. But she didn't do any such thing. With the utmost deliberation, she spread the shawl out on her lap, and bent over it, as if straining her sightless orbs to discover the colors and texture. After she had passed her hands over it carefully, she said, "Well, chile, I kin set up nowadays. I genully lies abed dis cold wedder to keep warm."

I was disappointed, whether Leonidas was or not. As we left the cabin, I watched him, unobserved, to see if I could discover any lack of the pleasurable feelings with which he had approached granny's cabin, with the shawl under his arm. He seemed in a more comfortable state of mind than before. At last, I ventured to say, "I thought granny would be very much surprised with your gift; but she was quite cool. Why, she didn't even thank you either, Lonny."

"Dun make no diffunce to me, nohow," he replied, with a complacent shrug of his shoulders. Then his features assumed an expression of comical gravity and benevolence, as he added, "*I* know she'll be more comfort'ble, whedder she knows it or not; dat's all de pay I wants."

I felt rebuked, and said no more upon the subject; but I thought a good many things, and one was, that how many people, in bestowing their gifts, do it more for the praise and flattery they may receive in return, than for the design of doing a real kindness to the one upon whom their gifts are bestowed.

EMER BIRDSEY.

MORE ABOUT YOUR NAME.

YOU can easily see what some names mean, such as Stella, a *star;* Flora, a *flower;* Laura, a *laurel;* Violet, Viola, Myrtle, Lily and Lilian, Daisy, Rose, and many others, with all their variations, such as Myrtilla, Rosalie, Rosabel, Rosalind, and Rosamond. Rosalie is *rose and lily;* Rosamond, *rose of the world.*

Another class, like Mercy, Charity, Prudence, denote excellent virtues. Who would wish to be called by anything sweeter than Faith or Hope, or by anything more sound and sensible than Prudence? If this be too homely, what can be more delightful than Prue?

Marcus signifies polite; Alexander, *one who helps men;* Alphonso, — a name, which, among us, is not often used, — *our help;* Letitia (Letty), *joy;* Nathaniel and Nathan, *gift of God;* Alice, *noble;* Priscilla, *ancient;* Stephen, a *crown;* Joseph, *increase;* Deborah, a *bee,* and Melissa, a *bee;* Peter, a *rock;* Cynthia, the *moon,* changeable; Tabitha and Dorcas, a *roe;* Lulu, a *pearl.* Agatha, *good.* Agatha has always been a favorite name with nuns, who receive a new name when they enter the convent. So has Agnes, which means *pure, chaste,* and which, in Spanish, is Inez.

Matilda is one of those which means *noble,* and which many queens and empresses have borne; it is often varied as Maud. Margaret is a *pearl;* it is also a *daisy;* some of its familiar forms are Meg, Maggie, Madge, Peggy, and in German, it is Gretchen. Magdalen, oftener Madeline, is *magnificent;* this too is Maud as shortened; the Persian Esther, a *star;* the Spanish Esmeralda, an *emerald;* Lois, a Greek word, *good;* Sophia, *wisdom;* Sophronia, of a *sound mind;* Abel, *vanity;* Silas, *three;* Sylvanus and Sylvia, *lovers of the forest;* Isaac, *laughter;* Arabella, *beautiful altar;* Rebekah, a *quarrel appeased;* Enoch, *dedicated;* Beatrice, *one who makes happy;* Grace, *favor.*

Eleanor is Saxon, and means *fruitful;* Emma, or Amy, *loving.* Emeline and Emily, from Emma. Ada and Edith have the same meaning — *happy.* Adelaide, Adela, and Adeline, are Adaor Edith, differently expressed. Humphrey is *protector of the home;* and Herbert, *glory of the army.* These are Saxon also; so are Edwin, Edward, and Edmund — familiar names among the Saxon kings of England. Edwin is *gainer of property;* Edward, *guardian of property;* Edmund, *defender of property.*

Elizabeth, used in many lands and made famous by many women, belongs to Scripture, and we have that authority for interpreting it as the *vow of God.* The stately syllables have been shortened to Eliza, and changed to Lizzy, Betsy, Betty, and the endearing Scotch diminutive, Bessie. My young readers will be surprised to be told that Isabel is the same as Elizabeth. James, which is Jacques in French, in the Italian, Giacomo, is the Jacob of the Old Testament, and means *supplanter.* Benjamin will be remembered by every child who has read the Bible story, as the young son whom his mother first called Benoni, child of my sorrow, but whose name the father changed to Benjamin, *son of my right hand* David, *well-beloved,* they will also remember, as the stripling shepherd-lad who became King of Israel.

It has been the fashion to disparage the old scriptural names; but what beautiful meaning to many of them, often given by God himself. For example: Abigail, the *father's joy;* Hepzibah, *my delight is in her;* Jemima, *dove,* and another meaning, *handsome as the day;* Kezia, *cassia;* Phinehas, *face of trust;* Naomi, *beautiful;* Timothy, *beloved of God;* Theophilus, *a friend of God;* Samuel, *heard of God;* Abner, *father of light;* Nehemiah, *consolation.* The dearest name of all remains to claim the last word — *Mary.* It never appears in that form until *she* lived, who was the mother of our Saviour. In the Old Testament, the word was Miriam, which has been variously rendered, as *exalted* and *sovereign.* Marah, is *bitter.* We must always accept Mary as a name exalted above all others borne by woman.

In another paper, I may speak of singular names and pet names.

KITTY CARROLL.

WHAT IDIOTS MAY BE TAUGHT. — In noticing the annual *fête* at Earlswood Asylum, a few days ago, the *London Daily News* says: — "Many of the idiots there are possessed with a strange cleverness, while absolutely deficient in the qualities necessary for the commonest business of life. The records of the place, and a stroll through its handsome corridors, furnish abundant illustration of this. One idiot has a special power as a copyist of the finest engravings, and his imitations of Landseer and other well-known artists are plentifully hung about the walls. Another has an extraordinary memory, and can give long personal sketches of historic character, such as Thomas à Becket and Talleyrand. The Rev. Mr. Sidney, a faithful friend to Earlswood, was visiting the establishment one day, with a clerical brother, and, while Talleyrand was being described as a man of infinite cunning, 'always saving himself from scrapes,' the sane questioners smiled; whereupon, quick as lightning, the idiot added, 'He was a clergyman, too,' remembering Talleyrand's Bishopric of Autun. One of the inmates we saw on Thursday — a smart, active man of thirty, in nautical uniform — has constructed a model ship, and has developed mechanical genius of no mean order. He was wearing an ivory cravat ornament, manufactured by himself, which would have done credit to any west-end shop, and appeared to be exercising an intelligent supervision over the pastimes of the day. Ask him a question, however, and he stares vacantly, and in silence. Try to rouse him by your admiration of the vessel he has fashioned with such exquisite care and skill, and he gibbers unintellibly; or tells you that 'Angels are good — devils bad — angels put top of mast, devils down below.' Boots are made by one idiot, which have challenged comparison at the English and French Exhibitions for neatness and beauty; and in what is called the 'workshop block,' a new building, of which Mr. Alderman Abbiss laid the foundation-stone a few years ago, the inmates may be seen at work, except on such festivals as that of Thursday, upon a variety of trades. Household and laundry work, mat-weaving, farming, gardening, plumbing, carpentering, tailoring, shoemaking, and basket-making, are all carried on by idiots. The trade of a carpenter is a prime favorite, and that of a boot and shoe maker comes next. Of the one hundred and fifty-four boys now in school, seventy can speak fairly, forty can speak indistinctly, twenty-seven can speak a few sounds only, and seventeen cannot speak at all. The shop lesson, in which one inmate plays at dealer, while others come to buy, is a great favorite, and is found useful in impressing pounds and ounces and names upon the memory; and the clock lesson, or

teaching how to ascertain the time, if not equally popular, is equally useful."

WORDS. — Professor Max Muller quotes the statement of a clergyman, that some of the laborers in his parish had not three hundred words in their vocabulary. A well-educated person seldom uses more than about three or four thousand words in actual conversation; accurate thinkers and close reasoners, who select with great nicety the words that exactly fit their meaning, employ a much larger stock; and eloquent speakers may rise to a command of ten thousand. Shakespeare, who displayed a greater variety of expression than probably any other writer in any language, produced all his plays with about fifteen thousand words. Milton's works are built up with eight thousand; and the Old Testament says all it has to say with five thousand six hundred and forty-two different words.

(Who do you suppose counted them? — A. S.)

GYPSIES. — This tribe of wanderers first made their appearance in Germany, in 1517, having quitted Egypt when it was attacked by the Turks. They are of Egyptian origin; and their ancestors, having revolted from the Turkish yoke, dispersed in small parties all over the world, and through their supposed knowledge, they everywhere obtained a foothold in those ages of superstition. Though expelled from France in 1560, and from most other countries soon afterwards, they are, at this day, found in every nation of Europe, as well as Asia and Africa, and even in the United States. A law was made against them in England, in 1530, and in the reign of Charles the First, thirteen persons were executed, for harboring and encouraging them, contrary to a statute. By a law, passed 1797, they were declared vagrants. In Spain alone, previously to the year 1800, there were one hundred and twenty thousand gypsies, and they are yet numerous in England. Notwithstanding their intercourse with other nations, they are, to this day, a separate people in their manners, customs, visage, and general mode of life, wholly unchanged.

THE SILVER PENNY. — Many persons have heard and read of the silver penny, without being able to determine exactly what it is. The name was given to the first silver coin struck in England, which was the groat, equivalent to four pence. It was the only one in use by the Anglo-Saxons. Until the time of Edward the First, it was deeply indented with a cross, so that it might easily be broken between the fingers into half-pence or farthings, which, however, were equivalent to the two-penny and penny pieces of the copper currency. These latter were coined in Birmingham, by Boulton and Watt, in 1797, and are to this day, the finest specimens of the copper coinage of England.

AN Ohio schoolgirl went through her calisthenic exercises at home for the amusement of the children. A youthful visitor, with interest and pity on his countenance, asked her brother, "if that girl had fits?"

"No," replied the lad, contemptuously; "that's gymnastics."

"Oh, 'tis, hey;" said verdant. "How long has she had 'em?"

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask if the brow of a hill ever becomes wrinkled? The only information we can give him on that point is, that we have often seen it furrowed.

AN INCIDENTAL INQUIRY. — Would artificial teeth enable a person to sing *false sett-o?*

WHAT vine reminds us of number four? Ivy (IV).

A LADY, riding in a car on the New-York Central Railroad, was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two young men occupying the seat before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college, on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him; and, begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages.

"Yes, madam; I have mastered the languages quite well."

"Do you read and speak Hebrew?"

"Quite fluently."

"Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?"

"With great pleasure. I am at your service."

"Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?"

THE following paragraph is selected, to give the MERRY'S a realizing sense of what science is doing: —

"On Thursday last, a Celestial sailed from San Francisco for China, with eighteen thousand dollars' worth of goods stolen from California merchants. The victims at once sent a despatch, describing the thief, to this city, whence it was forwarded to London *via* the Atlantic cable, and from there telegraphed by the Persian-Gulf cable to Ceylon, in time to catch the Hong-Kong steamer. When the Celestial reaches Hong Kong, the officers there will have been fully a week on the lookout for him, and of course they will recover the goods, and send the swindler back to San Francisco. This incident marks a wonderful progress in telegraphing during the past five years. The time cannot be far distant, when offenders will be tripped by lightning in the most remote corners of the globe."

A YOUNG minister, in a highly elaborate sermon preached by him, said several times, "The commentators do not agree with me here." Next morning, a poor woman came to see him, with something in her apron. She said her husband had heard his sermon, and thought it was very fine, and, as he said "the common taters did not agree with him," she said he had sent some of the best kidneys.

THE Supreme King of Siam is a good astronomer, edits an almanac, and takes personal supervision of the astronomical observations made in the kingdom. He went down to Wai-Wen, in the Gulf Siam, to take charge of the observations of the August total eclipse of the sun.

SOMEBODY has discovered a way of making toads earn their own living; they will take care of vine patches. Lay boards between the rows to shelter them in the day-time, and they will make a feast of the bugs at night.

THE moustache and goatee were first worn in Spain, to distinguish Christians from Moors, this being as nearly the form of the cross as the beard can be cut.

TRUE politeness is consideration for other people's happiness and and comfort; an external manifestation of an internal charity and neighborly kindness.

A HINT TO TRAVELLERS. — The best adhesive label you can put on your baggage is to stick to it yourself.

QUESTION FOR LOGICIANS.—Can a man keep his feet dry when he has a creak in his boots?

THE lace most seen in the city— The populace.

INJUSTICE can profit no man and no cause.

wins the prize for February, and becomes a graduate.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

80. I am composed of 13 letters:
My 7, 12, 9, 13, is the name of one of the apostles.
My 2, 12, 11, 5, is part of the human body.
My 10, 8, 4, 1, is a girl's name.
My 3, 5, 6, is very refreshing.
My whole was, by many, considered out of place when he was in place.
Fanny Fern Marble.

81. I am composed of 23 letters:
My 12, 5, 1, 11, 18, may either save life or destroy it.
My 21, 4, 13, 23, no schoolboy ought to be.
My 15, 9, 3, 11, is very valuable, but often wasted.
My 8, 17, 22, 7, is an animal much disliked, although it is very useful.
My 3, 14, 19, 8, is a building and an herb.
My 16, 20, 4, is what nobody loves when it is their own.
My 2, 6, is a preposition.
My whole is a well-known proverb. *Allyn.*

82. My first, is an important part of Europe; my second is very dependent upon you; my third is not to be trusted; and my whole is very singular. *Pearl.*

83. My first made my second, which was stolen, and eaten by my whole. *Tempy.*

84. Divide a hard substance, and leave a man's name and an insect. *Wolverine.*

85. My first is a preposition; my second is a preposition; and my whole is a preposition. *Sagittaw.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED:—

86. If you will ——— the sheep ——— will ——— ——— with you (5 letters). *Violet Forest.*

87. ——— add to a man's ———. *Minx.*

88. —— went into a ——, and there was the —— of him. *Fred.*

89. The ——— wants to ——— his command (7 letters). *F. F.*

ANAGRAMS.

90. A cute sister. *Belle.*

91. Or the four hags. *J. K.*

92. Get Tiny hers. *Max.*

93. Lone small boy. *A. S.*

94. Behead a gum, and leave a girl's name. *Remus.*

95. Behead a bird, and leave a refuge. *Monitor.*

96. (1) Take the name of a bishop,
(2) Now, a patriot's use;
(3) A federal general,
(4) A king of the Jews.
Now, write the initials along in a line,
And they'll give you the name of a friend of mine. *Dwight.*

97. What figures do the letters in the following sum (in addition) represent? —

r k t g o
u s a i n
———————
a g r n g

98. 8025016oU80900 500 2501900-50090025077.

99. 50115250 11900250 500900111-6020025080.

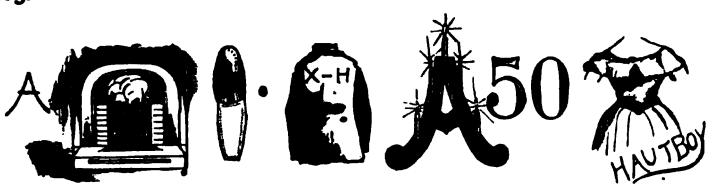
NAMES OF PLACES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

100. Look sharp within.

101. Wander about.

102. Tenth of cent travel on foot with ease. *Carter.*

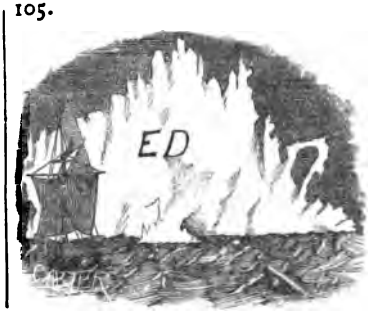
103.



GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES, BY CARTER.

104.

105.



☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of May. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

Answers to Puzzles in February Number.

27. Make hay while the sun shines.
28. Clara G. Lindsey.
29. Meteoric shower.
30. Be civil to all men, whether good or bad.
31. Number one.
32. Mount Desert.
33. Fox.
34. Jewell's.
35. Desolation.
36. Ascension.
37. Broad board.
38. O, had I! Idaho.
39. Lemons, melons.
40. Abel, able, bale.
41. What! thaw.
42. Nips, pins, spin.
43. Milton.
44. Sterne.
45. Pope.
46. Montenegro.
47. Portuguese.
48. Truant.
49. Upland.
50. Paranapanema.
51. Colic.
52. Young.
53. "When Death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail."

Of the above Puzzles,—

F. R. S. answers all but 34, 37.

Max answers all but 32, 34, 38.

Ben answers all but 34, 35, 53.

C. W. J. answers all but 32, 34, 43, 53.

Hyacinth answers all but 34, 35, 38, 47.

Tempy answers all but 32, 34, 35, 47, 53.

Hero answers all but 32, 35, 44, 47, 53.

Dictator answers all but 38, 43, 44, 45, 47.

Keystone answers all but 34, 35, 44, 47, 53.

Belle answers all but 32, 34, 35, 38, 44, 47.

Robbie Eddowes answers all but 35, 38, 43, 47, 50, 53.

Hautboy answers all but 34, 35, 38, 43, 44, 47.

Ixia answers all but 42, 43, 44, 47, 50, 53.

Chester answers all but 34, 35, 41, 47, 50, 53.

Yettie R. Loomis answers all but 34, 35, 38, 41, 47, 50.

Agnes G. answers all but 32, 34, 35, 38, 40, 44, 47, 50.

Charlotte answers all but 32, 34, 35, 38, 44, 47, 48, 50, 53.

Zadox answers all but 27, 32, 33, 35, 41, 43, 44, 47, 49, 51, 53.

Carrie answers 31, 44 (nine of the puzzlers failed in answering this one, Carrie), and 45.

To Correspondents.

Dictator. Of course, E. S. was "in fun," when directing your attention to that rebus. If you decline the compliment to your talent, allow me to transfer it to your honesty, which is far better.

C. W. J. Your answers to the January puzzles were not *posted* till the 5th. You will find both "Tede" and "Tead" in Webster's Dictionary.

Chester. Why is it "too late now?"

Addie M. G. Yes; I know just the person you want. Miss K. Whitman marks beautifully, with indelible ink, anything, from handkerchiefs to sheets, "monograms" or *anagrams*. You may find samples of her handiwork in your own city of Boston, at the linen store of Geo. W. Sanford and Co., No. 254 Washington Street, and with Misses Wyatt and Brown, No. 7 West Street.

Pa's Pet. Are you not very proud of your brother?

Hero. I am glad the pen suits you. I enclosed the postmark for our mutual satisfaction. Your explanation is entirely satisfactory.

Zadox. You are the only one who alludes to the game of *Multum in Parvo*. I wonder if any one else has tried it?

W. T. We give a prize every month to the one who sends the greatest number of correct answers to the puzzles. The same party winning three prizes (one after another), gets, first, a heart-puzzle; secondly, a gold pen; thirdly, a gold pen in silver pencil-case. Then that party is considered a graduate, and counted "out," so that the rest may have a chance.

Vincent. I do not find the address of the first person you mention. The second party writes to me occasionally; but I cannot answer the "subscriber" question.

Hautboy. No *one* engraver does the rebuses for the MUSEUM. The rebus in the February number was drawn by R. Sayer, and engraved by P. X. Keating, of Boston.

Charlotte. When we get rid of some of our veteran puzzlers, your prospects will be better.

R. D. ("for Keystone"). I am always gratified when the fathers and mothers draw up to the table, and take an interest in the puzzles and puzzlers. I am glad that Keystone was "much pleased" with his prize.

Agnes G. We have always room and a welcome for "one more."

Carrie says, "Will you, please, tell me how to get out all those numbers?" I suppose she means such puzzles as Nos. 27, 28, and 29. Yes, you dear little thing; sit up close to me, and I'll tell you all about it. Let us look over No. 29. Get your slate, and write down the figures in a row (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, etc.) up to 14, (as it is "composed of 14 letters"). Now, what is this "reverberated sound?" It is evidently a word of four letters: let us try the word "echo." Put the letter e, under figure 13; c, under 8; h, under 10; and o under 5. Now, the "prophet." Let us try "Seer." Put the letters down under the figures 9, 2, 4, 14. "A deplorable occurrence;" that is "row," (and I think a great many of us have often deplored the occurrence.) The boy's nickname is "Tim;" and now, if you have put all these letters under the figures representing them, you will see the fine but rare sight — "Meteoric shower."

Here's an enigma for Carrie's special benefit.

I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 2, 3, is what runs on a railroad.
My 6, 7, 9, is what tin pans are made of.
My 5, 4, 6, is an industrious little insect (not the *bee*).
My 6, 8, 9, is a weight.
My whole is a pretty flower.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Dictator, Tempy, Auntie, Pa's Pet, Hautboy, Hyacinth, Vincent, Charlotte, F. R. S., Ben, Keystone, Belle, and Addie M. G.

WHEN our owl disappears from his winter quarters in the old elm, and the striped squirrels appear to put their summer residence in order, we feel sure that April is at hand, and we need dread no very bad weather. There is no April-fooling about these neighbors of ours; so, we have firm faith in them, and begin our spring work when they do theirs. We are very sure, they had no hand in the hoax played off upon us last year, when we received an invitation to a game-party, and, entirely forgetting the date, got ourselves up, regardless of expense, and paddled a mile through the mud, expecting a gay evening; but, on arriving, found the mansion empty, dark, and anything but festive. Much perplexed, we poked about, and presently discovered a paper tucked under the door-handle. Being directed to us, we opened it, and straining our eyes, read, by the dim starlight, the awful words, "April Fool!"

An indignation-meeting was held on the door-mat, and "the party" then tramped wrathfully home again.

AMONG the letters sent us lately is one from an enthusiastic young lady living in Vermont. Her admiration for MERRY'S MUSEUM is so flattering and agreeable, that we think the letter deserves a place in the Chat.

DEAR MERRY, — I *must* tell you how much we like you. We ain't very rich up here; but I picked berries last summer, and saved up the money, and my father let me have MERRY for a year. Some of the girls couldn't afford it, so I go halves; and when mine comes, we all meet and read it together, and have *such* fun over it. Some like the stories best, and some the puzzles, and we try to make up rebuses; but we ain't very bright, and none are good enough to send, we think. We hope "Hollywood" will go on; for we liked "Pearl" ever so much, and wanted to know how the girls got along at school. All our girls send their love to MERRY, and so do I. KITTY L.

MILLY'S MESSENGER.

"OOK! De rebels is comin'! Run and tell yer ma; but don't be scart, missy; we'll 'fend yer," whispered old Jake to little Milly, as he came hurrying in from the field, with an anxious face, one afternoon, during the dreadful war-times, which are over now.

"Oh, where? What will they do? How will you save us?" cried Milly, dropping her flowers and looking frightened.

Milly's father was a loyal Southerner, doing his duty in our army; her mother lay ill, and the lonely house on the great plantation was but poorly guarded by the few faithful servants who remained, when Mr. Conway freed his slaves; so that Milly might well look alarmed; for, though no one had molested them yet, it was known that the family was loyal, and the rebels might choose to make them pay the price of their loyalty. Milly knew this; but she was a brave child by nature, and hearing much of the courage of the men fighting all about her, made her long to do something to prove that she was no coward.

"Hush! Don't wake mamma; she is just asleep. Maybe they will pass, and not do any harm. If they do stop, don't make them angry; father said they wouldn't hurt us if we were civil. Remember that, Jake, and give them what they want," said Milly, after thinking a minute, and collecting her wits.

"Yes, missy. Dey'll want food and drink mos' likely, and we's got enough for dem. Dey may be ugly, and rob and swar; and make a heap ob trubble; but we'll be cibel, and git rid ob 'em as

soon as possible. Don't 'sturb yer ma, if dey's quiet. You be de missis, and p'raps dey'll behabe."

Old Jake shuffled away to tell the other servants; and Milly stood at the door, watching for the rebels with a beating heart, but a steady face, determined to save her mother from alarm if she could, and try to be as brave as her father would like to have her. Presently, she saw the gray-coats come riding up the avenue, a large party of them, evidently on a scouting expedition. Milly looked hard at the leader, and, child as she was, saw at a glance, that he was a gentleman. She drew a long breath; and though her face was pale and her hands trembled, she stood her ground, watching them quietly as they rode up, looking half-surprised and half-amused at sight of the little figure in the doorway, with its steady blue eyes fixed on their faces.

The leader, a young, good-looking man, swung himself off his horse, and touched his cap, with a smile, as he said, coming up the steps, "Is this Major Conway's?"

"Yes, sir; but father is away," answered Milly, never stirring, though the tall man stood close to her.

"We shouldn't be here if he wasn't," laughed the young captain; adding, quickly, "Who's at home, child?"

"No one but mamma and me and the people."

"Good! Stable your horses, boys, and come in to supper." As he gave the order, he took a step forward, and put out his hand, as if to move the child out of the way. But Milly caught his hand, saying, earnestly, as she forgot fear for herself in anxiety for her mother, "Oh, please, tell them to be quiet, sir; for poor mamma is very ill! She's just got to sleep, and a fright might kill her. I'll give you anything you want, if you won't hurt her; indeed, I will! I'm not afraid — I'm the mistress now; and I'll take good care of you, if you'll only be kind to dear mamma."

As she spoke, with her eager, innocent little face lifted up to him, the young man stopped, listened good-naturedly, and looking over his shoulder, said, with a smile, "Behave yourselves, boys; and little madam, here, will take good care of us."

The men obeyed him, and went off to make themselves comfortable as quietly as possible, for the young captain's orders were seldom disobeyed. "Now, Miss Conway, as I'm hungry, thirsty, and tired, I'll trouble you to let me in," said the captain.

"You promise to be good, sir?"

"On my honor, as a gentleman."

"Then you shall have a nice supper and papa's best wine. Come and rest, while I tell Hepsy to be quick," said Milly, with a relieved air; for she had seen much company in her life, and was full of Southern hospitality. Striding after her, the captain took a survey of the premises, and then threw himself down on a sofa, as if worn out. His men put up their horses; and while some kept guard against a surprise, the others refreshed themselves in the kitchen, to the great wrath of old Hepsy, who scowled at them, but dared not say a word, as her larder was rapidly emptied. Milly crept to her mother's door, told Nurse Rose what had happened, and begged her to keep the news from her mother, if possible; then the child ran down to attend to her guest, anxious to keep her part of the bargain. She found him half asleep, but quite ready for the supper, over which she presided with a childish dignity, that amused him very much. He watched her as he ate, and thought to himself, "She is an intelligent little thing, and evidently much trusted; so, I dare say, I can get some news out of her which may be useful. Where's your father, now, my dear?" he asked, suddenly, after winning her confidence, by behaving very well, and chatting pleasantly for some time.

Milly opened her lips to answer promptly, for the abrupt question threw her off her guard; but she remembered, just in time, that she was not talking to a friend, and turned quite red with alarm, at her sudden escape, as she stammered out, "Please, don't ask me; for I mustn't tell."

"Then, you *do* know?"

Milly made no answer; and the captain put down his glass with a frown, for it was very necessary to the success of his expedition, that he should learn all he could about the movements of the enemy. "You'll tell me, if I give you this, I'm sure;" and he offered Milly his watch, with a most friendly air.

She looked at it — such a fine gold watch, with a heavy chain and some charming little ornaments dangling from it. Milly would have liked it so much; but she could not tell what she had promised to keep secret, for her father was only twenty miles away, and hoped to be at home in a few days. She shut her eyes as the captain waved the glittering chain temptingly before her, and shook her head, as she said, resolutely, "I can't tell you, because I promised I wouldn't."

"Never mind your promise," began the captain, eagerly; but

Milly looked at him with an air of innocent surprise, saying, gravely, "Don't you mind your promises? I thought gentlemen always did."

The captain bit his lip, put his watch in his pocket, and finished his supper in silence, annoyed at the child's unconscious rebuke, yet resolved to discover the secret from the servants, if possible. He failed, however, for the old people were faithful; and after a long time, spent in coaxing, threatening, and bribing, he lounged back to the parlor, much out of temper, and lay down for a brief rest, after a sleepless night and fatiguing march.

Milly, meanwhile, had been laying plans with old Jake; for a bright idea had come into her little head, and she determined to try it, though Jake had not much faith in its success. It was evident that the captain suspected Major Conway's whereabouts, and hoped to intercept him; for the major's regiment was acting as guard to a train of army supplies, which the rebels wanted. Milly knew that her father would pass near them, on his way from one post to another, and she feared that the captain and his men would surprise him, unless he was warned. Who should go to put the major on his guard? Milly was too young; Jake too old; the other servants too stupid; and Mrs. Conway too ill to advise or help. While the little girl sat pondering over the trouble, and wondering how she should conquer it, a friend unexpectedly appeared. A white dove came tripping down the walk; for Milly and Jake had gone to the garden to talk, leaving the men resting in house and barn. As the pretty bird came toward them, Milly clapped her hands, and ran to meet it, for it was her favorite pet, and dearly loved its mistress.

"O Jake! Downy will go for us! I never thought of him; but he's just the one to help us!" cried Milly, returning to the old man, with the bird in her hands.

"Bress de chile! he's fergot his ole ways by dis time, I 'spec, and won't find de way to de major ef we tries it," said Jake, shaking his head.

"Yes, he will; won't you, Downy?" and the dove turned its bright eye on the child with a soft coo, as if it understood and answered her. "Now, Jake, you go and keep watch, while I send off my message. I'll get paper and a pencil and string, and creep up to my little room, where no one will see me, and Downy and I will help dear papa."

Away ran Milly, wrote a tiny note, warning her father; and then,

"FLY FAST, DEAR; AND DON'T FORGET WHAT I TELL YOU."
[Page 202.]

tying it under the dove's wing, bid him go straight to his old home in the town, twenty miles off, where friends lived, who would see that the major got it at once. "Fly fast, dear; and don't forget what I tell you. Good-by! good-by!" and with a kiss on its white bosom, Milly tossed her carrier-dove into the air, watching it soar away, till the silvery speck vanished behind the hills.

In the twilight, the captain ordered up his men, and took leave, saying, as he shook Milly's little hand, "I've kept my promise, and you've kept yours. Now, suppose we kiss, and be friends."

"No, I thank you, sir. I don't like rebels;" and Milly drew back with such a funny little air of dignity, that the captain laughed outright, and rode away, saying, he'd call again another day. He never expected to do so, but he did, for Downy performed his errand well; and, thanks to the warning, Major Conway not only saved his army stores, but captured the captain and some of his men.

Two days after Downy returned without the letter, Milly saw her father come riding home, and with him a man in gray, who had pulled his cap so low over his forehead, that she could not see his face. "Mamma is better; and, oh, we are so glad to see you, all safe and well, papa!" cried Milly, running to welcome him. "Why, that's my captain! Why did he come back?" she added, catching a glimpse of the gray-coated man's face as he dismounted.

"Because he couldn't help it, little madam," answered the captain, lifting his cap, with the good-natured smile. But there was a look in his face that touched Milly's kind heart; and with a childish impulse, full of generosity and pity, she offered her little hand and put up her lips, saying, softly, "I'll kiss, and be friends now, sir; because you didn't beat."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE SECRET.

I WENT out, one morning, on purpose to see
If 'twas true, what the birds had been telling to me.
They came from the meadow, they came from the wood,
Declaring as loudly as ever they could,
That frozen Old Winter had left for the poles,
With his snow-storm machine and icicle moulds.
Then they perched on a tree-top, and twittered about
The secret a sly little zephyr let out;
That he blustered awhile, but dared not stay,
For he heard Spring coming, "just over the way."

The first thing I heard, as I went down the lane,
Was the noisy brooklet babbling again.
"Ah! where were you hidden so slyly away?
And what kept you silent this many a day?"
"You know, I was always a gay little rill,
And all summer's heat couldn't keep me still;
But Winter — the old tyrant — just out of spite,
Had bound me in fetters of ice, so tight
That I struggled in vain for my liberty,
Till sweet Spring kissed me, and set me free."

A little gray squirrel lived down in the glen;
I wondered if he knew 'twas spring-time again.
In his nest, down under the oak-roots deep,
With nothing to do but to eat and sleep,
I thought perhaps he hadn't found out
What was going on in the world about.
Ah, yes! he's peeping now from his door;
But the winds still blow and the dark clouds lower,
And his grave nod says, plain as looks can say,
"I guess I'll not venture out today."

I chided the apple-trees, gnarled and gray,
For neglecting to put on their summer array.
"Neglect? Why, we've longed for Old Winter to go,
Our little buds grew so impatient to show

Their new spring attire — just the loveliest hue
Of green; and embroidered so daintily too,
On the edge of each leaf, in points tiny and deep;
And, in the still night, when you all are asleep,
We'll hang on each point a dew-diamond bright,
To sparkle and flash in the morning sunlight.

"And when merry June comes, of course, you well know,
The flowers have a party their beauty to show.
Our *gala-day* dresses were long ago done,
All snugly rolled up, and perfumed every one.
In color, they're just the least shadow of pink, —
So nearly pure-white, you almost would think
'Twas the tint that the sunlight threw on them at morn,
When it painted the cloudlets that floated along;
And when we undo them, and shake out their folds,
They'll fill all the air with a fragrance untold."

The lawn was still brown with the last year's grass,
But voices came up through the turf as I passed.
The little roots shouting, "We'll soon let you know,
We haven't been idle down under the snow.
We've been weaving a carpet, so soft and so green,
Decked with violets blue, and white May-flowers between;
And when Spring breathes out a few more warm days,
And bids us 'come up,' with her sweet winning ways,
We'll spread it all out till we cover the ground,
And, with gold-headed dandelions, fasten it down."

"We tulips, all anxious to catch the first sound,
Had each sent a tiny ear up through the ground;
But the boldest had ventured out too early quite,
For Old Winter turned back ere he went out of sight,
And blew such a breath, so frosty and chill,
That the blight he sent over us rests on us still.
But, safe in our wardrobe, our dresses are laid,
Dyed the brightest of colors and richest of shade;
We'll be Queen of the Flowers, in our regal array,
And we're soon coming out, for it's almost May!"

FRANC LYNNE.

A SILVER SPOON.

THE rain had poured without ceasing all day. It ran from the eaves and gutters, and stood in little ponds in the meadow, where the peat had been cut. Harry and Patty Foxcroft, who were on a visit to their grandmother, stood looking ruefully from the window at the dripping trees and shrubs, till, sagely concluding that there was no use in it, and that they could do nothing out of doors that day, they went up into the old-fashioned garret, with its black beams and rafters hung with herbs and dusty cobwebs, in search of amusement. No garret could ever furnish more; for here were the cast-off wardrobes, the old furniture and by-gone implements of three generations, — worm-eaten chests, filled with clothes, cocked hats, old bonnets, long waistcoats, quilted stomachers, great cuffs, and high-heeled shoes; great and little spinning-wheels; churns; tables, with small spindle legs; high-back carved chairs, a little crazy, but which would still do to sit in; great brass andirons, green with neglect, but which had once shone so brightly, that every object in the room was reflected in them; and matchlocks and swords of revolutionary days.

The children searched and crept under the eaves, till they were almost as dusty as the cobwebs which hung from them, and seemed never tired of calling to each other, to come and look at some strange thing that they had found. Patty was the most interested in the old clothes, in the queer bonnets and fanciful dresses, which she tried on, and studied their effect in a rusty looking-glass, surrounded by a frame with black griffins on a gold ground. Harry looked more at the tools, the arms, and old furniture. At last, he found a little wooden mould, which opened and shut, and showed the shape of a spoon. "Here, Patty, is the very thing grandmother was talking about last night — the mould where they ran their pewter spoons. Do you remember, she said, when their spoons were all bent and battered, they melted them, and ran them over, and made them new again. I wish I could make some."

"Ask grandmother," said Patty, nodding at him from under a huge black-velvet bonnet, with three ostrich plumes standing upright in it; "perhaps she will let you, it is such a rainy day;" — a rainy day being, in her wise mind, a sufficient excuse for any entertainment to keep children good-natured.

Acting upon her advice, Harry went down to the kitchen, where his grandmother was busy taking the coals out of the great brick oven, and carrying them to the fireplace in the back-room. She was never too busy to answer the children's questions; and that made her, they said, the best grandmother in the world. Harry showed her the mould, and Mrs. Foxcroft said it was the very one in which she had so often helped her father run the spoons.

"I wish, grandmother, I could make one; it would be such fun, just to try."

"So you could, if I only had some pewter for you. Did you see any old dishes in the garret, that looked like tin?"

"I saw one," said Patty; — "when I opened the great blue churn, there was a little plate in it. Shall I run and get it?"

Mrs. Foxcroft said "Yes;" and Patty soon returned with the plate, and another little mould, which she said must be to run gum-balls in, for it was nothing but a round hole.

"That is a bullet-mould. Your great-grandfather cast his own bullets, as well as made his own spoons. Bend up your dish, and put it in the iron skillet with the nose — set the skillet on the hearth in the back-room, and rake the coals well around it. The pewter will soon melt."

The moulds and the old dish furnished the children with employment for the remainder of the day. The pewter seemed very slow in melting; but, in the meantime, they solaced themselves with the doughnuts their grandmother was frying, and tasted of all the various mixtures which she had prepared for her pies, and whiled away the intervals as best they could; and, after the first spoon had been run, Harry found employment enough in endeavoring to bend it into shape, and to trim the rough edges into decent smoothness. By the middle of the afternoon, after a great deal of hard work, they found themselves the happy possessors of three crooked pewter spoons, and a half-dozen bullets. Harry had burned his fingers, and Patty had a large hole in her gown, but the day's amusement had been quite satisfactory. Harry, a little proud of his success, volunteered, if his grandmother would give him some half-dollars the next day, to make her some real silver spoons. Grandmother laughed, and shook her head. She did not think Harry had learned his trade quite well enough to be trusted with silver yet. And Harry began to think so too, as he sat at the supper-table, and examined his spoon intently. "I wish I knew how they make them so smooth and nice," said he.

"What?" asked his Uncle Mark, who had been looking at him as intently as he had looked at the spoon.

"Spoons," said the boy.

"If you would like to know, I will take you to the factory where they make forks and spoons, tomorrow."

"Let me go too, Uncle Mark," cried Patty. "I thought, till grandmother told us, they dug the silver spoons out of the silver mines."

"Oh, I was not such a goose as that," said Harry. "I always knew they did something to them, but I didn't know what."

The next morning, Uncle Mark carried the children to the silversmith's, who manufactured forks and spoons, and every variety of knives; and whose great factory, with its steam-engine, lathes, and wheels, which gave employment to fifty men, seemed a very different affair from the pewter dish and wooden mould.

"Let us begin right," said Uncle Mark, after asking permission for the children to enter; and he carried them to the little room where the steam-engine, moving up and down, as regularly as a clock ticks, furnished the power which set the machinery in motion.

"How clean and nice it looks," said Patty. "How the brass shines."

"Yes," said Uncle Mark; "it must be kept perfectly free from dust, and well oiled, or it will not work well; and it must be well fed, too."

Patty opened her eyes wide. "Does it eat, Uncle Mark?"

"Yes," said he; "fire and water; and it must have plenty."

Harry laughed, and Patty, too; for Uncle Mark's jokes were good-natured, and he never thought the children foolish because they did not know everything.

From the steam-engine, they went to the counting-room, to see what the spoons were made of. Harry was much surprised to see a small tin box, filled with dollars and half-dollars, all looking as bright and new as if they had never been handled. And, indeed, they never had been. They had found their way directly from the mint to the silversmith's, some of them bearing the date of 1868.

"Why is the silver coined first?" asked Harry, "if they are going to melt them over again without using it?"

The foreman smiled; and Uncle Mark said, "That is one of the ways in which men do business, — doing needless work for the sake of doing it over again. It is a thing which puzzles wiser heads than yours, Hal."

Patty seemed fascinated by the bright silver. "Oh, Uncle Mark," said she; "I did not think there were so much in the world."

"You may have them all," said the foreman, "if you can lift the box."

Patty looked at Uncle Mark. "May I try?"

"Yes."

It was not a large box — not so large as her mother's cake-box. She tried with one hand, then with both. It seemed to her as if she might as well have tried to lift the great rock by her grandmother's barn. Then Harry tried, though the silversmith had not offered him the box; he thought he should like to have Patty see that a boy could do more than a girl. He took both hands, and grew red in the face; but he could not move it.

"Silver is not very light, Patty," said Uncle Mark, as the foreman locked up the box and carried it to the safe. Another box stood on the table, half-filled with bright bits of silver, of all shapes and sizes, looking, as Patty said, like the little things melted lead made when it was poured into water.

"That is pure silver," said the foreman. "When you go about the workrooms, you will see, scattered on the floor, by the benches of the workmen, many little bits of silver, which are cut and filed off in the finishing of the forks and spoons. The floors are carefully swept, and all the sweepings are sent to the assayer. He melts and refines the silver, and sends it back to us in this form, and we mix it with the coin, to make the silver come up to the required standard; for none of your coins or spoons are made without the mixture of some baser metals."

From the counting-room, they went to the furnace, where, in little iron pots, not so large as a milkman's quart measure, the good bright dollars were being melted; and in two were some bars of dull-looking metal, which Harry thought were not silver at all, but which were Spanish ingots. When the silver was melted, the pots were red-hot, and the man took them out of the fire with a pair of tongs; and he held one a moment before Patty, that she might see her face in the melted silver. The silver was run in thin bars, and left to cool. From the furnace, they went to another part of the large room, where stood a great wheel, turning slowly round, and moving two iron rollers. Between these two rollers a workman was placing the thin bars; and as the wheel turned round, they passed through, and came out the other side,

something like little straight shovels. This was the shaping-wheel, and the little shovel was the beginning of a large spoon. From this wheel, the children and the shovels went to another great wheel full of cogs, which turned two large rollers made of iron, faced with steel. On the under and upper roller, the children could see dies, cut in the shape of spoons, which exactly matched each other even to a hair's-breadth. One man stood in front of the wheel, and setting the machinery in motion, put in one of the shovels, just as Patty said Bridget put stockings into the wringing-machine, only taking care to fit it exactly to the die. The great wheel turned round with a clank, as if it were pressing some very hard substance into shape. Another man stood on the other side of the wheel, and caught the shovel as it came out. It began to look something more like a spoon now, though the edges were rough and jagged. Harry noticed that the man who caught the spoon had on a thick leather glove. "Why do you wear that?" he asked.

"Because the pressure makes it so hot, that I can't hold it without burning me," was the answer. And when the next spoon came, the workman handed it to Harry, who dropped it almost as quickly as he took it.

"How funny!" said Patty. "I thought only fire and the sun made things hot."

"A squeeze will do it, sometimes," said Uncle Mark, with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

The workman took a pair of pincers, and nipped away all the little rough edges from the spoon, which looked dull and sharp; not at all like the nicely-cleaned silver at home. Then they went upstairs, into a room where there were three small lathes and wheels. At a table sat a boy, filing the edges of the spoons till they were perfectly smooth; and all about him were little shreds of silver, and Harry plainly saw why all the sweepings were sent to be assayed. After filing, the spoon was ready to be polished. To put this beautiful color and polish upon the spoon, which, when gone, can never be restored by any cleaning at home, it was first brushed with little round brushes full of bristles, like a scrubbing-brush, and then buffed; that is, it was held under three different wheels, each turned by a lathe, and which moved round so quickly, that Patty could not see them turn, and thought they were standing still. Twenty-four hundred revolutions they made in a minute, the foreman told them. The first wheel was covered with soft

leather, the second with flannel, and the third with cotton-flannel; and when the spoon came from the last wheel, its polish was without a scratch or blemish, like the beautiful silver in the jewellers' windows, and so hot, that it was not comfortable to handle.

But it was not quite finished; it was only marked with the lines and devices which the great wheel had stamped upon it. It was to be farther ornamented. Leaving this room, the children followed their Uncle Mark to another, which seemed as still as the country after the city streets, compared with the noise of the machinery which they had left behind them. Here were the engravers upon silver. The spoon was to be made richer with a little diamond pattern upon the edge. At the window sat a young man, with a row of spoons before him. Each spoon was fastened upon a little block of wood by a firm cement, which kept it steady while he worked upon it. With a small, sharp, steel instrument, he cut, with exact and even strokes, a little pattern, not the tenth of an inch wide, around the handle of the spoon; and the children could not tell where he began or ended.

"It don't do to make mistakes here, Patty," said Harry. "You can't wet your finger and rub it out, as you do in your writing-book."

"It makes blots there," said Patty, rubbing her nose meditatively. "I wish it didn't."

The young man had a shade over his eyes, and Uncle Mark asked if he didn't find his work very trying to his eyesight. He replied, that the small patterns tried his eyes very much.

At a farther window was another man, engraving a fish-slice. His work was also fastened firmly on a block. Patty liked to look at him best, and see the little leaves and flowers grow under his fingers. He did not have any pattern before him, and Patty wondered if it all came out of his own head.

He told her yes; and showed her the little faint lines, which she could hardly see, where the outlines of his work had just been traced.

"Don't you ever make a mistake?" asked Patty, whose days were generally full of mistakes.

"Not very often," said he; and he punched away at his work, cutting some lines very deeply and others very lightly, till he had made a pattern of leaves and scrolls, which Patty declared was one of the loveliest things she had ever seen. But it was slow work to look at, it must be so patiently and nicely done; and

Uncle Mark said that he would rather be looking at his oxen in the meadow, or his turnips in the field, than at all those little lines.

After the spoons had left the engravers' room, they were carried to the counting-room, rubbed with chamois-skin, weighed, and wrapped up in white tissue-paper, ready to be sent away to the jewellers. In the room next, was a young man, engraving letters and names upon spoons that had been sold. He wrote, Patty told her grandmother, on the silver, much nicer than she could on her slate; and Harry thought if he could not do any better than that, he wouldn't get much work from anybody.

"I think I could write on the silver quite as well as Harry could make spoons for grandmother. Couldn't I, Uncle Mark?"

Uncle Mark nodded assent; and Patty was satisfied that she had triumphantly silenced her brother E. C. J.

FRANK'S FIRST VISIT TO THE CITY.

FRANK went from the country to visit his uncle in Boston. His home was in New Hampshire; and if a bee, instead of a boy, had made the journey, he would have travelled only sixty miles. Frank being a boy, and destitute of wings, could not go an air-line; so he took — no, not a velocipede — he would like to have done that — but the rail-cars, and travelled one hundred and twenty-four miles.

At eight o'clock, one morning, whiz! buzz! whistle! went the locomotive "Ben Franklin," at Bellows Falls, headed due south-south-east on the track for Keene; and whiz! buzz! whistle! went the locomotive "Mountain King," headed due south-south-west, on the track for Brattleboro. Frank was there. If he could have gone two ways at once, I think he would have taken both roads to Boston. As it was, he only winked his eye at both engines, and marched into the cars coupled to "Ben Franklin." "All aboard!" called out the south-south-east conductor. "All aboard!" called out the south-south-west conductor; and the trains started like two race-horses. For a few moments, each went out of sight; then they gracefully swept towards each other, and for miles, went full steam, side by side, on opposite banks of the beautiful Connecticut. Passengers looked out excited.

"We are not racing, are we?" asked a fear-filled old lady.

"Guess not," blandly answered a kind-hearted man in front of her.

Frank enjoyed it. He had never ridden in the steam-cars before. The "Ben Franklin" soon turned his head more to the east; and pretty soon, Frank read on his ticket, "Keene, twenty-two miles;" and they passed that delightful inland town. On they went; and at noon, Frank looked on his ticket — "Fitchburg, sixty-four miles."

"Do you know what hour we arrive in Boston?" asked a sweet-faced girl, who had been seated in the cars about an hour.

"At two o'clock," answered Frank, happy in being sufficiently posted to reply at once. The hour soon came, and the train swept into the granite depot at Boston.

Frank got out, and looked around. He was a wide-awake boy, and meant to see things as he went along. His uncle was not there to meet him, as he hoped, and the stir about the depot was rather confusing; but he made his way with the crowd to the street, and then looked around. "My uncle does business at 77, Union Street, and I will try to find that place first," he said to himself. He asked the way of a gentleman; and following his direction, he came to a place which seemed to him to be all streets. A huge brick block seemed to stretch itself directly in the middle. He read, "Merrimac Street," "Friend Street." Puzzled, and not knowing which way to go, he noticed a boy standing leisurely on the opposite corner; so, he crossed over to him.

"Have a shine?" quickly asked the boy.

"No," said Frank, looking down to his boots, to assure himself that they were neat enough for even the city of Boston. "Can you tell me the way to Union Street?"

"Don't you know?" asked the boy, making up a funny face.

"No," said Frank.

The boy looked him over quizzically; and striding his feet apart, as if he needed a broad base for support, under the weighty consideration of directing him, pointed, "Do you see that shop on the corner, with a man rolling out a barrel?"

"Yes."

"Well; do you see the sign,'Velocipede Riding-School' above?"

"Yes."

"Well; you just go in there, hire a velocipede, ride up a Down-easter's nose, and round his blind blinkers, and you'll be there."

Frank had looked up at the sign, when, all at once, he saw beneath it, "Union Street." His face grew hot; he was on that very street, had crossed over onto Merrimac, and asked a boy about his own age to show him the way there. He was provoked at himself, especially, as he saw the boy had got no little fun out of his confusion; but he quickly recovered himself. His cheeks burned, but he coolly answered, as he started along, "Thank you. You may have the velocipede, when I am done with it."

"Yes," called out the boy; "and I'll keep it to let to lost travellers."

Frank made no reply; but just then, he saw on the walk, a little way before him, a pocket-book. Bootblack saw it, too, and cried out, "Here! give that to me! — that's mine!"

"He shall prove it," thought Frank, as he hastily put it in his pocket.

"Now, young man, that's mine. I often lose things," said the boy, coming alongside.

"Young man now — Downeaster before," thought Frank; but he said nothing, as he rapidly walked along.

"You may as well hand it over; it's mine," persisted the boy, giving him a huge nudge with the elbow.

"We'll see," said Frank.

"It's mine; and I shan't leave you till you give it up. So, hand over."

"Sixty-eight," "sixty-nine," "seventy." Frank was carefully reading these numbers on the street, though he tried not to have that appearance.

The boy was quite too sharp not to perceive it. "Stop!" cried he; "no need of a row. You just hand that over. There's a policeman at the corner."

Frank was a little startled; he might get into trouble. The boy caught his arm, and together they stumbled over a weather-worn baby-carriage, and above, he read the number, "Seventy-seven." He turned in.

"No dodging!" cried the boy, and he ran after him up the stairs. "I'll have you yet, youngster;" and when they reached the landing, the boy had him by the collar. The scuffle had hardly begun, when the door opened.

"Here! here! What are you doing, boys?" said a pleasant-voiced man. Frank flung himself through the open door. The bootblack let go his hold; and Frank, straightening up, saw his uncle standing at the desk.

"Hallo, Frank! Where did you come from?" said Mr. Richardson, in great surprise, coming forward. The door was still held open by Mr. Dutton; and bootblack, perceiving the true state of things, ran downstairs, singing,

"I'm Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines,
I feed my horse on pork and beans;"

while Frank, adjusting his coat and cap, related his adventure and produced the pocket-book. It was examined, and found to contain fifteen dollars in money, and some valuable papers. Inside, was written, "A. K. Livermore, 140, Court Street."

"So, your friend the bootblack was slightly mistaken about the ownership," said Mr. Richardson, quite pleased with his nephew's report of himself. "Instead of advertising it, you had better take the book to 140, Court Street. The owner will probably offer you some reward; and you ought to have enough to pay you for your trouble, and to get your coat mended, at least."

Frank did not know his collar was half torn off; but when he saw it, he felt that something was really due him.

"I am going up to Court Street," said Mr. Dutton, who was quite interested in the matter, "and Frank may go along. I will look after him."

In about an hour, Frank returned to his uncle's place of business, the happy possessor of a fuller purse than when he entered the city. When he was going home to dinner with his uncle, he saw the bootblack, standing just within an alley. "There's my first city acquaintance," said he, and he touched his cap; but the boy looked ineffably unacquainted.

In the evening, he wrote home, as his mother had requested, telling her of his safe arrival, and enclosed a note to his younger brother, as follows:—

DEAR NED, — Arrived here at half-past two, and before dark, made an X—I. The minus one goes to pay the tailor for a new collar to my coat, which I had torn off by a certain "Captain Jinks," of this city, with whom I had an early encounter.

If I make as much money every day, I shall send for you. I can afford to take a partner without capital. With love,

Your brother FRANK.

E. O. KAY.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

THE CHEVALIER BAYARD, FEARLESS AND BLAMELESS.

I. HIS BOYHOOD.

AN old knight of Dauphiny, having reached the age of eighty, felt that his days were numbered, and calling his four sons together, asked each what profession he wished to follow. The eldest said that he preferred to stay at home, and take care of his father as long as he lived. "Well, George," replied the old man, with just a shade of disappointment in his tone, "since you are so fond of home, you shall stay here and fight the bears. And now, little Pierre (turning to his second son, a bright boy of thirteen), what will you do?" The boy hung down his head for a moment, with a troubled air; then, with his face all aglow, he said, "My

father, I love you as well as my brother does, and I know I ought to think of nothing but to serve you till you die; but you have told me so much about the glorious deeds of the past, that I long to be a knight, and fight for the king, as you and my grandfather have done; and if you will only let me go, I promise not to disgrace you." "You shall have your wish, my brave boy," cried his father. "You are the very image of your grandfather; and I doubt not, you have also his courage, and will win as great renown."

The next day, he sent for Pierre's uncle, the good Bishop of Grenoble; and having invited all his barons to dinner, he told them he wanted to consult them on a very important matter. "The truth is," said he, "my boy Pierre wants to be a soldier; and I confess I am not sorry, for it is a noble career, and I believe he will do us honor; but, first, he must learn the duties of his profession in the castle of some lord. Now, tell me; where shall I put him?" After one and another had given his opinion, the bishop said, "Brother, you know that Charles, Duke of Savoy, is a good friend to us, and that he always has many young nobles in his train. Let our boy go as page to the duke, and I warrant he could have no better training. I myself will give him his outfit, and will go with him to the duke." This plan pleased them all; so, the bishop sent post-haste to the city for his tailor, with orders for him to come at once to Castle Bayart, and bring satin, velvet, and everything needed for a handsome outfit for the young page that was to be; and, by working hard all night, they got ready to start the next day. It was a lovely Saturday afternoon, and the court-yard was filled with nobles who had assembled to bid the boy good-by, — for his sweet temper and good manners made him a great favorite with all. His horse was brought round, and the groom lifted him to the saddle; but no sooner did the noble animal feel the light weight of his rider, than he began to rear and plunge in the most frightful manner. At this, Pierre, who had never been on horseback before, plied his spurs so vigorously, that the experienced horsemen looking on, called out, anxiously, "Take care, Pierre! you will be thrown!" And his mother, who sat at her window in the tower, could not repress a cry of terror. But Pierre was brave as a young lion, and managed his steed as well as if he were thirty instead of thirteen years old. "Are you not afraid, my son?" asked his father. "How could I be afraid here among my friends?" answered Pierre, gayly. "I pray God, that before six years are past, this good

steed may bear me in a far more dangerous place, right against the enemies of France and the king.

"We have no time to lose," said the bishop. "Bid your father adieu, and let us be on our way."

Pierre's eyes filled with tears, as, embracing his father, he said, "Heaven grant you yet many years of life; and may you never hear aught but good of me." The old man could only murmur a blessing on his child, as he folded him in his arms. But the saddest parting was yet to come; and it seemed as if his mother could not let him go. Pierre himself would almost have changed places with his brother George, when he felt her hot tears on his cheek. "My darling boy," said she to him, "you are going into the service of a gentle prince; but there is much evil in the world, and I fear you may be led astray. If you would triumph over all, and become a noble man, do not forget what I tell you now. Before all things else, love and serve God; for, without his grace, we can do nothing good in this world. Be gentle and courteous to all men, putting pride far away. Be humble and obliging. Never swear or lie. Be temperate in eating and drinking. Banish envy; it is the meanest of passions. Be not a flatterer. Be loyal, in word and deed, to your country. Never go back from your word. Succor the widow and orphan, and be charitable to the poor out of the wealth God gives you; for, to give in His name impoverishes no man. It is not likely that your father and I shall live much longer; but let our last days be blessed with the knowledge that our boy is a credit to us." Then, giving him a little purse of gold, she kissed him again and again; while Pierre thanked her tenderly for the good advice she had given him, and promised he would never forget it. "He is so young," she sobbed, as the bishop led him away. "Oh, brother, beg the duke to be kind to my boy." So, Pierre du Terrail, later known to fame as the Chevalier Bayard, *sans peur et sans reproche*, rode forth to seek his fortune.

The next morning, which was Sunday, the bishop presented himself to Duke Charles, who received him very cordially, went with him to church, and after mass, took him home to dine with him. At dinner, Pierre, as was the custom in those days, stood behind his uncle's chair, and waited upon him so handily, that the duke was quite in love with him, and asked the bishop who that fine lad was that he had brought with him. "You will see him to better advantage by and by," replied the bishop; "and,

if you like him, I will leave him with you." When dinner was over, the duke took his guest out upon a balcony overlooking the court-yard, where Pierre, who had had a hint from his uncle, was prancing about on a gay horse. "What gallant can that be?" asked the duke. "Why, I verily believe it is the stripling who served you at dinner." "The same, and my nephew," replied the bishop. "He comes of a good stock; and his father, now old and infirm, sends you his duty, begging you to take the boy, and train him to be as brave and loyal a knight as Charles of Savoy." "Truly, a right welcome and noble gift," cried the duke; and forthwith took Pierre into his service, where his cleverness and manliness soon won him many friends.

Charles VIII., at this time, ruled over France. He was young, amiable, not very well educated, and very fond of pleasure. Pierre had lived six months with the duke, when the latter determined to join the king, who, with all his court, was then leading a gay life at Lyons. Of course, the duke took with him his handsome page, whose daring feats of horsemanship excited such attention, that the king desired to see the boy; and, accordingly, a day was set for Pierre to display his skill as a rider, before his august sovereign. "Success to you, Bayart," said the head groom, as he helped him to mount; "you will be a great lord some day, I am sure."

"Be sure, too, if I should ever have that luck," said Pierre, "that I will never forget the kindness you have shown me since I have been in the duke's service." Then, the esquire, to whom had been intrusted the education of the lad, took him by the hand, and said, "Bayart, my friend, I hear our duke means to give you to the king as his page. Believe me, I rejoice in your advancement; but it grieves me sorely to part from you." "Sir," said Pierre, "may God give me grace to walk in the path of virtue which you have pointed out to me; and with his aid, you shall never have cause to blush for your pupil. If the time ever comes when I can serve you, you shall see that I know how much I owe you." I don't know which I admire the most, the generosity of the groom and the squire, who saw, without envy, the promotion of their young companion, or the gratitude and humility of the boy himself.

After Pierre had made his horse perform some wonderful leaps for the entertainment of the court, he reined him up suddenly before the king, whom, at the same time, he saluted with the grace

of a courtier; but Charles, wishing to test his courage still further, cried out, "*Picquez, picquez, mon page!* Give him the spurs, boy!" and all the jackanape pages shouted, "*Picquez!*" — which Pierre did so fearlessly, that the king was in ecstacies, and said to the duke, "Cousin of Savoy, I shall not wait for you to give me this page; I beg him of you now." And this was the way Pierre got a new master, and in the household of the Duke de Ligny, became an *attache* of the court.

Some time after this, there arrived at the court, a gentleman of Burgundy, who hung up his shield as a challenge to any one of the king's knights who dared to tilt with him. Pierre was just seventeen, and three days before had been made an esquire. Day after day, he came and looked at the shield, and went away sorrowful; which Bellabre, one of his friends, at last perceiving, he said to him, "What are you dreaming about, comrade? You act as if you were in a maze." "So I am, indeed," answered Pierre, sadly; "for it shames me, that no one yet has dared accept yon braggart's challenge; and I long to do so; but, alas! I know not how I could equip myself for the combat, if I did." "What! fretting about that?" cries Bellabre, a brave, but rash young fellow, "when there is your relative, the Abbe d'Esnay. Let us go to him at once; and if he will not give you what you want, I vow, we will rob him of his crosier and mitre." Thus encouraged, Pierre marched boldly up, and dealt the shield of the Burgundian such a blow, that it rang out with a mighty clang. "Hola, Picquet!" cried the king-at-arms, (this had been Pierre's nickname ever since the day he rode before the king), "what does a popinjay like you expect to do against Monsieur Claude, who is one of the boldest fighters in France?" "It is not vanity in me, Montjoy," replied Pierre, earnestly; "but I must learn by degrees, from the best masters; and perhaps I may yet do something to win the favor of the ladies." Everybody laughed at Pierre's audacity, except De Ligny, who, fearing the boy would lose his life in such an unequal contest, begged the king to forbid it. "Never fear, but that our *protege* will do us honor," said Charles, and would not interfere. Meantime, Bellabre and Pierre hied away to the abbot, who did not give them a very cordial welcome, I can tell you. "You young renegade!" cried he, as soon as he saw them, "how dare you take up the challenge of so famous a knight? 'A rod for the fool's back,' says the good book; and verily, I think one would not be amiss, to take the conceit out of you." "Sire, I beseech

you, do not think me vain," replied Pierre. "It is only that I long to do something worthy of my ancestors and yours, that I am so bold; and because I have neither friend nor relative at court, from whom I would ask so much, I have come to you, hoping you would give me what I need for this occasion." "By my faith!" replied the abbot, in anger; "not a penny shall you have from me. The holy men who founded this abbey, endowed it for the service of God and the saints, and not for that of every hot-headed fool who wishes to run a tilt with his betters." "But," said Bellabre, "it was the prowess of the knights, your ancestors, that made you Abbot of Esnay; and the best thanks you can render them, is to give freely of your riches to him who will still uphold the honor of your name."

So, at last, the abbot gave his young relative an order on a merchant for the necessary equipment, which, I am sorry to say, the mischievous Bellabre interpreted for his friend far more liberally than the abbot intended; and, magnificently apparelled, in velvet and cloth of gold, the young esquire, mounted on a richly-caparisoned horse, entered the lists for the first time, against an adversary, whose renown at the tourney was unsurpassed; and so well did he tilt, that when it was ended, and he, with vizor up, rode slowly round the lists, his boyish face was suffused with blushes, as he heard the ladies of Lyons declare that Picquet had done better than all the rest. At supper, he was in high favor; and the king swore that nobody had ever made a better beginning than Picquet. But the Abbot of Esnay shook his head in silence.

C. A. BAKER.

A SPRING SONG.

OH, you merry, jangling blackbirds,
Oh, you robin carolling,
Till I think that heaven is yonder
In the elm-tree where you sing.

Brooks with jewels on your bosoms,
Flashing through the woodlands dim,
Ye are earth's far-wandering minstrels,
Chanting one harmonious hymn.

Children in the sunshine playing,
Sweet your laughter sounds today;
"By and by," perhaps you're saying,
"We shall be too old to play.

"We shall sit, and gravely ponder,
With our chins propped on our palms;
Or, with voices that *will* wander,
Try to sing old-fashioned psalms.

"Let us frisk, then, while we're able,—
We need fun as well as bread;
And there's plenty on our table,
Which, out-doors, is always spread."

Children sporting in your spring-time,
I am very old, I know;
Somewhere in the late October,
Chilly with the coming snow.

Do you think, when you're so aged,
Days like this will seem less fair?
Oh! I thought this very morning,
Never knew I one so rare.

I am with you, children, playing,
With the robin on the spray;
In the pine-trees sighing, swaying,
Growing younger every day.

And if you should ask me gravely,
"What is Immortality?"
I should answer, very bravely,
"Growing younger every day."

M. R. W.

TIG.

I'M a'most tired hearing dog-stories every night, auntie," said Hal; "I am, truly. I thought they'd be jolly, and so they are; but I'd like something else mixed with 'em. A bear-story, now, would be the real thing."

"Yes; a bear stowey! a bear-stowey!" echoed Midget; but almost before the words were out of her mouth, she repented, and curling close to me, she asked, "Will I be fitened, auntie?"

"No, indeed," I replied; "not in the very least. I will give you a true history of an amiable, merry fellow, as pleasant an acquaintance as those nice ones in your story-book, 'The great, and the little, and middle-sized bear.'"

"I didn't know that real live bears could be amiable. Hurry up, children, and get your seats," said impatient Hal, wheeling forward the easy-chair, and arranging the crickets and cushions with great bustle, adding, when he had done so, "Now, auntie."

I stopped a few minutes, to freshen my recollections, and then I went on as follows: —

"In the year 1846, a bear lived on Mount Lebanon — the Mount Lebanon of the Bible."

"Was it the only one, auntie?" asked Hal.

"Oh, no; bears were numerous there; but the one I speak of was the mother of my hero, so I mention her particularly. In the daytime, she wisely staid on the upper part of the mountain; but at twilight, she went down to the lower slopes, where the orchards and grain-fields and vineyards were; and when everybody was asleep, she stole leaves and fruits, and especially chick-peas, of which she was very fond. Dear me! how many she ate; and how the farmers scolded and threatened, and talked grandly of a hunt, — which was all they did about it.

"Late in October, dainties became scarce, the weather grew cold, and a little snow fell. Madam's coat had begun to thicken, in anticipation of winter; but still, she felt the need of a shelter, and she went out to seek one, much as men and women go house-hunting. To be sure, she didn't inquire if the cellar was tight; or if water, hot and cold, was carried to the upper story; or, indeed, if there were an upper story; but she was somewhat particular, notwithstanding. 'She was modest in her wants,' she said. 'One room was enough; but it must be rather deep, with an

opening not too large ; and she would like the entrance to the south, though that was of less consequence.'

"After a long search, she selected a cavern, which was quite underground, and was reached by a hole opening like a well. It was dark inside ; but she liked it all the better for that, for she didn't care to read or write, or even to sew or crochet. She didn't purchase so much as a candle or lamp, in case she should have company ; nor did she even lay in provisions for the long, cold season before her. All she thought of was a bed, and that she resolved to have soft and warm. So, she gathered leaves, twigs, and pieces of moss, which she heaped up in one corner, and this done, she bade good-by to the outer world, and dropped asleep. At midwinter, a baby-bear came to share her comfortable quarters. She was glad to see him, particularly as he wore a good coat which wouldn't need changing. She hugged him in her great, rough arms, gave him some milk, and then they napped together.

"This was very fine for Mrs. Bear ; but the farmers whom she had robbed did not easily forgive her pranks. Indeed, they talked of them so much, that a young hunter resolved to kill her before she should come out in the spring, wild with hunger, and ready for greater mischief. His friends begged him not to try. 'It would be difficult and dangerous,' they said. 'If he did not lodge his bullets fully in the bear's eye, the furious beast would rush upon and devour him.' But, the more they remonstrated, the more steadily he persisted ; and the news of his proposed attempt spreading all about, made him quite a hero among the villagers.

"At the appointed time, the bold youth, with a few other huntsmen, assembled at the opening of the den. Then he fastened a rope round his waist, put a butcher's knife in his belt, and loaded his musket with two-ounce bullets wrapped in greased buckskin."

"But, how could he see the bear, if the den were so dark?" asked Hal.

"He had cut two narrow strips of pine-wood, and pierced them with holes, in which he placed lighted candles. These he nailed together, and pushed forward with his feet, as he was slowly lowered into the chasm, holding his gun ready cocked in his hand. In a few minutes, Mrs. Bear yawned and stretched ; then she looked with stupid wonder at the brilliant flame, and waddling toward it, she lifted her paw to strike at it. This was just what the hunter anticipated, and he noiselessly raised his piece and fired at her eye.

The crashing, bellowing report was followed by a wild howl; and the men above, pulling eagerly at the rope, whirled up the hunter, just as the fierce animal tore after him to the mouth of the den. In a few minutes, all was still; when he descended a second time. Again he fired at the glaring eyeball which burned just before him; and this time with so true an aim, that the great beast shuddered in all her limbs, and fell dead where she stood. As soon as the smoke cleared away, some of the huntsmen joined him; and lighting the cavern with blazing pine-knots, they, with shouts and jokes and laughter, skinned and quartered their victim, and sent her in convenient pieces to the upper world. The baby-bear followed; and then the party went down the mountain in triumph.

"The little fellow, thus orphaned, did not mourn in the least for his lost mamma. Neither did he resent the rejoicings which her death occasioned; but ate and drank and made merry with whoever was inclined to treat him. His good nature made him a favorite; and when he was sold to an Englishman, his acquaintances were all sorry to part with him. His new master carried him to England; and many were the frolics which the sailors had with him, for he was as fond of play as a child, and liked attention as well as a fine lady. Soon after landing, Tiglath Pileser, or Tig, as he was called for convenience, was fastened into a huge basket, put on board the Great Western Railway, and at length, by car and wagon, reached Francis Buckland, Esq., at one of the famous colleges in Oxford.

"This gentleman did not even suspect what might be in the basket; and he was very much amazed when he lifted the cover, to see a brownish animal, with long shaggy hair, dart out, and rush away. Service was going on in the chapel, and Tig, guided by the pealing organ, made for the open door. Before he had time to take more than a hasty look inside, the man who had the care of the building came along, and, frightened at the strange beast, gave a grand whisk with the silver wand, which was the sign of his office, darted back, and locked himself safely into a tall pew. Tig was equally alarmed, and scampered with all his might round and round the court, putting to flight the dogs which were lying in the warm sunshine. Mr. Buckland and his friends followed, racing and chasing, until they were out of breath. Presently, the bear got one of his master's fingers in his mouth, and everybody trembled, believing he would bite it off. But, no, indeed; he didn't once think of that. He only sucked it with a mumbling noise,

and walked contentedly on his hind-legs with him all the way to his rooms.

"Tig never ran away after that. He had too good a time. His master gave him a cap and gown, such as were worn by the collegians, and took him to breakfasts and parties, where he was noticed a great deal, and where he was treated to all kinds of nice things, especially to muffins and ices, of which he was extremely fond. He was usually good-natured and happy; but he lost his temper now and then, and once, in a fit of rage, tore his finery into strips. Upon such occasions, the only way to quiet him was by holding his ears, speaking kindly, and giving him a finger to suck. He was even inconveniently sociable; for, when left

alone, he would cry for hours, especially if it were dark, which appeared very funny in a bear.

"Once, Tig was kept in college until after the gates were shut, and his master did not know what to do with him. If he should let him out, the porter would see him, and then there would be a fine to pay; for the authorities did not allow the keeping of dogs, much less the petting of bears.

"'Why not tie him in the yard, under your windows?' asked a friend.

"'Because he will mourn so,' answered Mr. Buckland. 'You don't know what a baby he is.'

"Still, as there appeared to be no other way, he secured his favorite, with many love-pats and sweet words and exhortations to be good, and make no noise; but no sooner had he turned away, than Tig set up such piteous lamentations as to disturb everybody in the neighborhood. Clearly, that could not be permitted, and Mr. Buckland took the unhappy fellow to his room, and chained him to the bedpost. This was entirely to his mind, and he kept as still as a mouse until daylight, when he jumped on the bed, and began to lick the face which lay invitingly on the white pillow. Mr. Buckland took no notice, and he licked a little harder. Still no notice, and Tig, thinking he was asleep, crept between the blankets, and covered himself up. When it was chapel-time, his master left him to amuse himself as he might, never thinking of the kind of fun he would indulge in. Waiting till he was fairly off, the rogue leaped down, and upset everything within reach. He was particularly fierce on the mirror, breaking the glass in pieces, and biting the wood-work severely. When he had done all the mischief he could think of, he jumped on the bed again, and when Mr. Buckland returned, he sat rocking himself backward and forward, trying to look innocent, but yet the least in the world afraid of the punishment he so well merited."

"Did he get it, auntie?" asked Hal.

"I don't know," I replied; "but I imagine not, for Mr. Buckland was very fond of pets."

"Tig had a little house all to himself. It stood near a tree to which a monkey was tied, whose name was Jacko. The little fellow was a great tease, and one of his favorite amusements was to make faces at Tig. Often, too, when the latter was asleep in the sunshine, he cautiously descended from his perch, twisted his fingers in Tig's long hair, gave it a hard pull, and was back in

a moment, chattering with delight, and clattering his chain, to add to the noise. Then, how angry Tig was! He ran backward and forward on his hind-legs, sucking his paws, and looking savagely at his tormentor, while he threatened him with all kinds of dreadful things; at which Jacko only laughed the harder. Again he would lie down; and again, just as he was falling into a delicious nap, there would come a sudden pain and smart, and he would spring up, to find the plague of his life dancing with glee, just above his reach. By and by, however, Jacko ceased to annoy his companion, and they became good friends. Sometimes, they sat for half an hour opposite each other, conversing, as it appeared, though nobody understood what they said.

"When the vacation began, Tig followed the custom of the university, and went into the country, where he often astonished the people, who were not accustomed to bears. Every day, he was taken out for a walk; and once, his attendant was so good as to treat him to candy in a small shop kept by an old lady. He did not forget this, and whenever he went past the place, he showed his readiness to drop in and patronize the dame; but, as nobody appeared willing to indulge him, he took the matter into his own hands — or rather into his own paws. He worked at his chain until he got loose, when he shuffled off to the shop, and the door being open, he bounced in. The old lady was sitting behind her counter, her high, starched cap standing stiffly upon her head, and her spectacles on her nose, busily knitting stockings. When she saw the shaggy coat of her customer, and heard the rattle of his chain, she made one leap to the stairs, and rushed up at a surprising pace. Tig didn't care if she did run. He could help himself; and as for the bill — of course, that was his master's business. So, he looked about; and spying a quantity of brown sugar on the counter, he jumped up, and seated himself comfortably for a good meal. I dare say, he would have finished the dame's entire stock, but that his flight happened to be discovered, and he was dragged away with no little trouble.

"Tig was invited to make a visit at a village about six miles distant, and just for the fun of the thing, it was proposed that he should go on horseback. As the horse shied every time the bear approached him, it appeared doubtful if the plan would succeed. After trying a long time, however, the horse was held quiet, Mr. Buckland pulled Tig up by his chain, and they set out. At first, the bear was in front; but not liking his position, he walked round

his master, and stood with his fore-paws on his shoulders. The horse kicked and plunged, but Tig held on, sticking his claws deeper and deeper into the animal's back, as he found himself in danger of being thrown; and thus the three made the trip, to the immense delight of the boys and girls on the way, who had never seen the like before.

"Tig's happy days passed all too quickly. The college officers threatened and fined, and threatened and fined again, and at last, informed his master, that either he or the bear must leave the place the next morning. Of course, resistance was no longer possible, and the poor fellow was put into a box and sent to the zoological garden. He was made comfortable in his new home, as far as good food and a fine den all to himself went; but he grieved sadly. He missed the dear delights of the university; the gay parties and nice suppers; the attention of curious scholars, and the hearty frolics with young men; the freedom; and the master who had petted him so much. He would not eat; he ran up and down his den almost constantly, and at length, died of a broken heart."

M. G. SLEEPER.

HOLLYWOOD.

III.

(*Continued from p.* 92.)

"WHY, Cassy! what has happened?" exclaimed Agnes, as Cassy came hurriedly into the room, threw her hat and shawl upon the floor, and tossed back her curls in a way peculiar to her when she was either angry or excited. "Have you had any trouble with Jessie?"

"I don't like Jessie," was the answer. "I don't like her half as well as I used to; and I don't like staying here at Hollywood. I am not happy at all;" and Cassy put her head down on the bed and cried.

"What has Jessie been doing?" asked Agnes.

"I heard that disagreeable Nettie Millburn talking to Jessie about us, and Jessie didn't say a word; she only laughed. I guess, if anybody talked to me so about my friends, I would not bear it."

"What did Nettie Millburn say?"

"I didn't hear all she said; but she was making fun, I know. And she said something about our being in the lowest class, great girls like us. She shouldn't think we ever had been to school before, and wondered what kind of a place we lived in. I guess we know as much she does. We know better how to behave, I hope."

Agnes was over-sensitive about being in the "lowest class," and her ambition was stimulated to the utmost to rise to a higher rank as soon as possible; but it always disheartened her to be criticised in any way by the other scholars, and made her indignant, too, as it did Cassy; and for a moment, she forgot herself, and joined with Cassy in saying hard things about Nettie Millburn. The truth was, she was not feeling either happy or good-humored herself just then. It was Wednesday afternoon, half-holiday; and, instead of spending the time in recreation, she had been studying hard over her arithmetic lesson, and had failed to get at its meaning; and then, too, it had now been nearly a fortnight since she and Cassy came to Hollywood, and they had had no letters from home, and they were both a little homesick. Life had begun to seem more in earnest to them than it ever had before. "It was just like going out into the world and taking care of themselves, going to school that way," Cassy said, "and nobody to care for them." But they were under the most watchful care. The school was almost as much like a happy, well-managed home, as it is possible for such a school to be; but, for one reason or another, they had been left a great deal to themselves. All of their study-hours were spent alone in their own room; and as their old friends, Helen and Jessie Pierce, were in a different class, they did not see them often; and being shy about mingling with the other scholars, they had spent days in their room without going out, except at meals and at recitation hours.

Cassy brushed away her tears after awhile, and came to sit with Agnes at the window; and as they looked toward the town, they wondered if their good friend Mr. Millburn was there, and Tad Fenwick; and as they talked, a tap came at the door, and the sunshiny face of Miss May peeped in. "Girls, would you like to go into the city with me, this afternoon?" she asked. "I thought we would walk, it is pleasant and warm; and the exercise will do you good, you have been out so little of late."

"Oh, thank you, dear Miss May!" exclaimed Agnes; "we

would be delighted to go. But is any one else — any of the other scholars — going?"

"No, dear; no one else; and I am going only for pleasure. I am afraid you have not had much enjoyment since you have been here. So, put on your things; and when you are ready, go down into the reception-room, and I will meet you there."

Hardly anything could have given the children more pleasure. How they had longed to go into the city ever since they had been at Hollywood; and now they were going, and perhaps they would see Mr. Millburn and Tad. The thought drove away all their sadness. They dressed in haste, and were down in the reception-room before Miss May was ready.

Nettie Millburn was in the room when they entered, sitting there alone, with her things on, waiting for her carriage to come to take her home. She was a day-scholar, and lived in the city; but unlike most of the other scholars from the city, she came in her own carriage every morning, and it was always sent for her at night; and no one in the whole school made such a show of dress, and had so much money to spend, as Nettie Millburn. She prided herself upon this; and her haughty manners and overbearing disposition, made her generally disliked. She made some slight show of recognition as Agnes and Cassy entered the room, and then gave them such an ill-bred stare, that Cassy's face grew red with anger; and as she turned toward the window, to conceal her vexation, she noticed a carriage coming up the walk, — a large, stylish-looking carriage, — and in it there was a gentleman, whom she recognized at once. It was their friend, Mr. Millburn.

"O Agnes! look!" she exclaimed. And Agnes, seeing who it was, gave a little cry of joy, and ran to the door. Nettie Millburn, with a look of surprise, followed after, saying to some one who passed her in the hall, "My uncle has come for me."

But, great was Nettie Millburn's surprise, to see her uncle turn aside from her to greet Agnes and Cassy. He reached out his hands, and they ran and threw their arms around his neck, feeling almost as glad as they would have been to see their own father. They were so glad, they cried. It was so good to see some one from home, and all the pleasant past was brought before them so quickly.

"Ah, I see you have been homesick," said Mr. Millburn, scanning their faces closely. "My poor little wild flowers, you don't like being transplanted; do you? These little girls are old friends

of mine, Nettie," he said, turning to his niece. "We have roamed over the prairie and through the woods together many a long summer day. Haven't you got acquainted yet?"

Nettie, looking vexed, made some scornful reply, that no one could hear; but her uncle, with one swift glance at her face, seemed to understand perfectly.

"Oh, Mr. Millburn! didn't you bring us a letter from home?" asked Agnes.

"Letters and a box your father sent," said Mr. Millburn, taking from the carriage a large square package, covered with thick brown paper.

Cassy grasped it first, and in her impulsivensss, would have untied and opened it right there and then; but Miss May, coming into the hall, told her to wait, and it should be sent to their room.

"Oh, Mr. Millburn, this is my teacher," said Agnes, taking Miss May's hand; "and I like her almost as well as I do you."

Miss May smiled at the novel introduction, and asked Mr. Millburn into the reception-room. He declined going in, and said that "he came to take his niece home, and to give his little friends a ride into town, if they might be permitted to go."

Miss May gave consent; and as Mr. Millburn was helping Agnes and Cassy into the carriage, Nettie turned to Miss May, and begged her to go too, saying, in an undertone, that Miss May did not hear, "she didn't want to ride alone with those dowdy-looking things. She wouldn't;" and her face was flushed with anger and wounded pride. The others seemed to expect Miss May to go, and after some hesitation, she was prevailed upon to accompany them.

What a new, strange sight it was to Agnes and Cassy, — the great city, with its thronged streets, and all its show of wonder and beauty; and how happy they were, with the excitement of the drive, and the pleasure of listening once again to Mr. Millburn's familiar talk. They grew blithe and natural, and quite forgot Nettie Millburn's chilling presence.

AUTHOR OF LITTLE PEARL.

THE NEGLECTED PET.

I AM an unfortunate person — a prisoner in a dark cedar trunk. Why a prisoner, is more than I can tell; but here I lie, with my eyes wide open, and hear the wind blow and the rain patter on the roof. In the winter, my face is very cold; but in summer, I almost melt. Once, I had companions in my imprisonment — another doll and a music-box. Every time the trunk was moved, the music-box would sing

for he thought they were coming to take him away. They did at last. The doll was one I had despised in my palmy days. She belonged to a younger sister, and had painted hair and a painted face, instead of real hair and a beautiful waxen face like mine. But when we came to be fellow-prisoners, we were glad to be friendly, and talk about the dear old times.

I have seen better days — much better days. I came from abroad, if you know where that is, and would like very much to go back there. When I was new, I was dearly loved. I was kissed, I was hugged, I was taken to walk, and called a lovely and darling creature; but now, I sometimes fear I am forgotten. My name is on the back of my neck, scratched in the wax with a pin, — Arabella Clifford. It was taken from a book, and given to me by my mistress. Her name was Nelly. They said we looked alike. When she stood before the long mirror with me in her arms, I could see myself as others see me. My eyes were blue, and so were hers, and our hair was in curls. We were very beautiful.

Once, Harry, a cruel boy, tied a string round my neck, and hung me up in a tree. My mistress screamed — her sister screamed. They said, "Oh, don't! *Please*, don't!" Then he took me down, and said, "There's your foolish doll. I wasn't hurting her." But he was. I suffered tortures. My mistress said, "Oh, my poor doll! What a misfortune! Oh, that wicked Harry!"

Her mother laid me in this trunk. I remember well how it happened. A meddlesome neighbor came in one day, when I

was sitting on the sofa by Nelly's side. "Bless me!" said she. "Do you play with dolls yet? My Julia never liked them."

From that time, I thought I perceived a change. She took less and less notice of me, and at last, neglected me altogether. Then I was laid here. That was many years ago. At first, I was surprised. I said to myself, "Why am I here? What have I done? When will they come for me?" But now, I wait calmly, for I have a hope of something better. There is not much to relieve the monotony of my life. Sometimes, the servants come and move the trunk, and I hear the scratching of a broom. Once, I overheard two moths talking together.

"We are not expected to eat anything in a cedar-trunk," said one; "but what can we do? We were hatched here. We are not responsible for circumstances. It is our business to make cocoons. Let's eat her hair."

(The cold chills ran down my back at the idea. What should I be without my hair?)

"No," said the other moth; "it would spoil her beauty; and, besides, it is not so good to make cocoons of. Here is a nice soft shawl. This is better."

So, they began to work. There's a mouse, that gnaws at the outside of the trunk. I feel a little nervous about him; for I heard him say, last night, that he will soon be through. Whether he comes as friend or foe, I have yet to learn.

Once, a long time ago, Nelly opened the trunk. My heart beat, I thought she was going to take me away. There was a man by her side; and the sight of him struck me with terror, though I could not tell why. "Here is my dear old doll," said Nelly. "I am keeping her for my second childhood." And she laughed as she used to in the pleasant old times.

"Almost as big as little Joe," said the man; "and not half as pretty."

"Do you remember, Harry, how you tied a string round her neck, and hung her in the apple-tree?" said Nelly.

"Yes; and you cried, and called me a wicked boy," said he. Then I knew it all. *He* was that cruel boy. No wonder I was terrified at the sight of him. Nelly's mother used to come sometimes and take me out, and lay me on the shelf, while she put the trunk in order. Nelly came one day and brought some little stockings and shoes, and laid them by my side. She looked pale and sad, and her tears fell in the trunk. Then, for awhile,

I saw and heard only the servants. That was a dismal time, — alone and forgotten.

Not long ago, Nelly came again; but I hardly knew her. Her hair has a silvery look, like her mother's, and her face is thin. When will that "second childhood" come? And will it bring back her rosy cheeks and bright hair? And will she come and take me away from this gloomy place, and love me, and call me a darling creature, and smile as she used to? Ah, that will be a happy time. I wait and hope. ANNIE MOORE.

"UP IN A BALLOON."

DID you ever try to imagine how it would seem to you to be up in a balloon? You can have but little idea of the reality without experiencing it. To look at one as it gently floats through the air, moved hither and thither so gracefully by the lightest breeze; now going over the land; now over the water; this moment soaring above a fine city, and the next looking down upon green fields and pretty villages, — it might be supposed that all the sensations of a passenger must be delightful; but there is much to fear in the situation, and not many of our readers would enjoy their first trip very much.

Balloons are not strongly made, because they must be very light; and so, accidents are liable to occur by the breaking of something. Then there is a chance of their being carried far out at sea and lost; and always, in coming down at the end the journey, there is more or less risk. These dangers, persons who are exposed to them, feel as you cannot possibly understand. Just suppose yourself standing in a little basket, away up in the clouds, and supported only by a weak contrivance of cloth and cords, that swings and turns around as easily as a feather. The whole machine joggles up and down and trembles with every motion of your body, so delicately is it balanced, and it seems to have all it can bear to hold you up.

But the view from a balloon is so grand, that, for the sake of it, many persons are willing to take all the peril that is connected with it. We had a ride with Professor King once, and will describe a little what we saw; but let us first tell you something about Mr. King. He has made, perhaps you know, nearly two

hundred ascensions, and is one of the most successful aeronauts in the world. He is very fond of his business, dangerous as it is. When he was a little boy, he used to think and dream a great deal about flying; and as soon as he was old enough, he commenced to build and sail balloons, and that has been the principal occupation of his life. He has had a great many adventures, as you may suppose; has come down into the water, and been rescued by boats many times; and frequently has been injured by being thrown violently against stones and trees. Some of the stories he tells are very funny. Once, he started from Bangor, Maine, and went hundreds of miles over the woods, until he did not know where he was. Dark came on. He heard people talking, and other sounds, but could get no clue to his whereabouts. Finally, he alighted in a little village in Canada, where, strange as it may seem, hardly any one had ever even heard of a balloon. The inhabitants were much alarmed when they saw the great black monster coming upon them from the sky, and for a long time none of them could be induced to assist in securing it. They could not understand why a man should be travelling in that style, and asked many curious questions. One old woman, seeing some tin cans, used for carrying provisions, taken out of the basket, wanted to know if Mr. King was a tin-pedler.

Several times, the professor has descended into strange places, in the middle of dark nights; and when he has awakened the occupants of houses, and asked for shelter until morning, they have refused him admission, not believing his statements, and thinking him to be a travelling vagabond.

The voyage when we were a passenger was not especially interesting, except to ourselves. Our fairy carriage rose finely, and landed us without harm. As it left the ground, bands played and thousands cheered, as is usual on such occasions. We went rapidly, above trees and steeples and hills, and a panorama opened to us more magnificent than we can give you hardly any idea of. The scene comes to our memory now, seeming more like a beautiful dream, than the recollection of anything real. Directly beneath us were the fancifully-cut grass-plots, the winding paths, and the pretty little ponds of Boston Common and Public Garden; next, came the great masses of buildings and crooked streets of the city, and the harbor glistening in the sun like silver. The surface of the earth stretched away on every side like a huge bowl, appearing to be concave, instead of convex;

forts and water reservoirs we could look directly into; and hills could not be distinguished at all. Crowds of men and women in the streets became indistinct, and then were lost from view. How insignificant they seemed to us at such a height. We almost forgot that we, too, were human; and it was laughable to think, that such very little creatures could consider themselves of much importance. We would gladly have remained longer in the sky than we did, for we were not half-tired of looking, when we were told that the gas was failing, and we must soon lay aside our airs, and be again among the little plodding throng below. What we had seen filled us with awe! it left us with an impression of the magnitude and beauty of God's works that we had never felt before.

L. S. METCALF.

BEAUTY.

BEAUTIFUL faces, they that wear
The light of a pleasant spirit, there
It matters little if dark or fair.

Beautiful hands are they that do
The work of the noble, good, and true,
Busy for them the long day through.

Beautiful feet are they that go
Swiftly to lighten another's woe,
Through summer's heat or the winter's snow.

Beautiful children, if rich or poor,
Who walk the pathways sweet and pure,
That lead to the mansions strong and true.

THE COBRA POISON. — An account of the latest experiments of Dr. Shortt, on the characters, action, and mode of obtaining the poison of that deadliest of serpents, the cobra, appears in the *London Lancet*. The poison itself, when freshly extracted, is a gelatinous fluid, presenting very much the appearance of the white of the egg before it is boiled. It consists of cells suspended in an albuminous fluid, and on being dried in the sun resolves itself into granules. When these granules are wetted with water, and placed under the microscope, the cells are plainly visible, with particles of organic matter in an amorphous state. The poison is acrid to the taste, blistering, and causing numbness to the part of the tongue to which it is applied. Five grains in weight of the fresh poison, on being dried in the sun (which was effected in two hours), and weighed, yielded just one grain of solid substance, thus indicating that the venom contains four parts fluid and one of solid matter. To test the force with which the poison is ejected into a wound by the snake, capillary tubes, two inches long, and an eighth of inch in diameter, and curved slightly at the end, were made to fit easily into the fangs by Dr. Shortt. Both fangs being thus armed, a small pad of cloth placed between them in the mouth induced the cobra to close its jaws, when the poison was seen to ooze from the minute opening at the bottom of the fang into the tubes. No force was brought into play, but the poison simply flowed into the tube. A more convenient mode was adopted for collecting the poison for examination. A piece of paper was stretched across a silver spoon, and the cobra made to grasp it. After the fangs had penetrated the paper over the hollow part of the spoon, the poison was found deposited there on the snake relaxing its grasp. If blood be drawn from a living being, and a small quantity of cobra venom be added, it becomes dark, remains fluid, and does not coagulate; and under the microscope, the blood-cells show a peculiar, notched, and granular appearance. As the result of special inquiry into the operation of chemical agents on the poison, Dr. Shortt has found, up to the present time, that caustic potash alone destroys its potency. This agent decomposes the poison, forming some salt, and neutralizing its deleterious properties. The internal administration and the external use of the potash to the wound inflicted by the snake, failed, however, to effect a cure. The virulence of the venom may be readily estimated by the fact that one-fiftieth of a grain of the solid part, after being kept for eight days, killed a quail in ten minutes. Forty drops

of a solution of half a grain, in two drachms of water, or a sixth of a grain, killed a horse in twenty-four hours; and twenty-five drops of the same strength killed one dog in two hours, and another in one hour and twenty-seven minutes.

Reflections suggested by the above. — "Who in the world *tasted* the poison?" "Who put the tubes on the creature's fangs, and how did they manage the thing?"

"That is all very interesting; but how cruel to make experiments which involve twenty-four hours' suffering to a horse, or pain to any other creature."

A RIGHT-HANDED THEORY. — Many ask, with reasonable wonder, why we use the right hand in preference to the left. Nature appears to have dictated the habit: its universality goes far to prove that it is instinctive; for among existing nations, none seem to be gifted as were the Benjamites of old. The left arm is the weaker; but whether naturally, or only from disuse, remains to be ascertained. It would appear that the difference of strength extends to the organs of locomotion. When we meet an obstacle in walking, it is easier to turn to the right than to the left, as if the right leg had the most power and freedom of motion; and it is said that if a man lose himself on a plain, without any guide or landmarks, he will, in his efforts to go straight forwards, invariably bear to the left, the dexter limb imperceptibly taking longer strides. Even a left-handed man uses his right manual for many purposes; and a right-handed mortal has to train hard to become ambidextrous. Only one suggestion can we afford to account for the general right-handedness; it is, that nature has designedly kept the working arm away from the heart, that the violent actions of the one may affect as little as possible the delicate functions of the other.

HOME-MADE MICROSCOPE. — A simple microscope may be made out of a common pill-box for a few cents. Take out the bottom, and put in a piece of window-glass; then paint the inside black, and make a small eye-hole in the lid. In this hole place a single drop of Canadian balsam, and allow it to cool. This drop of the transparent resin assumes, when cooling, the proper form of the glass lens, with considerable magnifying power.

"IF you ask me," says Zimmerman, "which is the real hereditary sin of human nature, do you imagine that I shall answer pride, luxury, ambition, or ignorance? No. I shall say, indolence. Who conquers indolence, can conquer all the rest. Indeed, all good principles must stagnate without mental activity.

A LADY, passing along one of our streets one morning, noticed a little boy, who was scattering salt upon the sidewalk, for the purpose of clearing off the ice.

"Well, I'm sure," said the lady, "this is real benevolence!"

"No, it ain't, ma'am," replied the boy; "*it is salt.*"

SOME one sought to comfort a mother who had lost her little boy, by reminding her that he was then happy with the saints in bliss.

"Oh, yes," cried the afflicted mother; "but Tommy always was a shy boy, and he's now among perfect strangers."

IN Austin, Texas, lapidaries are in request to appraise the transparent carnelians, amethystine crystals, beryls, topazes, emeralds, opals, and diamonds, with which the soil is (said to be) prolifically sown.

POLITENESS is like an air-cushion; there is nothing in it, but it eases the jolts of life wonderfully.

HE who prays as he ought, will endeavor to live as he prays.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

BIBLE ENIGMA.

106. I am composed of 31 letters:
My 28, 3, 8, 2, was a famous mariner.
My 2, 31, 18, 3, 29, is the name of a Jewish king.
My 6, 27, 14, 3, 1, 22, 20, was a pious youth.
My 9, 5, 18, 23, 22, was the father of a patriarch.
My 30, 16, 4, 10, 27, 17, 7, is one of the titles of our Saviour.
My 26, 17, 27, 9, 22, is one of the Christian graces.
My 30, 23, 18, 13, was an Evangelist.
My 21, 15, 24, 8, 2, is a word of doubtful meaning, that occurs seventy-four times in the Book of Psalms.
My 14, 31, 19, 3, 28, 4, and 25, 11, 12, 13, 21, are fruit and vegetables, that the Israelites craved instead of manna.
My whole is a promise for the young. *Aunt Lizzie.*

takes the prize for March. He answers all the puzzles correctly, and wins his first prize (the heart-puzzle).

Keystone also answers every puzzle correctly; but as he has already won the three prizes, there is nothing left for him but the "bubble, fame."

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107. I am composed of 9 letters:
My 1, 7, 4, 3, 9, is a spirit.
My 6, 8, 5, is a large wooden vessel for holding water.
My 2, is a vowel.
My whole is useful in spring.
Keystone.

108. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 17, 10, 7, 15, 2, is what we should never be.
My 14, 13, 1, 16, 9, is one of the different modes of cooking.
My 8, 4, 5, 10, is the name of a good man.
My 12, 11, 3, 6, is a fabric.
My whole is the name of an interesting book.
Dictator.

109. My first is in seat, but not in chair,
My next is in den, but not in lair;
My third is in Saxe, but not in Poe,
My fourth is in Sammy, but not in Joe;
My fifth is in Sallie, but not in Kate;
My whole, in the South, they call a State. *Hautboy.*

110. Entire, I am a girl's name; beheaded, I am a kind of contest; beheaded again, I am something with which gamblers are very familiar. *Sagittaw.*

ANAGRAMS.

111. Near to Cass. *Z. T. Hedges.*

112. His car. *Fred.*

113. Courage! T. R. D.! *E. P. W.*

114. I stolid, Cora? No! *F. F.*

115. Chain me. *Wolverine.*

116. Nor lame Nat. *Violet Forest.*

117. I am a word of five letters, and mean something we cannot do without; behead, add a letter, and you have something that no one desires to be without; behead again, add another letter, and you have the strongest point in Samson's character; behead again, and add as before, and you will have a period of time; behead again, add two letters, and you will have a kind of retreat that disgraced many a noble army. *Z. T. Hedges.*

118. My first is a man; my second is an article of clothing; and my whole is the office of my first. *Rena.*

119. Transpose a wound into a bird.

120. Transpose an artist into a bird. *Auntie.*

121. If you do my first, to my second you are my whole. *Hugh Howard.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

122. The —— may —— at sea. *Wolverine.*

123. It was —— when he told the —— about shooting a ——. *Empire State.*

124. ——— the ——— from the ———, and give it to the ———. *Zadox.*

125. You cannot perform a ——— in a ———. *Sigma.*

126. How could a fisherman order his assistant to procure a mess of fish, and use only the name of a fish in his order? *Tempy.*

127. What is the difference between one who procrastinates, and a suit of clothes? *Hautboy.*

128. When studying a map, what city must always be on it? *Dictator.*

129. Who are the only men spoken of in the Bible as wearing hats? *A. S.*

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES, BY CARTER.

130.

131

☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of June. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MARCH NUMBER.

54. Charles Dickens.

55. Ike Cottle, the tin-washer.

56. Commendation.

57. Bucksport.

58. Thomaston.

59. Rockland.

60. Hallowell.

61. Portland.

62. Gerfalcon, falconer.

63. Chart, hart, art, tar, rat.

64. Lamp, palm, map, pa, ma, La! Al., lap, am.

65. Clothes-horse.

66. Jackal.

67. Buffalo.

68. Antelope.

69. Gorilla.

70. Intimate.

71. Convert.

72. Base-ball club.

73. Arm-chair.

74. Mexican.

75. Mineralogical.

76. Minister.

77. Pernicious.

78. Metropolis.

79. Earn your money before you use it.

Of the above Puzzles,—

Tempy answers all.

Keystone answers all.

Dictator and *Hautboy* answer all but 62.

F. R. S. answers all but 55.

Belle answers all but 71.

Snarlie answers all but 62, 65, 70.

Ixia answers all but 58, 62, 68.

Amanda answers all but 62, 65, 70.

Ben answers all but 55, 62, 70.

C. W. J. answers all but 55, 62, 65, 75.

Skedaddle answers all but 54, 55, 57, 62, 69.

Charlotte answers all but 55, 62, 65, 71, 78.

Willie answers all but 55, 60, 62, 65, 75.

Frank Gurney answers all but 55, 58, 65, 72, 73, 75.

Zadoc answers all but 55, 62, 69, 70, 73, 79.

Chester answers all but 55, 62, 65, 70, 72, 73

May Prince answers 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 67, 68, 76, 79.

Handy Andy answers 54, 57, 59, 61, 66, 67, 70, 76, 79.

Webster Thomas answers 54, 56, 57, 58, 59, 61, 71, 76.

Madeline and *Vivian* answer 57, 58, 59, 61, 74, 76, 78, 79.

Ettie M. answers 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 76, 79.

Annie and *Emma* answer 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 66, 70.

Wolverine answers 58, 61, 66, 68, 76.

Carrie answers 54, 57, 58, 59, 61.

To Correspondents.

Hautboy. I fully appreciate the heartiness of your correspondence, and thank you for your liberal supply of puzzles. The "quotations" come under the head of "etc.," though they proved "puzzles" to many. It is often a great advantage to know the author of a familiar quotation. Your rebuses are among the best drawn of any I receive. Geographical rebuses are acceptable. Some of those you have sent are excellent; others are not fair enough. Should you pronounce those *mountains* as you have drawn them, no one would know what you meant.

Dictator. Please, apply the foregoing remarks to yourself. Did you and "Hautboy" put your heads together to solve the puzzles?

Carter. You flatter me; but I swallow it all. Thank you.

Sophomore. Walk in, and make yourself perfectly at home. You are very welcome.

Blue Bird. I will forward them with pleasure.

W. Thomas. An anagram is always resolved into *one word*, unless different directions are given.

Skedaddle. See notice to "W.T.," in the April number; page 195.

Arthur O. Jameson is nine years old, and "keeps store." He wonders if any of the other MERRY boys do? Is it a real *live* store, Arthur, or only a *make-believe?*

Vivian. You sent no answer with your puzzle.

Fleta Forrester, Ego Ipse, and *Hero,* — a young lady asks me for your addresses. Shall I give them to her?

Handy Andy. Your rebus has been published in "Our Young Folks" (1865), though differently characterized.

Frank Gurney. You must win the prize twice before you get "the gold pen;" that is the second prize. A heart-puzzle is the first prize. I don't wonder you thought your chance pretty good, with such a respectable list of answers.

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to Hautboy, Dictator, Carter, Whist, Sophomore, Keystone, Handy Andy, Charlotte, F. R. S., Zadoc, Ben, A. O. J., Belle, and R. C. F.

Remarks.

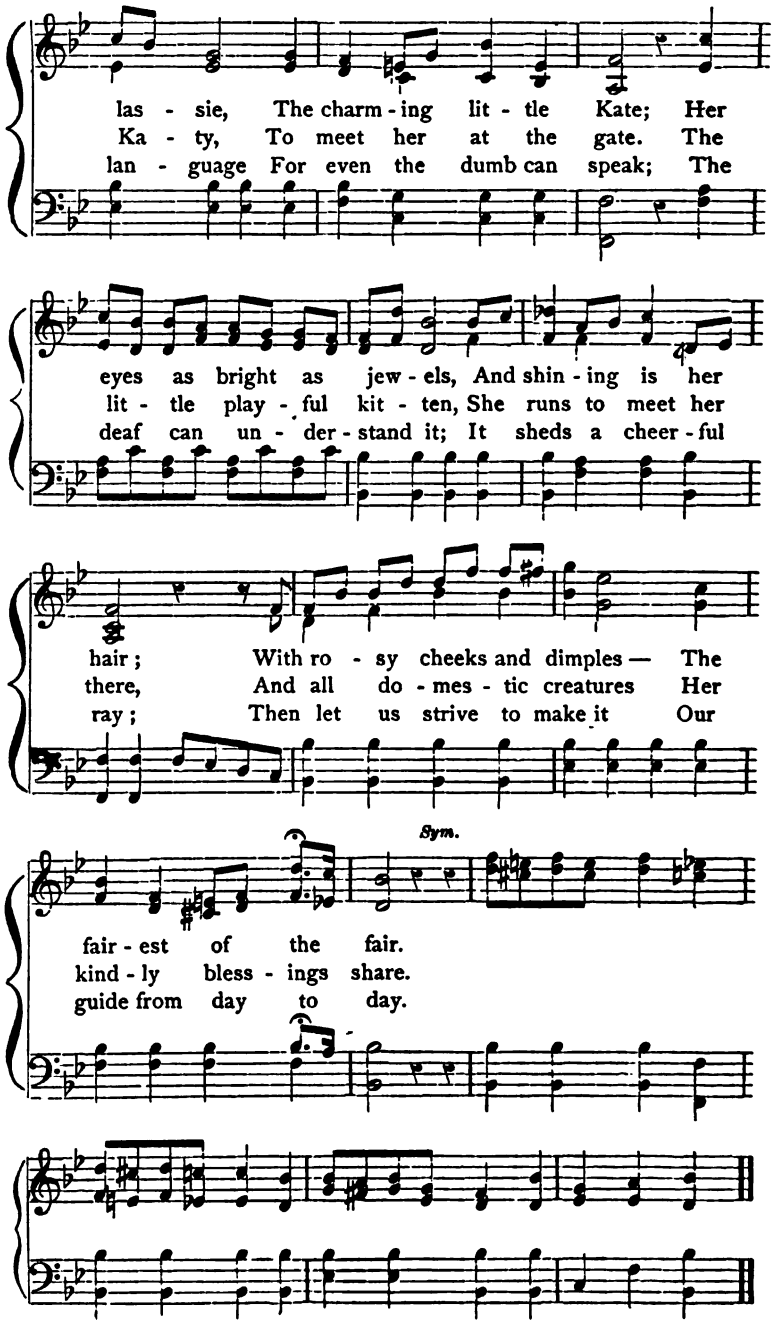
I should like to say a few words to those who take the trouble to make and send us puzzles. In making charades, and defining the syllables, see that the spelling is correct, and perfectly fair, and you will save your time and mine. For instance: don't take the word "idiosyncrasy," and say that "syn" is "*sin*," and "crasy," "*crazy*." In making rebuses, try and let the pictures give the *sound* of the original word, rather than the *spelling*. No. 79, in our March number, is a very good specimen, although too simple for our older puzzlers. A tea-chest and a man do not fairly stand for "the," but rather for "tea-man." A man tossing up a baby does not necessarily stand for a father (or "pa"); it may be the babe's "Old Untle Bill," a bachelor. Two boys may stand for "sons." "A leg, a knee," is not a fair *pronunciation* of "Alleghany;" neither is it a fair spelling. With these few hints, dear puzzlers, you will get the idea of what we want. We want the best rebuses in the country.

Several answered puzzle 62 with "Eagle, gale;" but the eagle loves a good strong gale, therefore, we couldn't call it his "enemy."

CHARMING LITTLE KATE.

Moderato. Music by D. W. Lothrop.

1. See, o'er the flow - 'ry mead - ow, See,
2. To see her is to love her; The
3. Oh bless - ed power of kind - ness! So
through the wick - et gate, There comes our dar - ling
lit - tle lamb - kins wait To greet their smil - ing
gen - tle, lov - ing, meek! It is in - deed a


las - sie, The charm - ing lit - tle Kate; Her
Ka - ty, To meet her at the gate. The
lan - guage For even the dumb can speak; The
eyes as bright as jew - els, And shin - ing is her
lit - tle play - ful kit - ten, She runs to meet her
deaf can un - der - stand it; It sheds a cheer - ful
hair; With ro - sy cheeks and dimples — The
there, And all do - mes - tic creatures Her
ray; Then let us strive to make it Our
Sym.
fair - est of the fair.
kind - ly bless - ings share.
guide from day to day.

THE WOODEN SPOON.

SOMETHING was going to happen that day. Lena rubbed her sleepy eyes, and tried to think what it was. Somebody was already stirring about her room; but that was only Dode, the little dusky maid, who had been going about for an hour, under the delusion that she was setting the room to rights, while she was only making faint dabs at the furniture, and taking a nap now and then between. Lena laughed as she looked at her, nodding before the looking-glass, as if she were bowing to herself. "Are you trying to see how you look when you're asleep, Dode?" she asked.

"Lor's, Miss Lena; now you gwine poke fun at me. Tink you'se some, today, cos it's your buffday," said saucy Dode, rolling her beaded eyes and looking wideawake.

So it was Lena's birthday — twelve years old, today. She looked about the beautiful room, all in rose-color and lace, till it seemed like a rosy dawn, overlaid with little bits of fleecy cloud; and the carpet, so mossy and green with pink buds, looking just ready to burst into full bloom over it; and remembered her last birthday. Then she had opened her eyes on such a different scene. A crowded room, in a crowded emigrant's boarding-house, with smoke, and fumes of lager, and the noise of scolding women and crying children; and, worse than all, the sound of her own mother's sobs, just by her, to wake her to a world of sin and sorrow. But before that day ended, what a beautiful vision had lighted up the bare dark room; and the splendid lady, in her shimmering silks and flashing jewels, had fancied Lena's blue forget-me-not eyes and pale-gold curls, because they were like her own lost darling's, and she had begged her from the half-

starving people, and in a moment, they had whirled away from town to fairy-land. So it seemed to Lena; and it was like a fairy tale to think about, only something choking came into the child's throat, as she thought of that sad-faced mother whom she had left sobbing in the dark, bare room, which made it awfully real. Did she weep there yet, she wondered?

But the little girl sprang from bed resolutely, as if she hoped to leave all such troublesome thoughts behind her there, and ran to the window, to see how the day looked for her birthday party. Dewy fields, with fragrant billows of clover, rosy and white, lay in the distance; and breadths of emerald wheat, and sunny slopes, where the grain grew early golden; or lush-green meadows, where the strawberries early glowed and crimsoned, stretched away on every side. Far off, the Potomac, quiet enough on this fair June morning. Below, in the garden, the roses were in full glory, as if they were keeping some grand festival of nature.

"Isn't it nice, that the roses have come to my birthday, Dode?" said Lena.

"Reckon it's mighty nice to have buffdays at all, but don't know nothin' 'tall 'bout it," said Dode, reflectively; "cos, ye see, black folks don't have 'em."

"Oh, yes, you have, Dode. I heard Mrs. Duval say, that you were near my age; and that was the reason she gave you to me to be my little maid."

"Never heerd nothin' 'bout it," said Dode. "'Peers like all de good tings done made for de white folks; so, I reckon dey has all de buffdays."

"What a funny idea!" said Lena, laughing. "As if birthdays were something that we could help ourselves to, as we do to fried chicken. But, Dode, I wish all those cunning little buds wouldn't be in such a hurry to open; they're so much prettier as they are, if they only knew it."

"Reckon dey wants to look about 'em," said Dode, with a grin, as she began making fierce assaults at the furniture with her duster; for she caught a soft rustle and a softer step at the door.

"What, Lena! not dressed yet? I thought you would wake us all this morning. Have you no curiosity to see your presents and your party-dress? Child — you have never had such a birthday before."

Lena went up to Mrs. Duval with a timid feeling which she could never overcome. "You are so kind to me, madame," — she

could not break herself of her German ways yet, and this splendid-looking woman must always be madame to her. "I was just thinking, a moment ago, how different this was from last—"

"Forget it," interrupted Mrs. Duval, impatiently; "you must not think about the past. Do not recall to me that you are not mine, — my very own. You are doing well, growing more lady-like, I think; and you are lovely enough for a princess. Forget the rest;" and with one kiss, the lady swept out.

Forget it! She was learning the lesson too well. In the wealth and splendor, the innocent child-heart was growing hard and cold. Sometimes, it was heavy, too; for she had the feeling, now and then, that Mrs. Duval valued her only for her looks, as she would a handsome piece of furniture. There was a difference in the love of that pale, careworn woman, whom she had left weeping in the bare dark room; but she must put that thought away. What beautiful things lay spread out for her in the boudoir! She forgot all but joy as she looked at them, mostly ornaments, or articles of dress, for they were the choicest treasures in madame's eyes. First, the party-dress of white tarletan, with necklace and bracelets of coral medallions, palest pink with a soft hint of delicate salmon in their sea-shell hue, and a broad sash to match; then the fairiest of work-boxes; and a fan, that had a spicy odor; and books, in piles; and a dainty parasol — indeed, it would be like a list of things on the table at a fancy fair, to go on with Lena's presents. The flutter of delight at the sight of them lasted till the folds of the white dress fell about her plump little figure, and the coral bracelets were clasped about her white arms. Then she looked in the glass, and thought how beautiful she was, and Mrs. Duval might well say she —— She did not stay to finish that thought, but ran out to gather more roses for the occasion, and to peep at the great dishes of crimson berries, and the great glass pitchers of golden cream, and the huge cake, snow-covered, yet betraying citron and raisins in its speckled sides.

When the children came, they had a merry time. Lena had seen them all before, but Berta Gordon, a haughty-looking beauty of fourteen, who had been one year at boarding-school, and felt her importance. Lena had an uncomfortable feeling in her presence, as if she knew too much about her. She felt as if Berta were saying, inwardly, "You lived once over a lager-bier saloon, and your father is a Dutch carver. While I have always been what I appear to be, you are only imitation." Lena shrank away from

the fiery black eyes, that seemed to look through white lace and coral into her very heart. So, Berta took the lead in everything, and ordered the plays, and would have liked the head of the table also, no doubt; but that Lena could not yield up. She began to feel her old pride again, as she sat there and helped the girls. The feast was spread out under the trees. It would be prettier, Mrs. Duval said; and then the noise would not be in the house. It was, indeed, a lovely spot — the river shining through the trees, and the sweet, rose-scented air blowing softly about them.

"On my last birthday," said Berta, with a satisfied air, "papa took me to town, and let me choose just what I wished for my presents."

"And what did you choose?" called out two or three at once.

"Oh, a gold watch and chain — this one," said Berta, delighted to show it.

All admired; and then Berta asked, as if innocently, "Where were you on your last birthday, Lena?"

Lena felt herself growing crimson, as she answered, "In Warrenton."

"Just as I was coming out of the shop," continued Berta, absently, "I saw the oddest-looking family of German emigrants. They were actually sitting down on their great wooden trunks, in the corner of the street, and eating Bologna sausages a yard long. Oh, girls! the flavor!"

Lena was in an agony of fear at what would come next; and she felt like turning savagely on the little girl next Berta, who said, "Hush!" softly, as if this emigrant-story could concern her. The feast was over, and the flavor of it spoiled to Lena; so, she sat, listening to the gay chatter about her, but looking away to the fields, where the clover was alive with bees, and the waves of shadow softly rolled over it. Suddenly, she turned away, as if those same bees had stung her. What did she see? An old man, strong and vigorous still, but with white hair, from which he had just taken an old straw hat — such an old and shabby hat — and he was wiping his heated face with a red-cotton handkerchief. He wore the most unshapely garments, of a foreign cut, and carried a bundle in one hand, a vulgar-looking bundle. And this common person looked sharply at Lena for a moment, and then called her name. He did not come near.

Berta turned sharply about. "He called you, Lena, that queer looking fellow yonder. I am sure he did."

"Oh, no," faltered Lena. How could she brave the sneers of those gay girls, and go out and take her father by the hand? So she denied him.

"Is he a friend of yours?" asked Berta, with a hidden sneer. "He is a countryman; at least, he looks German. Really, now I look closely, I believe he is one of my emigrants."

"I do not know him," said Lena, growing cold as ice under the sneer. "Perhaps I had better go and speak to Mrs. Duval about it;" and she was conscious, with a great heart-pang, that the old man had turned away.

"I'll run after him, and see if he's my emigrant," cried Berta, as Lena went toward the house. She had told a lie, and it lay as heavy as lead in her heart. Oh! how she despised herself as she thought of it. She did not speak to Mrs. Duval; she had never intended to do so. She locked herself in her pretty rose of a room, and cried in agony. Perhaps even then, Berta was talking to her father, and hearing all about her; perhaps even then those pure young girls were talking in horror about her sin, and cold, wicked, unnatural heart. Just then, a soft knock at the door startled her. She did not answer at first. A thousand terrible doubts and surmises besieged her. Was she to be publicly disgraced, sent out, perhaps forever, from that Eden, as Adam was from the Paradise of old, for her sin? Then she heard a kind voice say, "Lena, they are calling for you. Are you sick?"

It was her governess, a sweet and gentle lady, who had won Lena's heart completely by her kindness. "What are the girls doing, Miss Thorne?" she ventured to ask.

"Why, they are all in the summer-house now, tired of play; and I am going out to tell them a story."

Then perhaps all was well yet. Lena hurriedly bathed her burning face, and went out. Miss Thorne did not look at her; and she was relieved to find herself once more among the girls, with no special notice of her appearance. They were all too expectant of the story to examine their young hostess minutely, and Lena could settle herself in a shady corner and grow quiet, as she listened to "The Wooden Spoon."

"This little story is from the German," said Miss Thorne, "and some of you may have heard it before; but it is good enough to be repeated. Once, there was a wooden spoon, — so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner. No one could ever see a more delicate or tasteful

wooden spoon; and no one took it up, without saying, 'Ah, how pretty it is!' Thus, the little spoon grew vain and proud. 'Ah!' thought the beautiful wooden spoon; 'if I could only be like a silver spoon. Now, I am used by the servants alone; but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself would eat rice and milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal porridge I serve out to the common folks.' So the wooden spoon said to the mistress, 'Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon. I feel within myself, that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at the table with great folks. I am not suited to servants, who have such coarse habits and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon.' The good woman wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon; so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the family plate-basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver. She wished the teaspoons to call her 'aunt;' and called herself 'first-cousin' to the forks.

"But it happened, that when the other spoons were taken out for use, the silvered wooden one was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous; and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order that she might not be forgotten, but be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that, too, when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, and the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket, she complained again to the mistress, and said, 'Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than the rest, and cannot understand why I should be so neglected.'

"'Ah,' said the mistress; 'the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered.'

"'Weight! weight!' cried the silver spoon. 'What! is it not by brightness alone that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?'

"'Dear child, silver is heavier than wood.'

"'Then, pray, make me heavier!' cried the spoon. 'I long to be as good as the rest; and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant.'

"The mistress, willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith. 'Dear heart,' she said to him, 'make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one.'

"'To do that,' said the goldsmith, 'it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle.'

"'Ah!' thought the poor spoon; 'then must he bore straight into my heart' (for the heart of a spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when spoons *have* hearts); 'but it is necessary to bear all for honor. Yes; he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon.' So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it; but she suffered all for the honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now, the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference. So, she was placed with the rest of the silver on the great dinner-table, and passed for a real beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused her a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors. So, time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was she plated, and so heavy had she been made. But the mistress died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the great table, she had recollected that the mistress was the only one who knew that she was really nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took up another spoon, instead of her, she was jealous, and said, 'That is because she knows all about me. She knows I am a wooden spoon, silvered outside, and with a lump of lead within me.' But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself, 'Now, I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I'm not quite what I seem.' The goods were, however, now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest. She saw the furnace, and heard, with dismay, that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, and exclaimed against the cruelty practiced on the friendless orphans who had lost their kind protectress; but her companions lay calmly within

sight of the furnace. 'They will burn us up!' she cried. 'They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct.'

"'Oh, no,' said an old spoon and fork, who lay composedly, side by side. They had been comrades from youth, those two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often. 'Oh, no; they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us. The furnace will do us rather good than harm, and we shall soon appear in a new and fashionable form.'

"The silvered spoon listened, and was not comforted. It did not console her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew very well that wood must do so. 'Ah!' cried the silly little spoon, 'I see; it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known.'

"The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried, in great excitement, and with a trembling voice, 'Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight. But then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons. I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke.'

"'Indeed! What are you, then? Perhaps tin.'

"'Tin! Can the gracious master think so meanly of me?'

"'Perhaps even lead.'

"'Lead! Ah, the dear master can easily see if I am lead.'

"'Well; that I will do,' said the master, and began to bend the handle, when *snap* it went in two; for wood will not bear bending, like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead. 'So!' cried the master; 'only a common wooden spoon silvered over.'

"'Yes!' cried the poor wooden spoon, which, as soon as the lead fell from her heart, felt quite light and happy. 'Take away the silvering, dear master, and set me in the kitchen again, for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to pass for a silver one.'"

Lena was glad she was sitting in the shadow of the vine-leaves, gladder still, that the twilight was coming on, and making all things dim. Could Miss Thorne know all, that she had told this strange story to her? Ah! she knew well how the poor spoon felt when the lead was poured into its heart, for her own heart was as cold and heavy as lead that moment.

When the girls were going, Berta planted a parting thorn. "O

Lena!" she said; "I forgot to tell you, that the old man was my emigrant; and he has a really fine face, although he does eat Bolognas. He said, in such a melancholy, broken way, that he 'thought he knew you, but he have been mistaken;' and he shook his head sadly, and said, 'I have lost her! I have lost her!' in a way to make one cry. But he would not tell me whom he had lost."

Lena asked no questions; but every word sank into her heart, like the melted lead into the heart of the little spoon. Oh! to live over again this day! She began to cry again, as the carriages rolled away from the gate, and the dew, soft and sweet, began to fall. Where, oh, where, was the weary old man now? He must have toiled all the long miles from Warrenton to look at her again. She could bear her heavy heart no longer. Some words of scripture, half-forgotten, arose now, and she murmured, "I will arise, and go to my Father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and against thee!" At the word, she saw Miss Thorne not far off, and ran towards her. To tell any one, to share the shameful secret of her deceit, to lay down part of the burden of her sorrow, seemed the best thing to do. Miss Thorne listened kindly, but expressed no surprise.

"You say nothing," said Lena, impatiently. "Did you expect such wickedness from me?"

"No, dear; but I knew it all before," the lady answered; "I saw the whole scene from my window. You know, I lived in Warrenton, and had seen your father before."

"Then, the story" — stammered Lena, blushing painfully.

"Was told for a gentle lesson, love, which I hope has done you good."

"It has — it has. But, oh, Miss Thorne, the lead is so heavy in my heart. Will you help me find him? — he loved me so. I remember it now — and to think" — but tears stopped all words.

Just then, Dode came lounging along in her slow way, but with a face full of lively interest. She only gave one glance at Lena's tear-stained face, as she exclaimed, "O Miss Thorne! Maum Jinsie want yer right away; cos dars a man done tuk sick in her cabin, an' she's so flustered. 'Pears like she tought de poor man done gone and got sick a purpose."

"It's my father!" exclaimed Lena, in new terror, as she started away, without seeing Dode's round-eyed astonishment. Miss Thorne could scarcely keep up with the fleet footstep, that hardly brushed the dew from the fragrant lawns.

"Father!" muttered Dode to herself, with an inbred respect for broadcloth, turning up her little nose further into the air. "Lor's, ef I didn't tink Miss Lena was de fust blood, for shoo; an' she's noffing but pore white trash. Reckon her father don't own a nigger." But her interest in the sequel conquered her, and she followed quickly to Maum Jinsie's cabin. Lena was already there. She had kissed the hot brow many times, and held the toil-worn hands in her own dimpled ones, stroking them fondly all the while, repeating over and over again, as if she would fain make up for her wicked and proud denial, "Father, dear father!" only she said it in German, as being dearer and sweeter to her father's ears; and Dode heard in wild-eyed amazement, as if she were listening to a witch's incantation.

After drinking some new milk and resting awhile, the old man told Lena why he had come. They were better off now, he said; with a bit of a house of their own, and a little shop; but other troubles had overtaken them, and the house-mother lay sick. "And she have long day and night, for one look of her child," he said, bowing, with real courtesy, to Miss Thorne; "so, liebes kind, I come to you. I walk so far as I not know. I ask, and

ask; and den I see you so lieblich and happy. I have joy; but you want not de poor tired vater. I go now; my Lena is proud and hart. I go now, and tell de moder she ist no more ours!"

"Oh, no, father! forgive me!" said Lena, throwing her arms about him, and crushing her pretty white dress without a thought. "I am yours. I will go to my mother. I have remembered you all; and the dear old home in Germany, where we were so happy, and the daisies on little Max's grave. Is Laure pretty yet, and does she talk of sister Lena?"

"Laure ist ein angel, shild," said the old man, reverently. "She shines in the light of God."

Then poor Lena cried more bitterly; but the old man rose and began to gather his things together — the common, vulgar bundle that Lena had despised — the shabby hat — the red-cotton handkerchief. She took the bundle. "I will carry this, father," she cried.

"But, my child," said Miss Thorne, almost smiling, in spite of the pathos of the scene; "you cannot go in that dress, and without a word to Mrs. Duval."

So Lena left Dode for sentinel, as if she feared her father would steal off from her unworthy self while she was gone. The moon was up now, and made a silvery daylight over all the lawn; so that even the red roses blushed brightly in its light, and two or three gay birds, having sipped rather too much dew, began to carol a strange, unsteady, quavering song, as if they were talking in their sleep. But Lena did not wait to look at anything, or to listen to the music of leaf or bird. She hardly seemed to breathe, till she stood in Mrs. Duval's boudoir, and, for the first time, forgetting her fears, poured out the whole story, with a rapidity and vehemence which brought that quiet lady to her feet at once.

Madame had scarcely words for her indignation. "Your father! Never say the word again! I have lifted you out of the mire," she said, with a superb scorn; "you are mine. If I find a jewel in the dirt, I pick it up. I do not pick up the dirt too."

"But, Miss Thorne says we are all made out of the dust of the earth," said Lena, with the color going and coming in her cheek; "and they belong to me — my family."

"No; I cut you loose from them. They are nothing to you. Do you hear, child? They must be nothing to you.'

"But God made them something to me, madame. My mother — my own mother — is lying sick. I must go to her. You are

kind, better to me than I deserve ; but she loves me. I was her first little baby when she had a happy home in the fatherland, and she longs for me now."

"Bah! Such people," said madame, with infinite contempt, "to have longings! I will send her money, if none of them ever trouble me again ; but you cannot go. I cannot have you permeated with vulgar odors again. It is impossible. Send word by Dode that I have said it!" and Madame Duval threw herself in her easy-chair again, as if there was no appeal from that decision.

Then Lena was roused, and the red spot burned fixedly on her cheek. "Then, madame, good-by! I cannot stay longer, for my father is waiting for me."

Mrs. Duval opened her large eyes, at first in astonishment, then they blazed with anger. "Child, do you dare?" ——

"I am going with my father," Lena said, simply. "My mother may die."

"Then you go forever."

"Well!" Lena felt, before the fierce blaze of those passionate eyes, that it would, indeed, be "well" to be away.

"Think," said the lady, with forced calmness, "of all you leave — this lovely home — your kind teacher — I do not count myself among your blessings. Can you go back to that horrid place — the vile smells — the coarse life — the poor fare? Think a moment, and tell me you are my own Lena again."

"I have thought. I nearly yielded to the sweet temptation; but now I know I am right. It is right to leave all —"

Mrs. Duval wasted no more words. She gave not even a glance at the beautiful child who had served as a toy for a year's amusement. "Then, go!" that was all she said.

"Good-by!" murmured Lena, a flood of sweet recollections making her soft again ; but no answering word met her ear, and so she stole softly away. But she was not allowed to go without some sweet farewell words. Miss Thorne had gathered the needful clothing in a bundle, and one of the carriages stood ready to bear the footsore father and herself to their humble home. The negroes gathered round with many kind exclamations. Even Dode relented, and shed a tear for her Miss Lena, as tender as if she had really been "de fust blood in de country." But the tears Lena shed were not unhappy tears, for she was going to her own ; and all the humble home-joys, so long thrust aside, came

up to memory now. She peered out anxiously for the little cottage, and rejoiced to see a garden about it, as in the fatherland. Peace, like a white-winged dove, came down and brooded over her heart. It was home.

The mother lay trembling and wakeful on her sick bed; but one kiss from Lena told all. "Ah, darling! are you found again?" she murmured. "Why did we let you go? Because we were poor, must we make ourselves poorer by giving up the jewels the good God has given us?"

"I am yours now, to keep," said Lena, smiling. Then a white-robed troop came crowding around her; and there was such a loving time, that Lena wondered how she had lived a whole year without love. Ah! what a wearying day it had been! Lena's blue eyes closed the moment she laid her head on the hard little bed which she shared with a chubby little sister; and she never slept more soundly on madame's downy couch, in her sweet little rose of a room, than she did there.

Time rolled on; and Lena gave the dear mother a last kiss, and saw her laid by little Laure under the churchyard daisies. Then, oh! how glad she was that she could comfort them all in her poor way, and be a little mother to the children. So the father was prospered greatly in his work, and the little cottage grew into new beauty inside, as if it was blooming in the sunshine of prosperity, as the roses do in the summer sun; and Lena sits singing with a happy heart at her work under the vine-wreathed porch. And this is what she sings — four lines that she heard Miss Thorne once read, and she never forgets them: —

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

HELEN W. PIERSON.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

THE CHEVALIER BAYART, FEARLESS AND BLAMELESS.

II. MANHOOD.

SOON after Bayart's encounter with the Burgundian, his master, fearing the young squire would be spoiled by court flattery, resolved to send him to Picardy, to rough it awhile with the garrison there. The courtiers were all sorry to part with Bayart; and the king, in bidding him adieu, gave him three hundred crowns and a fine horse. From his master, who was very fond of him, he received many rich gifts, and plenty of good advice.

For the next two years, Picquet had rather a dull time of it; but he made friends among the garrison, as he had everywhere else. As long as he had a crown, he was ready to share it with his comrades; and his obliging and generous disposition, made him a great favorite with them. At last, the young king, tired of mock combats, and eager to distinguish himself as a conqueror, acting on a hint from Sforza, Duke of Milan, who was on bad terms with the King of Naples, rashly undertook the subjugation of that kingdom. So, to Italy, with the king, in 1494, marched all his nobles; and you may be sure, the Sire de Ligny did not leave his favorite squire behind. Foolhardy as the expedition seemed, Charles soon awed the northern states into neutrality, brought the Pope of Rome to terms, and entered Naples in triumph. The duke, becoming alarmed by the excesses which Charles permitted his soldiers, incited the Italians to form a league against the intruder; and as he was returning to France, with less than a fourth of his army, they fell upon him in the Pass of Fornova. The gallantry of his knights alone saved him from destruction. Bayart bore himself manfully. He had two horses shot under him, and with his own hand captured a guidon from the enemy. Charles escaped with trifling loss, though hundreds of the Italians were slain; but, within a year or two, he saw the

remnant of his army driven from Italy, and died without being able to maintain there the glory of his arms.

His successor, Louis XII., took up the cause, with the shadow of a claim to the duchy of Milan; and having compelled Sforza, its duke, to seek refuge in Germany, he returned to France, leaving a small force to assert his supremacy in the dukedom. With this garrison was our hero, who hated inaction, and longing for further distinction in arms, one day, proposed to a few of his comrades, that they should make a sally upon a large troop of Italian cavalry stationed near them. The attack was so successful, that the horsemen fled precipitately, the French knights in full chase. As they neared the gates of Milan, the retreat was sounded, which all obeyed but Bayart, who, too eager for glory, dashed madly on alone, and soon found himself a prisoner. Sforza, who, in the meantime, had come back with succors from Germany, was in command of the city, and ordered Bayart to be brought before him. Surprised at his youth and courage, he exclaimed, "How now, young gentleman? What brought you here?" "I' faith," replied Picquet, "I had no idea of coming when I started; and my comrades know more about war than I do, else they would be prisoners with me here." The duke then questioned him closely about the designs of the French king. "My master has many thousand good soldiers," said Bayart, "who are determined that he shall have his rights; and you, sir, would be far safer in Germany than here, for your people have no idea of opposing us." Bayart spoke with such assurance, that the duke was convinced; but feigning to have no fears, he answered, "By my troth, young squire! I desire nothing more than that this question of inheritance between your master and me should be speedily decided by battle." "So would I say," cried Bayart, "if only I were not a prisoner." "You are one no longer," said Sforza, charmed with his frankness and enthusiasm. "Ask of me what you will beside, and it shall be yours." To this, Bayart replied, "If your highness will kindly give me back my horse and arms, and allow me to return to my garrison, I will never forget your generosity, and will do all I can to serve you, as far as is consistent with my honor and my duty to the king." His request was granted; and Ludovic, as he bade him farewell, added, in admiration, "If all the French knights are like Bayart, I fear my chance of success is small;" a prediction afterwards sadly realized, by his seizure and imprisonment for life.

The conquest of Italy was the sole object of Louis's ambition. To effect this, he entered into unwise alliances with those who had long been the enemies of France. Now, it was with Spain against Naples; and then, against Venice with Austria, Spain, and the pope; finally, compelled to fight single-handed against them all together. I cannot begin to tell you of the brilliant exploits of Bayart during this period. He challenged the bravest of the Spanish warriors, and vanquished them in every combat; he held a bridge alone for half-an-hour against two hundred of the enemy; and for skill and daring, the king's army had not his equal. Finally, in a battle, commanded by the young and noble Gaston de Foix, nephew of Louis, Bayart, as usual, craving the post of honor, was grievously wounded. While he lay, sick and suffering, in the little village where he had been carried, his general sent him rich gifts and five hundred crowns. The latter, Bayart divided between the two archers who had borne him from the field. Soon after, De Foix went to visit him. "Bayart, my friend," said he, "the king keeps writing to me, that I must drive the Spaniards out of Italy, which cannot be done without another battle; and I would rather lose a hundred of my boldest, than that you should not be there, so great is my trust in you." "And there I will be, if I have to go in a litter," cried the wounded knight. Bayart became so restless and unhappy, for fear the battle would take place without him, that at last, he declared, come life or death, he would lie there no longer. His hostess, fearful of the result, invoked blessings upon him. "Flower of chivalry," she called him; and, grateful for his courtesy to her family, pressed upon him a purse of gold. With that delicacy for which he was renowned, Bayart sent for her daughters, and thanking them for their kindness to a wounded soldier, divided the sum between them. The joy of the duke and his army, on Bayart's return to camp, was great. Then came the dreadful day of Ravenna, when Bayart showed himself worthy of his commander's trust, and equal to "a hundred of his boldest;" and victory for France was dearly bought with the death of the valiant De Foix, who fell, pierced with fourteen wounds, having, though only twenty-two, achieved, in a few weeks, enough to render glorious the longest life.

Wounded shortly after, in a night attack, made by the Swiss on the French camp, Bayart was forced to return to France with the retiring army. There, for months, he lay parched with fever, carefully tended by his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble, his father and

mother being long since dead. "Jesu Christ!" he would cry, beseechingly; "have I passed through so much, to die at last in my bed like a girl? Oh, that I had fallen with De Foix, at the moment of victory!" It was pitiful to see his sufferings; but the good bishop's prayers were answered, and Bayart lived to win a fame more glorious than that of the friend whose loss he mourned. Of all the bloody wars waged by Francis I., in Italy, for the possession of Milan, Bayart was the hero. Another army being collected, he was sent with the advance by a new road over the Alps; and surprising Prosper Colonna, the pope's general, who, unconscious of danger, was supping at Villafranca, he ordered him to surrender. "To whom?" asked the astonished Colonna. "To Bayart, of France," was the answer; and the power of that name, Colonna dared not resist.

In 1515, the youthful king himself took the field; and in the valley of Marignano, was fought the best-contested battle of history. In the October twilight, the attack was made; and at midnight, friend and foe, no longer distinguishable, slept, side by side, on the field till daybreak, when the battle was renewed. At sunset, on the bloody field, the king, victorious, knelt at Bayart's feet, and said, "From thy hand alone, Bayart, I wish to receive the honor of knighthood; for no man in so many battles has ever given such proof of prowess." Bayart, giving him the *accolade*, kissed his sword, saying, "Sword, which this day has knighted the grandest king on earth, hereafter I will use thee only against the enemies of Christ."

When he had promised Francis that he would defend Mezieres, the enemy sent a herald to warn him that his position was untenable. He had better listen to terms, they said; for it would be pity to sully so illustrious a fame by surrender. "Go, tell those that sent you," said the hero, "that I am no longer a child, to be terrified by threats. The king, my master, has many knights better able to guard this city than I am; but since he has done me the honor to entrust it to me, I mean, with God's help, to hold it." "And he will do it, too," said an Italian, unable to repress his admiration, when Bayart's answer was brought back. "Bayart is neither iron nor steel," growled the angry general; "and my guns may alter his mind." But Bayart had an iron will and nerves of steel, and for three weeks, he held the foe at bay; and compelling them at last, to retire, was hailed by the towns-people as their deliverer, and rewarded with fresh honors by the king.

Francis, now meanly slighting the claims of Charles de Bourbon, put Admiral Bonnivet at the head of his army. From these two knights, had their positions been reversed, he might have had noble service; but he thus foolishly made a bitter enemy of the one — of the other, an incompetent general. Bonnivet's campaign was disastrous, and its saddest result was the sacrifice of Bayart. In obedience to orders which he knew to be ignorantly issued, he had undertaken, without a murmur, the most hazardous enterprises; and now, coveting as ever the post of danger, he was covering the admiral's retreat, marching slowly, with his face to the foe, when his back was broken by a shot. "My God! I die!" cried he, as his esquires lifted him from his horse and laid him under a tree. "Do not mourn," he added, as he saw their tears; "it is God's will. He has kept me long, and given me more honors than I deserve; all I regret is, that I have not done my duty better." They would have placed him on a litter, but his agony was such, that he begged them to desist. Two knights refused to leave him; but he sent them away, saying, "You cannot help me, and you must not be taken. Go, tell the king, that I regret most in dying, that I can serve him no longer." So, they left him alone. Pescara, who led the pursuit, ordered a tent to be stretched over the dying hero, and standing for a moment at his side, he said, "Bayart, though thou art my enemy, I cannot be glad to see thee so, when I remember what chivalry loses by thy death." And De Bourbon, now in the service of Spain, taking his hand, said, "Bayart, I have always loved and honored you, and from my heart I pity you." "I need no pity," replied Bayart, proudly; "for I die in defence of my king. It is you who are to be pitied, who bear arms against your country." In the French army it was as if each man had lost a dear friend. "Who will ransom us now, if we are taken?" they asked each other, sadly. "If we fall in battle, who will care for our widows and orphans?" And then they talked of his justice and generosity and humility. "He used to say," said one, "that a kingdom without justice was like a forest full of brigands, and he never would sustain his best friend in ill-doing." "He was no flatterer," said another; "and would not bend from the right for the king himself." "He has never kept a single ducat of all the spoil we have taken for himself," cried a third; "and how gentle and merciful and tender he was!"

So, without fear and without reproach, died the noble Chevalier

Bayart, and never any nation suffered greater loss. Lovingly his body was borne homeward, through Savoy, where he was mourned as a son, from church to church, lying in state like a prince, to its last home near Grenoble, where, to testify their respect to his memory, the people ceased all pastime for a month.

C. A. BAKER.

A SONG OF THE SPRING.

THE birds are flitting from bough to bough,
The blackbird calls to his dusky mate;
The robin and sparrow welcome me now,
As I pass out of the garden-gate.

O'er meadow and wood the clouds hang low,
And silently drop their treasures down;
The river, set free from ice and snow,
Flows merrily on to the busy town.

The grass grows green, and lengthens apace,
The snow-drop and crocus no longer wait;
The violet timidly lifts its face,
The leaf-buds burst from their brown estate.

April, sweet month of the changeful skies,
Thy gracious lessons let me learn;
When clouds upon my pathway rise,
And fading hopes for comfort yearn.

Be it mine to know, that cloudy days
And dropping rains bring summer weather,
Sweet flowers, ripe fruits, and leafy ways,
The bloom of purple to the heather.

To know, when our hearts seem filled with fears,
And wrapped in clouds and falling mist,
That beauty and joy shall spring through our tears,
And blossom anew, by sunshine kissed.

AUNT MILLY.

THE PET EAGLE.

"WHAT do you wish me to talk about, tonight?" I asked, as Hal and I sat down like an old couple, one on each side of the fireplace; for the little people had gone out to a second Christmas, as they called it, and we were alone in the parlor.

"Eagles," answered Hal, promptly. "I overheard father say, that somebody said he was sorry the bald eagle was the representative of our country, for he's a real thief. He thinks fish are jolly, but he's too lazy to catch them; so he watches the fish-hawk when she gets her dinner, and as soon as she has caught one, he flies at her and takes it away. Then he's a mean coward; for the little kingbirds drive him anywhere. So he isn't at all a fit emblem for Americans, who, the man said, have driven all the *kingbirds* out of the country; but is just right for the order of knights which the French call *chevaliers d'industrie*. What knights are those, auntie; and who said it; and is it true? I didn't have a chance to ask father."

"It was Benjamin Franklin who wrote thus of the bald eagle, and the description is a true one. The strong, handsome fellow is a coward at times; and he is a *chevalier d'industrie*, that is, a thief.

"I'm awful sorry," said Hal, looking pensively at the fire; "I'm awful sorry. I thought the eagle was a jolly bird, — true blue, through and through. I've looked up to him, and respected him, and I hate to change my mind. It feels as if I'd stubbed my toe, and come down with a bang."

"Perhaps I can console you with some stories about him and his kin."

"Oh, can you, auntie?"

"Yes; as many as will last from six o'clock until twelve, which will be just four hours longer than your mamma will allow you to sit up. But, before I begin, I wish to remind you, that the weaknesses of birds and beasts of prey are wisely ordered for the well-being of man. For instance: it is sometimes fortunate that the bald eagle is less brave in holding than in seizing his plunder, as I can easily show you.

"One day, a woman in New Jersey took her baby into the garden for a walk; and seeing that the grass and pigweed were growing faster than the vegetables and flowers, she said, 'Tottens,

we must stop a bit. Sit here, my darling, and play in the alley, while I pull up these naughty weeds.'

"Mamma was smiling; so, baby smiled back, and nodded her head, and shook her chubby fists, and seemed mightily pleased with the proposal, and as soon as she was fairly down, she made the pebbles and sand fly till she laughed outright. Mamma, in the meantime, pulled up a great pigweed, then a handful of purslane, and next a tough root of grass, — an old settler, that seemed determined to hold on, — giving a look now and then at baby, who crowed and cooed in answer. By and by, however, she grew so busy over her work, that she forgot 'Tottens,' until a sharp scream aroused her, when she turned quickly; and what do you think she saw? A bald eagle dragging away baby by her dress, in which he had stuck his sharp, strong claws."

"Did he kill her?" asked Hal, breathlessly.

"No; for the little creature's dress tore, so that he lost his hold; and then he was so frightened by the poor mother's screams that he did not try to catch her again, but flew off as quickly as he could."

"Do birds of prey fly fast, auntie?"

"The flight of a hawk is supposed to be about one hundred and fifty miles an hour; and a falcon, which belonged to the French king, Henry IV., flew from Fontainbleau to Malta, thirteen hundred and fifty miles, in a single day. But the eagle is a sad glutton, especially when he finds plenty of spoiled meat; and after he has eaten too hearty a dinner, he cannot rise easily. The Scotch take advantage of this, and make a trap for him thus: They raise four walls, like those of a hut, with a hole, like a door, large enough for the bird to go through. On the outside of this, they put a strong cord with a running noose; then inside the walls, which have no roof, they put some meat. The eagle pounces down on the bait, eats till he is heavy and stupid, and instead of trying to fly, which is hard work at such times, he walks through the hole and is caught in the noose. This grows tighter and tighter round his neck the more he struggles, until he drops dead."

"I'm glad they get come up with sometimes," said Hal, with a comfortable feeling of satisfied justice.

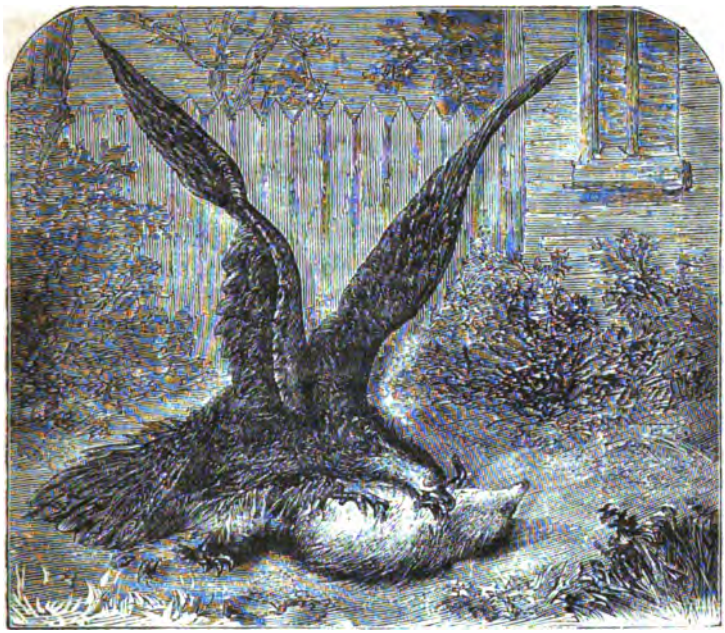
"They do more frequently and in more ways than you imagine. One harvest season, two little boys, who lived not far from New York, went into the grain-field to see their father reap. Like

most children, they wanted to help, and did not see why they could not handle a sickle as well as anybody. Papa thought otherwise, and said 'No' to their request so decidedly, that they went off to play 'Hide-and-Seek.' They were not content, however, and secretly planned to stay in the field at dinner-time, thinking to do ever so much work, and surprise their parents by their skill and labor when they should return from their meal. They did surprise them; but not in the manner they anticipated. Hardly had the oldest boy taken the sickle, when a hungry eagle came sailing round and round in wide circles, his tail spread, and his wings hardly moving. Higher and higher he soared, until he became a mere speck, and then passed wholly out of sight for an instant, when he suddenly turned, and darted downward to seize the child. He missed his aim; but not at all discouraged, he alighted on the ground, and rushed upon him. Instead of trying to run away, which would have given the bird just the chance he wanted, the little hero stood his ground right manfully; and at the moment of closing with him, struck him so strongly and steadily, that the sickle entered under the wing, went through the ribs, and killed him in a moment."

"What a pity it is, that they can't be made useful, they are so strong and swift!" said Hal, who was just learning that labor is the law of life.

"They are so, sometimes," I replied, "as a Scotch gentleman once found. A pair of eagles lived near him on a high rock, a few yards in front of which there was a stone, about six feet long and as many broad. This stone was their store-room; and there they kept ducks, partridges, hares, rabbits, mice, and occasionally, lambs, fawns, and kids. When the hen-eagle was hatching, her mate was particularly polite, and often carved the game with his beak and claws, before passing it to her. The storeroom was also the schoolroom; and here the parents gave their first lessons to their young. As soon as the eaglets could hop its length, they often brought to them living rabbits and hares, and taught them to kill them for themselves. The gentleman of whom I have spoken was not always prepared for visitors; and when they arrived unexpectedly, instead of sending his servants to the market, which was a long way off, he directed them to borrow of his neighbors, the eagles, and they seldom returned empty-handed."

"Do people ever tame eagles?" asked Hal.



"Sometimes. Mr. Buckland, the gentleman who owned Tig, had a white-tailed sea-eagle, which I think you would like to hear about. The poor captive was carried to London in a steamer, fastened into a little close cage. The change from his wild freedom to his miserable coop, the strange movement of the vessel, the new faces continually peeping at him, and the food so unlike that with which he had been accustomed to supply his table, had taken the fire out of his once sharp, bright eyes, and made him look as utterly wretched as ever a bird did. Luckily for him, Mr. Buckland saw him; and he pitied him so much, that he bought him, put him in a great basket, which was marked 'Passenger's luggage,' and carried him home to Oxford.

"In his new quarters, he quickly recovered from the effects of his journey, and was as saucy and mischievous as he had ever been in his home on the cliffs. He had a large pan for a bath-tub, and ever so many times in a day, he dipped and splashed in it, after which he returned to his perch and turned his face to the sun, never minding its broadest glare. He was now fully 'out,' and had as many visitors as a city belle, or a young bride, or any other lion in fashionable society. Among them were learned pro-

fessors, and students who were trying to be learned; schoolboys, noisy and frolicsome; schoolgirls, quiet, but curious; and little children with their nurses; but they all kept at a respectful distance; and nobody ventured to shake his claw for a good-morning, or pat the long, drooping feathers of his head for a good-by. There were four-footed guests, however, who were less cautious. A few nights after the stranger's arrival, a hedgehog resolved to look about his neighbor's yard, thinking to find a few worms, or insects, or, possibly a snail or two. The wall was of no account. Oh, no! He could climb on the palings on one side, and then drop down on the other. So, up he mounted, then threw himself down; and while descending, he put his head on his breast, drew up his legs, and curled his body round these members, till he was nothing but a ball of sharp spikes. The tumble agreed with him; at any rate, it didn't hurt him, for he unrolled himself, put down one foot and then another, until all four touched mother earth, stretched out his sharp little face, opened his bluish-gray eyes, and trotted softly along. He poked his nose into every crevice, turned over every leaf, and was making a very satisfactory meal, when suddenly, below the ranges of bristling spines, which covered his back, and partly protected his sides, he felt the long, sharp claws of his fearful enemy driven deep into his flesh. He cried aloud — cried like a child in dreadful pain; and the whole family, great and small, woke in a fright.

"'What could the eagle be doing?' they asked each other. 'He must have seized an infant. Whose could it be? and how could it have come there?'

"The night was so dark, that nothing could be seen from the windows; and everybody dreaded to go out, lest a poor, little bleeding body should appear in the bird's talons. It would not do to linger, however, for the screams were already growing fainter and fainter; so one, and another, and another, ventured tremblingly forward, and looked carefully round by the light of the burning lanterns. They found the eagle in the middle of the grass-plat, from which he croaked angrily at the new-comers, spreading his wings the while over his victim, which he was determined not to give up. After looking all kinds of threats with his fine eyes, he hopped into a corner on one foot, while he held his prey with the other. As the unfortunate little fellow was almost dead, no one interfered, and he ate him up, bones, spikes, and all."

"I suppose the bristles answered for pepper and vinegar," said

Hal. "I will tell cook that I have a new recipe for meat-sauce. Did he do any other mischief?"

"Oh, yes; ever so much. Among the pets of the house was a little black-and-tan terrier. He had never seen an eagle before; neither had he heard about the unlucky hedgehog. So he walked carelessly by the perch, when down swept the eagle as fiercely as if he had been half-starved. Away went the dog, with his tail between his legs, like a vessel with its sails furled taut and trim, before the blast. After him ran his enemy, jumping his best, and beating the air with his wings, which, however, had just been clipped, so that they assisted him but little. The dog would certainly have been lost, but that there was a hedge at no great distance, and he bolted through the stems just in season to escape the claws which were thrust after him.

"The cats about the place suffered worse than the dog. At first, puss regarded the eagle with some awe, kept her distance, and was only coldly polite to his lordship; but the treacherous thief, whenever she was about, kept his eyes to himself, and pretended to be thinking of more important subjects than her pretty self. So she ventured a little nearer. He didn't turn. Still nearer — nearer yet — right under his perch; and then he pounced upon her, surrounded her with his wings, put one foot on her back and the other on her throat, and having killed her in a twinkling, he ate her, bones and all, leaving only her skin, which he turned inside out, as cook does when she hangs up a rabbit-skin.

"Then, the poor little guinea-pigs made hardly more than a mouthful apiece for the thief; and worse still, a jackdaw, who could laugh and talk and sing and steal, with the best of his name, found his way down the same ever-open throat. The monkey came very near disappearing in the same manner; but he scrambled into a tree just as his dreaded foe rushed to its foot, his beak wide open, and his wings outspread as if for flight.

"Not satisfied with thieving out-of-doors, the eagle at last entered the house, and helped himself to breakfast before his master was served. Flying in through the window, he perched upon a fine ham. Sticking his claws deep into the fat, he tore off great pieces and swallowed them, like the greedy fellow he was; but before he had half-finished, the door opened, and his mistress appeared. When he saw her, he croaked angrily, and tried to carry off his prize, upsetting the delicate cups and saucers, knocking over the handsome silver, and sending the cream and

sugar in a sweet little river over the elegant damask cloth. He found it too heavy; so he let it fall on the carpet, caught up a cold partridge in its place, and sped away as he came.

"This was the last naughty trick that I know of; for Master Eagle was sent away to a place where he couldn't get dogs, cats, and guinea-pigs, or even hares and partridges, if he tried ever so hard."

M. G. SLEEPER.

HOLLYWOOD.

IV.

"THESE little friends of mine were never in a city before," Mr. Millburn said to Miss May; "and here is Nettie, who, I believe, was never in the country. Nettie," said her uncle, turning suddenly to her, "how would you like living where you could see nothing but a forest and a river, and a great plain covered with flowers, and could hear hardly nothing all the day but the singing of the birds; and instead of taking walks and drives through these crowded streets, and going to evening parties and the theatre, how would you like playing games and riding horseback on the prairie, and hunting in the woods for berries and grape-vine swings?"

"I thought only Indians loved that kind of life," said Nettie.

"I have known some little girls who were not Indians live that kind of life; haven't you, Cassy?" said Mr. Millburn; "and that is the kind of life I believe all little girls ought to live. Ask your teacher if she doesn't think so."

"I think," said Miss May, speaking with a great deal of earnestness, "that all children should learn to know and love Nature."

"Well; I don't think that they all ought to go and live in the woods, or on the prairie," said Nettie, pertly. "I am sure, I shouldn't like it. It would be just like being in prison."

But, as Nettie listened to her uncle talking with Agnes and Cassy about their home-life, calling to remembrance all their wild sports and quiet pleasures, she could not but feel interested, in spite of herself; and at times was so much amused, that she was guilty of laughing aloud; and when her uncle drove into the street where her father lived, she said she had changed her mind;

she believed she would not go home. She would drive with them.

They went through all the pleasantest part of the city, and passed all places of interest; and Agnes and Cassy would now stop to talk about some new object of delight or wonder; and then question eagerly about "home," and about Tad Fenwick — where he was, and if they could see him. Here, Nettie Millburn opened her eyes wide, and looked shocked. She knew who Tad was; she had seen him at her uncle's, — "an awkward, ill-dressed, country boy, and both poor and ignorant," she had said to herself; and wondered why her uncle took such an interest in him.

"You will not be able to see Tad today," said Mr. Millburn; "but some time when he has a holiday, I will bring him out to see you."

"The idea of *that boy* coming out to Hollywood!" whispered Nettie to Miss May. "I wish you could see him! If the girls won't laugh! I do think, Uncle Dean is the funniest man in the world."

Miss May made no reply, but said something to Mr. Millburn about it being late in the afternoon, and the girls would have to be at home by tea-time.

"Oh, we have not seen where Mr. Millburn lives yet!" cried Cassy. "Do let us go there, please!"

"We are already there," said Mr. Millburn. "Here it is; do you see?" pointing to a plain, old-fashioned house with a piazza in front, setting some way back from the street, and surrounded by trees.

"Oh, I like that!" exclaimed Agnes, "better than most any place we've seen. It looks like a home."

"It looks as if you lived there when you was a little boy," said Cassy. "I like it, too."

"I did live there when I was a little boy," said Mr. Millburn, smiling; and turning to Miss May, he said, "it will take some time to pervert their tastes. Nature has taught them to love simplicity."

"Mr. Millburn, do you live all alone?" asked Cassy.

"Not quite. An aunt, a kind old lady, keeps house for me; and I have a great deal of young company when I am at home, and I shall expect you and Agnes to come often to see me. Your father requested permission from Miss Willbert."

The girls were delighted at this, and asked Miss May if they

might come next holiday; and they wanted to go up to the house then. Mr. Millburn invited them all; but it was late; Miss May was not willing. Well, Agnes and Cassy had had pleasure enough for that day; and happy, grateful, and expectant, they rode back to Hollywood.

A month had passed since Mr. Millburn had taken the girls into the city, and during that time, they had not seen him once. He had gone to New York, and would not be at home for several weeks, he said, in the note which he sent his little friends the day before he went. It made them a little lonely and homesick at first, to think that he was so far away; but they were cheered, in a day or two, by letters from home, and another box, filled, like the first, with useful gifts from their grandmother and aunt. Then they had new pleasures, as they grew better acquainted at Hollywood. Jessie Pierce came to their room one day, and said, "You can ride, can't you?"

"I can," said Cassy; "but I haven't any horse."

"Haven't you seen the ponies?" asked Jessie.

"No," answered both the girls.

"You can have them this afternoon, if you like. They're such beauties! real Shetlands; and just large enough for us. There are two larger ones for the older girls, you know. We rode them that day when you went out with Mr. Millburn. Miss Willbert sent me to see if you wouldn't like to ride. John always goes with us about the park; and sometimes we go into the country."

"We should like it ever so much," said Agnes; "but we haven't any skirts, such as the ladies here wear."

"Never mind; take ours," said Jessie; and the girls went to her room to dress.

Cassy was never so happy as when on horseback. She had learned to ride at home, and was never afraid of any horse. Agnes liked riding, if she could have a sober old nag, who would not go too fast.

"Here are the ponies," said Jessie, as they went out of the door; "and here's John, waiting for you."

Miss Willbert and Miss May were on the steps, and as they saw the happy, excited faces of the two girls, one said to the other, "This is a good cure for homesickness, isn't it?"

"There," said Jessie; "you'll like Dandy best, Agnes; he's so quiet. Sandy is frisky sometimes; but Cassy can manage him."

The girls soon went down the avenue at a brisk trot, followed by John, the man-of-all-work, on an old gray horse. "Where would you like to go, miss?" said he to Agnes.

"Oh, anywhere," she answered. "You know where the girls go."

"Then, if you like, we'll go through this lane, and back on the other side of Hollywood," said John, turning into a road almost overhung with the branches of trees.

Agnes and Cassy had a happy hour in the country, and, when they dismounted at the door, were the centre of an admiring crowd of girls, who dropped their mallets and left their croquet-balls, as the ponies came up the avenue at full speed.

"How well you ride!" said one of the older girls to Cassy.

"I ought to ride well," laughed she. "I've never had anything else to do, out on the prairie."

"Come," said Agnes; "it's almost tea-time."

At study-time, the lessons had never seemed so easy. The fresh country air had blown away all the cobwebs from Cassy's brain, and she worked with a will, until she had learned her arithmetic lesson for the next day; and Agnes went to the piano with the hope that, some day, she should really be able to play as well as Helen Pierce. She had so sweet a voice and so correct an ear, that her father wished her to study music, and she had begun it at Hollywood. Cassy did not care for it; and Dr. Marsh wisely thought that it was best for her not to do anything with it, until she wished it herself.

The days went on very quietly all through the beautiful autumn. The girls could not ride often, because there were so few ponies; but they enjoyed their holiday walks into the country. One day, Miss May, with half a dozen of her youngest pupils, went cocoon-hunting in the fields. Agnes, who knew all the insects which were found about her home, ran through bushes and over brooks, eagerly looking for something to add to her teacher's collection. "Here's one," she said at last; "and he'll be as large as my hand when he comes out. Papa brought us one just like this, last year."

"Do you know its name?" asked Miss May.

"No, ma'am. We never had a book about them; but we know them all by sight."

"I asked you, girls, to come here," the teacher went on, "because I should like to have you study natural history with me. What do you think about it?"

"I should like it," said Jessie. "And I,"—"And I," answered one or two others. But Nettie Millburn, who had come with the rest, because she had nothing to do at home on that particular afternoon, said, a little crossly, "I have just as much as I can do now, Miss May, with my French, and arithmetic, and grammar, and geography, and history, and dancing-school, and music-lessons, and drawing, besides. And I don't think that I want to learn about horrid little crawling bugs and spiders."

"It isn't all about bugs or spiders either," said Helen Pierce. "We used to read it at home; and there were lots of nice stories about animals in our book."

"But I don't like animals," continued Nettie, with an injured air.

"Perhaps you'd learn to like them," said Miss May, "if you knew more about them. You may let English grammar go for awhile, because you have French grammar beside, and that will give you time for natural history. When you said that you didn't like animals, I thought of a little poem about them. I will tell it to you, while we rest."

The girls settled themselves comfortably on the ground, and Miss May began the poem of "Little Bell." After she had said—

> "Whom God's creatures love, the angel fair
> Murmured, God will bless with angels' care,"

and the other closing lines, Nettie, with a pleasanter tone than Agnes and Cassy had ever heard her use, said, "I'll try the natural-history class awhile, Miss May; and then, if I don't like it, papa will let me leave it, of course."

The class had been planned by Miss May, because she knew that the little prairie girls would be interested in it, and would find that study was not so dreadful as it had seemed to them at first; besides this, she wished to show Nettie, and some of the other pupils, that Agnes and Cassy really knew more than they about many things, however backward they might be in the regular routine of school study.

The class was a success; and, indeed, Cassy distinguished herself so much in it, that she thought, "Well! I don't care if I don't learn my other lessons. I'll just let them go;" and the arithmetic, which was slowly growing easy and pleasant, became hard again. All her spare hours were spent in hunting cocoons, or climbing trees for birds' nests.

At last, one day, when she had lost herself in a thick fog, on the coast of Compound Numbers, and had been told to stay in the schoolroom, after the other girls had gone to play battledore and shuttlecock, and write letters, or do whatever else they liked, for half an hour, she pushed her books away, put her head on her desk, and cried. She was so absorbed in her thoughts (and very unpleasant ones they were, too), that she did not see a pair of sharp eyes looking at her through the glass door of the room. And her ears did not burn, I am very sure; or she would have known that she was the subject of a conversation between Miss May and the "Professor."

"Cassy," said Miss May, that afternoon, "Miss Anne wishes to see you in the study after tea."

Cassy's heart beat very fast, and she grew very pale, for she didn't know what was coming. She had heard the girls say sometimes, that Emma, or Alice, or Sue, had been sent to the study; and when they had come out, their friends had discussed their looks and red eyes, and had said, in whispers, "She'll be still enough for the next fortnight!" Her next thought was, "I'm so glad that she didn't call my name out in school;" for Miss May had told her the bad news, so that no one else should hear, and she had not dared tell even Agnes.

"Cassy! Cassy! Come and sit in our room," said Jessie, just after tea. "We've had a box from home."

"I can't," replied Cassy. "Don't ask me, tonight."

"What's the matter?" thought the girls. But they soon forgot her sad face, when they plunged into their box of treasures.

With trembling limbs and loudly-beating heart, Cassy knocked at the study-door.

"Come in!" was the answer, in a quick, decided tone. And in she went.

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

NO one would have thought of calling him so, this ragged, barefooted, freckle-faced Nat, who spent his days carrying market-baskets for the butcher, or clean clothes for Mrs. Quinn, selling chips, or grubbing in the ash-heaps for cinders. But he

was honestly earning his living, doing his duty as well as he knew how, and serving those poorer and more helpless than himself, and that is being a gentleman in the best sense of that fine old word. He had no home but Mrs. Quinn's garret; and for this he paid by carrying the bundles and getting the cinders for her fire. Food and clothes, he picked up as he could; and his only friend was little Nanny. Her mother had been kind to him, when the death of his father left him all alone in the world; and when she, too, passed away, the boy tried to show his gratitude by comforting the littte girl, who thought there was no one in the world like her Nat.

Old Mrs. Quinn took care of her, waiting till she was strong enough to work for herself; but Nanny had been sick, and still sat about, a pale, little shadow of her former self, with a white film slowly coming over her pretty blue eyes. This was Nat's great trouble, and he couldn't whistle it away as he did his own worries; for he was a cheery lad, and when the baskets were heavy, the way long, the weather bitter cold, his poor clothes in rags, or his stomach empty, he just whistled, and somehow things seemed to get right. But the day he carried Nanny the first dandelions, and she felt of them, instead of looking at them, as she said, with such pathetic patience in her little face, "I don't see 'em; but I know they're pretty, and I like 'em lots," Nat felt as if the blithe spring sunshine was all spoilt; and when he tried to cheer himself up with a good whistle, his lips trembled so they wouldn't pucker.

"The poor dear's eyes could be cured, I ain't a doubt; but it would take a sight of money, and who's agoing to pay it?" said Mrs. Quinn, scrubbing away at her tub.

"How much money?" asked Nat.

"A hundred dollars, I dare say. Dr. Wilkinson's cook told me once, that he done something to a lady's eyes, and asked a thousand dollars for it."

Nat sighed a long, hopeless sigh, and went away to fill the water-pails; but he remembered the doctor's name, and began to wonder how many years it would take to earn a hundred dollars.

Nanny was very patient; but, by and by, Mrs. Quinn began to talk about sending her to some almshouse, for she was too poor to be burdened with a helpless child. The fear of this nearly broke Nat's heart; and he went about with such an anxious face, that it was a mercy Nanny did not see it. Nat was only twelve, but he had a hard load to carry just then; for the thought of his little

friend, doomed to lifelong darkness for want of a little money, tempted him to steal more than once, and gave him the first fierce, bitter feeling against those better off than he. When he carried nice dinners to the great houses, and saw the plenty that prevailed there, he couldn't help feeling that it wasn't fair for some to have so much, and others so little. When he saw pretty children playing in the park, or driving with their mothers, so gay, so well cared for, so tenderly loved, the poor boy's eyes would fill to think of poor little Nanny, with no friend in the world but himself, and he so powerless to help her.

When he, one day, mustered courage to ring at the great doctor's bell, begging to see him a minute, and the servant answered, gruffly, as he shut the door, "Go along! he can't be bothered with the like of you!" Nat clenched his hands hard as he went down the steps, and said to himself, with a most unboyish tone, "I'll get the money somehow, and *make* him let me in!"

He did get it, and in a most unexpected way; but he never forgot the desperate feeling that came to him that day; and all his life long, he was very tender to people who were tempted in their times of trouble, and yielded, as he was saved from doing, by what seemed an accident.

Some days after his attempt at the doctor's, as he was grubbing in a newly-deposited ash-heap, with the bitter feeling very bad, and the trouble very heavy, he found a dirty old pocket-book, and put it in his bosom without stopping to examine it; for many boys and girls were scratching, like a brood of chickens, all round him, and the pickings were unusually good, so no time must be lost. "Findings is havings" was one of the laws of the ash-heap haunters; and no one thought of disputing another's right to the spoons and knives that occasionally found their way into the ash-barrels; while bottles, old shoes, rags, and paper, were regular articles of traffic among them. Nat got a good basketful that day; and when the hurry was over, sat down to rest and clear the dirt off his face with an old silk duster which he had picked out of the rubbish, thinking Mrs. Quinn might wash it up for a handkerchief. But he didn't wipe his dirty face that day; for with the rag, out tumbled a pocket-book, and on opening it, he saw — money. Yes; a roll of bills, with two figures on all of them — three tens and one twenty. It took his breath away for a minute; then he hugged the old book tight in both his grimy hands, and rocked to and fro all in a heap among the oyster-shells and rusty

tin kettles, saying to himself, with tears running down his cheeks, "O Nanny! O Nanny! Now I can do it!"

I don't think a basket of cinders ever travelled at such a rate before, as Mrs. Quinn's did that day; for Nat tore home at a great pace, and burst into the room, waving the old duster, and shouting, "Hooray! I've got it! I've got it!"

It is no wonder Mrs. Quinn thought he had lost his wits; for he looked like a wild boy, with his face all streaked with tears and red ashes, as he danced a double-shuffle till he was breathless, then showered the money into Nanny's lap, and hugged her with another "Hooray!" which ended in a choke. When they got him quiet and heard the story, Mrs. Quinn rather damped his joy, by telling him the money wasn't his, and he ought to advertise it.

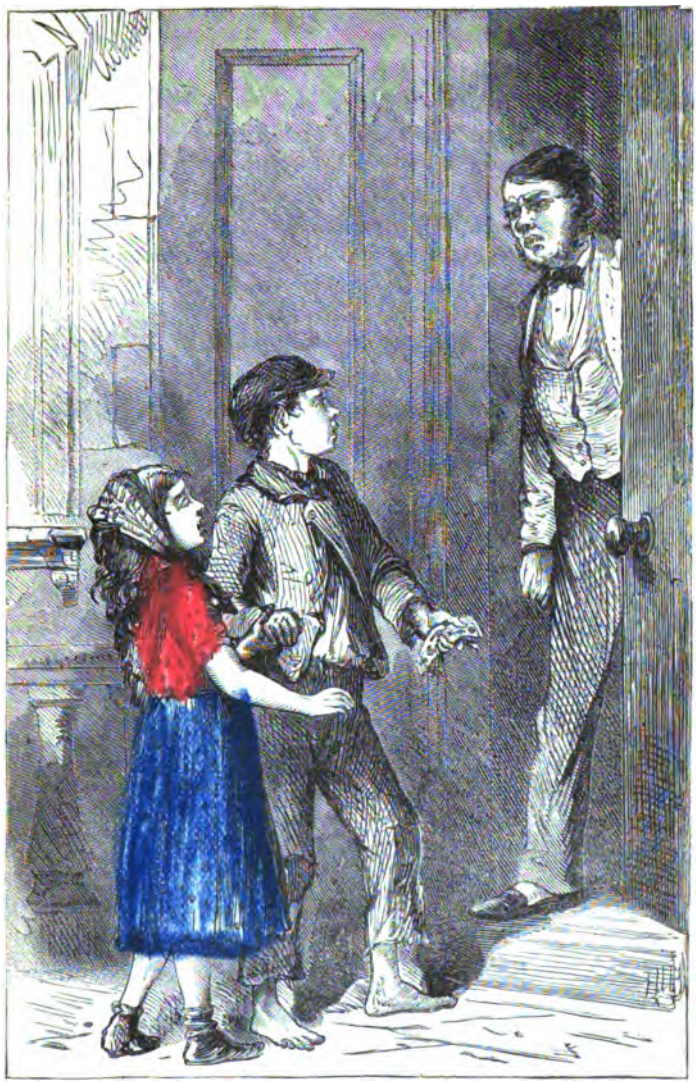
"But I want it for Nanny!" cried Nat; "and how can I ever find who owns it, when there was ever so many barrels emptied in that heap, and no one knows where they came from?"

"It's very like you won't find the owner, and you can do as you please; but it's honest to try, I'm thinking, for some poor girl may have lost her earnin's this way, and we wouldn't like that ourselves," said Mrs. Quinn, turning over the shabby pocket-book, and carefully searching for some clue to its owner.

Nanny looked very sober, and Nat grabbed up the money as if it were too precious to lose. But he wasn't comfortable about it; and after a hard fight with himself, he consented to let Mrs. Quinn ask their policeman what they should do. He was a kindly man; and when he heard the story, said he'd do what was right, and if he couldn't find an owner, Nat should have the fifty dollars back.

How hard it was to wait! how Nat thought and dreamed of his money, day and night! How Nanny ran to the door, to listen when a heavy step came up the stairs! and how wistfully the poor darkened eyes turned to the light which they longed to see again.

Honest John Floyd did his duty; but he didn't find the owner; so the old purse came back at last, and now Nat could keep it with a clear conscience. Nanny was asleep when it happened; and as they sat counting the dingy bills, Mrs. Quinn said to the boy, "Nat, you'd better keep this for yourself. I doubt if it's enough to do the child any good; and you need clothes and shoes, and a heap of things, let alone the books you hanker after so much. It ain't likely you'll ever find another wallet. It's all luck about Nanny's eyes; and maybe you are only throwing away a chance you'll never have again."



"I WANT TO SEE THE DOCTOR; I CAN PAY; SO YOU'D BETTER LET ME IN." [Page 280.]

Nat leaned his head on his arms and stared at the money, all spread out there, and looking so magnificent to him, that it seemed as if it could buy half the world. He did need clothes; his hearty boy's appetite did long for better food; and, oh! how splendid it would be to go and buy the books he had wanted so long — the books that would give him a taste of the knowledge which was more enticing to his wideawake young mind, than clothes and food to his poor little body. It wasn't an easy thing to do; but he was so used to making small sacrifices, that the great one was less hard; and when he had brooded over the money a few minutes in thoughtful silence, his eye went from the precious bits of paper to the dear little face in the trundle-bed, and he said, with a decided nod, "I'll give Nanny the chance, and work for my things, or go without 'em."

Mrs. Quinn was a matter-of-fact body; but her hard old face softened when he said that, and she kissed him good-night almost as gently as if she'd been his mother.

Next day, Nat presented himself at Dr. Wilkinson's door, with the money in one hand and Nanny in the other, saying boldly to the gruff servant, "I want to see the doctor; I can pay; so you'd better let me in."

I'm afraid cross Thomas would have shut the door in the boy's face again, if it had not been for the little blind girl, who looked up at him so imploringly, that he couldn't resist the mute appeal.

"The doctor's going out; but maybe he'll see you a minute;" and with that he led them into a room where stood a tall man putting on his gloves.

Nat was a modest boy; but he was so afraid that Nanny would lose her chance, that he forgot himself, and told the little story as fast as he could — told it well, too, I fancy; for the doctor listened attentively, his eye going from the boy's eager, flushed face, to the pale patient one beside him, as if the two little figures, shabby though they were, illustrated the story better than the finest artist could have done. When Nat ended, the doctor sat Nanny on his knee, gently lifted up the half-shut eyelids, and after examining the film a minute, stroked her pretty hair, and said, so kindly, that she nestled her little hand confidingly into his, "I think I can help you, my dear. Tell me where you live, and I'll attend to it at once, for it's high time something was done."

Nat told him, adding, with a manly air, as he showed the money, "I can pay you, sir, if fifty dollars is enough."

"Quite enough," said the doctor, with a droll smile.

"If it isn't, I'll work for the rest, if you'll trust me. Please, save Nanny's eyes, and I'll do anything to pay you!" cried Nat, getting red and choky in his earnestness.

The doctor stopped smiling, and held out his hand in a grave, respectful way, as he said, "I'll trust you, my boy. We'll cure Nanny first; and you and I will settle the bill afterward."

Nat liked that; it was a gentlemanly way of doing things, and he showed his satisfaction, by smiling all over his face, and giving the big white hand a hearty shake with both his rough ones.

The doctor was a busy man; but he kept them some time, for there were no children in the fine house, and it seemed pleasant to have a little girl sit on his knee, and a bright boy stand beside his chair; — and when, at last, they went away, they looked as if he had given them some magic medicine, which made them forget every trouble they had ever known.

Next day, the kind man came to give Nanny her chance. She had no doubt, and very little fear; but looked up at him so confidingly when all was ready, that he stooped down and kissed her softly, before he touched her eyes.

"Let Nat hold my hands; then I'll be still, and not mind if it hurts me," she said. So Nat, pale with anxiety, knelt down before her, and kept the little hands steadily in his all through the minutes that seemed so long to him.

"What do you see, my child?" asked the doctor, when he had done something to both eyes, with a quick, skilful hand.

Nanny leaned forward, with the film all gone, and answered, with a little cry of joy, that went to the hearts of those who heard it, "Nat's face! I see it! oh, I see it!"

Only a freckled, round face, with wet eyes and tightly-set lips; but to Nanny, it was as beautiful as the face of an angel; and when she was laid away, with bandaged eyes, to rest, it haunted all her dreams, for it was the face of the little friend who loved her best.

Nanny's chance was *not* a failure; and when she saw the next dandelions he brought her, all the sunshine came back into the world brighter than ever for Nat. Well might it seem so; for his fifty dollars bought him many things that money seldom buys. The doctor wouldn't take it at first; but when Nat said, in the manful tone the doctor liked, although it made him smile, "It was a bargain, sir. I wish to pay my debts; and I shan't feel

happy, if Nanny don't have it *all* for her eyes. Please, do! I'd rather." Then he took it; and Nanny did have it, not only for her eyes, but in clothes and food and care, many times over; for it was invested in a bank that pays good interest on every mite so given.

Nat discovered that fifty dollars was far less than most people would have had to pay, and begged earnestly to be allowed to work for the rest. The doctor agreed to this, and Nat became his errand-boy, serving with a willingness that made a pleasure of duty; soon finding that many comforts quietly got into his life; that much help was given without words; and that the days of hunger and rags, heavy burdens and dusty ash-heaps, were gone by forever.

The happiest hours of Nat's day were spent in the doctor's chaise, when he made his round of visits; for while he waited, the boy studied or read, and while they drove hither and thither, the doctor talked with him, finding an eager mind, as well as a tender heart and a brave spirit under the rough jacket of his little serving-man. But he never called him that; for, remembering the cheerfulness, self-denial, honesty, and loyalty to those he loved, shown by the boy, the good doctor proved his respect for the virtues all men should covet, wherever they are found, and always spoke of Nat, with a smile, as "My Little Gentleman."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

ABOUT A COLT AND A HEN.

AUNT FANNY keeps a farm, chiefly because she loves the live stock thereon, and loves to watch "their tricks and their manners." She had a colt, a facetious little chap. One day, he came across a string of sleigh-bells, and picked them up with his mouth. The jingling startled him a little, and he put them down, walking away a few steps. But either his curiosity or his love of music got the better of his fear, and he returned to the bells, picking them up as before. After doing this two or three times, he became so much interested in the performance, as to shake his head up and down to make them ring more. Every morning afterwards, when he was let out of the stable, he went after the bells, and amused himself with them for hours, until the men, finding that he was destroying the leather with his teeth, put them out of his reach.

Then she had some amusing experience with some sitting hens. She appropriated a room for their special use, giving each hen a half-barrel for a nest. Every morning they were fed, and watched, to see that each hen went back to her own nest, for very often, the new sitters would want to go on the older nests. They would behave well enough while Aunt Fanny was watching them; but the moment she turned her back, they tried to make a change. So this is the way she outgeneralled them. She closed the door as she went out, and opened it again in about a minute; found many of the hens with necks outstretched, preparing to make a change. They settled down as soon as she put her head in. Then she went out again, and staid a little longer; looked in again, with the same results. This she did three times. Next morning, after feeding them, she went through with the same performance, and had no further trouble in that line.

But there was one hen sitting in the barn; and, one morning, Aunt Fanny discovered her sitting in one corner of the box, away from her eggs. She lifted the hen, to replace her on the eggs, felt something warm under her, and there were four dear little kittens. The mother of those kittens was sitting at a little distance from

the box, looking very crestfallen. The hen had evidently driven the cat away, and was "master of the situation." After calling the folks from the house to see the droll sight, Aunt Fanny removed the cat and kittens, to the great joy of the former; and the hen returned to her eggs. And if anything else happens on her farm, equally interesting, we shall be glad to hear from her.

AUNT SUE.

A KING.

THE second King George was a monarch of taste,
He had beautiful gardens at Kew;
There were flowers in plenty, but nothing to waste;
He had gardens at Richmond too.

And, loving his people, he ordered his men
To throw open these gardens so fair;
Invite, through the summer, the public, and then
Freely welcome them everywhere.

But this deed did not please the king's gardener at all;
It grieved him to let in the crowd;
And he made up his mind, that, before the next fall,
Permission should not be allowed.

So he said that the people kept gathering the flowers,
They were losing them more and more.
"Indeed!" said the king. "Do these people of ours
Love posies? Then, plant them some more."

AUNT SUE.

ANCIENT BOOKS. — Books were anciently boards or the inner bark of trees; and the latter is still used by some natives, and skins by others. The papyrus of Egypt, and subsequently, parchment or vellum, was substituted for these in other countries. Books with parchment leaves were invented by Attalus, king of Pergamus, about two hundred years before Christ, at which time they were in the form of rolls. The manuscripts found in Herculaneum are rolls of papyrus matted together, and charred by the fire, and are about nine inches long, and from one to three inches in diameter. The five Books of Moses and the Book of Job are the most ancient in the world, and after them, the poems of Homer and Hesiod. Anciently, the price of books was enormous. Jerome states, that he ruined himself by purchasing the works of Origes. King Alfred gave a large landed estate for a single book. They were usually sold for two or three times their weight in gold. They were sold at from ten pounds to forty pounds in the year 1400. Some rare books are extremely costly. A copy of Macklin's Bible was valued at two thousand five hundred dollars; and a still more superb copy was insured in a London office for a sum equal to fifteen thousand dollars in our money.

THE Bible contains three million five hundred and fifty-six thousand four hundred and eighty letters, seven hundred and seventy-three thousand six hundred and ninety-two words. thirty-one thousand one hundred and sixty-three verses, one thousand one hundred and eighty-nine chapters, and sixty-six books. The word "and" occurs forty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-seven times; the word "Lord," one thousand eight hundred and eighty-five times; the word "reverend" occurs only once in the Bible, which is in the ninth verse of the eleventh Psalm. The middle and least chapter is the one hundred and seventeenth Psalm. The middle verse is the eighth verse of the one hundred and eighteenth Psalm. The finest chapter to read is the twenty-sixth chapter of Acts. The nineteenth chapter of Second Kings and thirty-seventh chapter of Isaiah are alike. The longest verse is the fifth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the thirty-fifth of the eleventh chapter of St. John. The eighth, fifteenth, twenty-first, and thirty-first verses of the one hundred and seventh Psalm are alike.

PEOPLE may be instructed by those who have less sense than themselves — as a man may be guided by a finger-board that has no sense at all.

Difficulties are things that show what we are.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

132. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 25, 9, 13, 4, 17, 22, 27, is an animal.
My 12, 5, 1, 6, 11, 2, is a kitchen utensil.
My 23, 3, 11, is a sum of money paid for hired service.
My 16, 14, 15, 26, 18, 21, 20, is a title.
My 8, 24, 10, 7, 4, 19, 13, 9, is a lake in South America,
My whole is a medicine.
Dictator.

133. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 5, 3, 1, 11, is a fish.
My 2, 9, 6, 4, 14, is an animal.
My 10, 12, 8, is a verb.
My 7, 13, is a pronoun.
My whole is annoying.
Keystone.

134. I am composed of 10 letters:
My 5, 6, 7, is a conjunction.
My 7, 8, 3, 10, 7, means to be in great fear.

correctly answers every one of the April puzzles, and wins her third prize (the gold pen in silver pencil-case).

My 9, 4, 9, 5, is the name of one of the MERRY'S.
My 1, 2, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a city in Virginia. *Morning Glory.*

135. I am composed of 8 letters:
My 3, 2, 5, 8, is to look.
My 1, 4, 6, 7, is the ocean.
My whole is before you.
Carter.

136. Oft in the middle of my first,
My second may be found;
My whole, although it makes you thirst,
Has sometimes cured a wound. *Dictator.*

137. 300250 113005014001900400.

138. 900250525080 500250710050 0180.

139. Teaaitchoweemayes Geeareayey. *Wolverine.*

WHAT CITIES MEAN WHEN TRANSPOSED: —

140. Observations.

141. Garments.

142. To bubble.

143. Fireplaces.

144. Rich earth.

145. An ornament. *C. F. W.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

146. Don't —— about the —— (5 letters). *Z. T. Hedges.*

147. —— looked very —— when I met her in the ——. *Hugh Howard.*

148. ——— ——— little ———. *Hautboy.*

149. — —— rode by on a tame ———. *F. F.*

150. Behead a sign, transpose, and leave a bird. *Blue Bird.*

GEOGRAPHICAL.

151. What cape is transparent?

152. What cape is a generation?

153. What cape is of a dark color?

154. What cape is dreaded by sailors? *Hautboy.*

155. I'm a female, four-footed, and fleet as a dart;
My first is called *dear*, and my second sweet-*heart*;
My second is also a dashing young blood;
And my whole is considered most savory food.
Tempy.

156. My first is not true; my second is a carpenter's tool; and my whole is the name of a lake.
S. R. L. and A. P.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

157. Color sea. *Myron.*

158. Tempestuous darkness. *Auntie.*

159. Father devoured a tongue. *Blue Bird.*

160. Mother's fit of peevishness. *Max.*

161. You and I know. *Genevieve.*

162. A cent poorer. *Violet Forest.*

163.

164.

165.

☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of July. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

80. Andrew Johnson.

81. Time and tide wait for no man.

82. Peculiar (P. Q. liar).

83. Magpie.

84. Adamant.

85. Within.

86. Shear, Asher, share, hares.

87. Acres, cares.

88. Ned, den, end.

89. General, enlarge.

90. Resuscitate.

91. Thoroughfares.

92. Yesternight.

93. Monosyllable.

94. Manna.

95. Lark.

96. Eusebius, Lafayette, Lyon, Archelaus, = Ella.

97.
$$\begin{array}{r} 35701 \\ 24689 \\ \hline 60390 \end{array}$$

98. Return a kindness.

99. Love one another.

100. Pekin.

101. Rome.

102. Milwaukee.

103. A great soul doth often inhabit a little body.

104. Ashantee (a shanty).

105. Edinburgh.

Now, dear MERRY'S, I am going to give you a prize puzzle, that will tax your patience and ingenuity; but you shall have seven months to work at it.

The reward shall be a book or books worth, at least, ten dollars; to be given to the one who sends the greatest number of words made by transposing and combining the letters which come next to each other in the following

PRIZE PUZZLE.

Do, pray, repent. He beat Rob Adams' mare, Dolly. Lie down, Hero, in dear Charlie's cradle. I sorted canes, in Mulberry Street, nigh eleven years. I rip plain ties. Caroline Stimson is pretty.

Now, I will give you an example of the plan to be adopted. In the words, "Distance lends enchantment," you may get, by combining and transposing the letters next to each other, the words, "is, sit," (you can't get "it," because the letter s intervenes), "a, an, at, stain, sat, saint, satin, staid, tan, ant, tans, can, cant, ants, eel, lee, clean, lend, end, ends, ends" (using first one "en" and then the next), "send, send, chant, a, an, ah! ant, tan, me, men, meant," etc.

Those sending lists, will please write them on separate sheets of paper, and affix their signatures. Only our own subscribers allowed to compete.

When a list is once sent, no additions or alterations can be made in it.

Decision to be given in January, 1870.

For further information, address "Aunt Sue," Box 111, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Belle answers all.

Jeannie M. answers all but 96.

Max answers all but 97.

Joe Kose answers all but 82, 92, 103.

Ben answers all but 83, 96, 103.

Keystone answers all but 82, 92, 96, 103, 104.

Georgius answers all but 94, 96, 98, 99, 103.

Hautboy answers all but 82, 83, 91, 92, 96.

Chester answers all but 94, 96, 97, 103, 104.

Charlotte answers all but 82, 84, 89, 94, 97, 103.

C. W. J. answers all but 91, 92, 93, 96, 103, 104.

Zadoc answers all but 82, 87, 94, 96, 97, 100, 101, 103.

Philadelphia answers all but 82, 83, 87, 89, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 103.

May Prince answers 80, 81, 84, 85, 90, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102.

Wolverine answers 80, 81, 84, 85, 95, 99, 101, 102, 105.

W. D. R. answers 84, 85, 98, 99, 101, 102.

Pinkie answers 80, 81, 85, 95, 105.

To Correspondents.

Philadelphia would like to have *Hautboy* call upon him at No. 1436, Spring-Garden Street.

Wilks. Any one who desires to possess my photograph, has only to send me his (or her) own, and I respond immediately.

Ben. See notice to *Wilks.* I used to send my photo. upon the promise of receiving an exchange, whenever the Cousins requested it; but after sending two or three dozen, without receiving any in exchange, I made it a rule, not to send mine first, any more.

Al Packer. I don't know that there are more than three words in the English language, ending in "cion;" but if you find any more, please let me know. Shall I show the Merry's how you drew "her" in your rebus? Oh, wouldn't all the "hers" be down upon you, if I should?

Charlotte. If you had looked in the right magazine, you might have noticed that those answers "posted on the 5th" were just the answers which were *not* "credited." Your answer to 87 was better than the original, and I shall use it (in your name) for a new puzzle.

Freshman. I am glad you "want to become one of the puzzlers;" come right in, and get your share of the fun. Your geographical rebus is very good. What a power of expression (!) you gave the man's eye. You need not send your answers to the May puzzles until the 4th of June.

Neptune. Whether I "like long letters," or not, depends very much upon who writes them. I think I should like them from you, judging by the sample in hand.

W. D. R. You have a right to send answers to the puzzles, if your sister does not. You may learn "how to get the Museum next year" by reading the inside of the cover (first page) of the May number.

Hautboy? We fully appreciate your untiring kindness.

Hero. I have sent your address to the "young lady." If you lose

your heart, don't hold me responsible.

Tempest. Your question carries such honesty on its face, that I am perfectly satisfied to leave the answer to your own sense of right. I am sorry not to find the "deer" of your "square word," in the dictionary.

Frankie Burnett. We are much obliged to you for sending us that old riddle; but our puzzlers keep us so well supplied with original matter, that we have no room for old material.

Zadoc. Ditto. "When I was a boy" — how long ago was that?

Carrie. One answer is better than none, even though that answer be wrong. It shows, at least, that the writer opened the *Drawer.*

Chester. My edition of Webster's Dictionary was published in 1850, and gives the numeral value of every letter, except J U and W.

Jessie C. I am very glad you like the MUSEUM so much; and hope you will "take it next year," and for forty more years.

Tempy. Did you receive your prize safely?

Keystone. Your constancy astonishes me. Those who have received their "third prize," seldom write to us for three months thereafter.

Pinkie. Yes, dear; you may get your uncles and aunts, brothers and sisters, mother and father, and all your relations and friends, to help you to "get out" the puzzles, provided only *one* of the party sends on the answers.

Sal E. Ratus. Yes; I will "except" your puzzles, because of the spelling.

L. M. Entry. I am happy to assure you, that I like your style, I like your ambition, I like your puzzles. I must take exception to one, however, ("Beheaded, I am a guide"), because it is more of a "catch" than a fair puzzle; and if I published it, I am afraid my puzzlers would lose faith in me.

Charlie H. Y. I should think that "Haney's Guide to Authorship" was just the book you want, to tell you when to write, how to write, and what to write about. It is published by Jesse Haney and Co., 119, Nassau Street, New York. I forget the price of it, but I believe it is less than fifty cents, and I know it is worth double the money.

We are glad to welcome to our ranks this month, some puzzlers who have the ring of the right metal about them (no allusion to "specie basis"), namely, Philadelphia, Tempest, Neptune, Wilks, and Al Packer. Thanks for enigmas, etc., to them, and to W. D. R., Zadoc, Pet, Hautboy, Keystone, Belle, Max, and Wolverine. (*Neptune* sent no answer to his "comma" conundrum.)

REMARKS.

Do not make puzzles on any animal, fish, bird, or insect, whose name cannot be found in Worcester or Webster's Unabridged, as all the puzzlers can have access to those books; while some might not be able to get hold of an *unabridged* Natural History.

Let your anagrams be suggestive, as "sly ware = lawyers" (excuse me, lawyers!); or wittily antithetic, as "real fun = funeral." Our puzzlers are talented enough to make the best, and that is just the kind we want.

We make room this month for a little story, written by a very young lady, and sent with a pretty note, signed "Marion, the Chatterbox of the H. Academy." It is a true story, told by Annie herself; and as it is neatly written and well expressed, we put it in, hoping other small persons will do as well. We know the "H. Academy;" and think some of the droll sayings and surprising compositions produced by the young ladies, would much enliven the Chat.

ANNIE AND THE BEAR.

Mrs. Graham lived near a wharf, in half of a double house. In the other half lived Mr. and Mrs. Selfrage, with their son Sam, who was a very mischievous boy, who was always playing some prank or silly trick. One day, a vessel came up to the wharf to be unloaded. On board this vessel was a fierce black bear, that the captain was going to send to a menagerie, in New York. The sailors were very much afraid of the bear, and they did not want to unload the vessel with him on it; so the captain asked Mr. Selfrage and Mrs. Graham if he might chain the bear, for a few days only, in a shed, behind their house. As there was nothing in this shed, and as it had a door which could be locked, they consented. Accordingly, the next day, the bear was brought and chained up in the shed. This shed had two keys, one of which was given to the Selfrages to keep, and the other to the Grahams. The Grahams gave their key to the master of the bear; but the Selfrages kept theirs hanging up on a nail in their entry. Everybody near them soon knew that they had a bear in their shed. Numbers came to see it, from all sides, and the yard was full of boys; but the people were disappointed, for the Selfrages were too much afraid of the bear to show it to them. All the people round were talking of it, and a great many stories were circulated about the neighborhood; such as, a bear will never touch a baby, etc., etc. The day after the bear came to their yard was wash-

ing-day, and Mrs. Graham was washing, while her little daughter Annie — just nine months old — was sitting with her playthings on the floor. Mrs. Graham was called out of the room a moment; after an absence of quarter of an hour, she returned, but Annie was not there. Her mother, thinking that she must have crept into the next room — for she could not walk — went in to search for her; but to her astonishment, she was not there. She searched the house from top to bottom, but Annie was nowhere to be found. She next went to Mrs. Selfrage's, and then to the other neighbors; but no one had seen her baby. Suddenly, while Mrs. Graham and Mrs. Selfrage were going round together, in search of Annie, they heard a baby's piercing scream from the shed where the bear was kept. Poor Mrs. Graham fainted away; and Mrs. Selfrage ran to get some men to come, and get the baby out. Imagine her feeling, as she went to call help, at the thought, that her own son must have done the wicked deed. A moment or two afterwards, Mrs. Selfrage returned with some sailors. She found Mrs. Graham had just recovered herself, and was looking round for her; they all went together, in great haste to the shed. You can never imagine, or have the faintest idea, how astonished, thankful, and delighted they were, to find that the baby was not torn to pieces, but was lying, unhurt, a little way from the bear, just within reach of his paw. He was, at that moment, rolling her over and over, as a cat would a mouse. He had already torn many of her clothes, and given her arm a scratch or two. No one dared to go in and take the child out; and no one dared to touch the bear at at all, except the captain, and he was gone away somewhere. Every one was trying to think of some way of getting Annie out. Poor Mrs. Graham would have dashed in herself to get the baby, if she had not been held back by main force. At last, one sailor exclaimed, "A boat-hook! a boat-hook! quick!" A man ran very quickly for one; but when he returned, the bear had drawn the baby still closer towards him. The sailor advanced as near as he could, without being in reach of the bear; he then cautiously, but securely, fastened the boat-hook into the clothes of the child. He stood there so some time; when, suddenly, he lifted up the boat-hook, and drew the baby safely out of the shed into its mother's arms. It was quite unhurt, except a scratch or two. Sam (who, of course, had slyly stolen the key, and put baby into the shed for fun, just to see what would happen), was sent Down East, to a boarding-school for a year, to keep him out of mischief. MARION.

"CARTER," who is a student at Cornell University, Ithaca, N.Y., sends an interesting letter. He says: —

Your magazine comes regularly every month, and is greeted with smiling faces and joyful shouts by all the young folks in our family. I see that you have inserted two of my poor rebuses in April number. I am sure, I am very much obliged to you, as I never expected to see them again. But I think you must have first-class engravers, as they have improved wonderfully upon the original. I inclose some more of the same "article" for your consideration, and which, as I am a most miserable pen-drawer, you will do well if you can decipher.

Now, you must allow me to praise "Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer" a little, without thinking I am flattering; for, to tell the truth, MERRY'S has the best Puzzle Department of any publication of the kind that I have seen. I can solve most of the puzzles in the other youth's magazines that I take; but I must say, that the persons who win the prizes in MERRY'S each month, richly deserve them.

"THIS IS TOM, ISN'T IT?"

DRAWN BY JOHN J. HARLEY.] [See *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, p. 295.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

I.

POLLY ARRIVES.

"IT'S time to go to the station, Tom."

"Come on, then."

"Oh, I'm not going; it's too wet. Shouldn't have a crimp left, if I went out such a day as this; and I want to look nice when Polly comes."

"You don't expect me to go and bring home a strange girl alone, do you?" And Tom looked as much alarmed, as if his sister had proposed to him to escort the wild woman of Australia.

"Of course, I do. It's your place to go and get her; and if you wasn't a bear, you'd like it."

"Well, I call that mean! I supposed I'd got to go; but you said you'd go, too. Catch me bothering about your friends another time! No, *sir!*" and Tom rose from the sofa with an air of indignant resolution, the impressive effect of which was somewhat damaged by a tousled head, and the hunched appearance of his garments generally.

"Now, don't be cross; and I'll get mamma to let you have that horrid Ned Miller, that you are so fond of, come and make you a visit after Polly's gone," said Fanny, hoping to soothe his ruffled feelings.

"How long is she going to stay?" demanded Tom, making his toilet by a promiscuous shake.

"A month or two, maybe. She's ever so nice; and I shall keep her as long as she's happy."

"She won't stay long, then, if I can help it," muttered Tom, who regarded girls as a very unnecessary portion of creation. Boys of fourteen are apt to think so, and perhaps it is a wise arrangement; for, being fond of turning somersaults, they have an opportunity

of indulging in a good one, metaphorically speaking, when, three or four years later, they become the abject slaves of "those bothering girls."

"Look here! how am I going to know the thing? I never saw her, and she never saw me. You'll have to come too, Fan," he added, pausing on his way to the door, arrested by the awful idea that he might have to address several strange girls before he got the right one.

"You'll find her easy enough; she'll probably be standing round, looking for us. I dare say, she'll know *you*, though I'm not there, because I've described you to her."

"Guess she won't, then;" and Tom gave a hasty smooth to his curly pate and a glance at the mirror, feeling sure that his sister hadn't done him justice. Sisters never do, as "we fellows" know too well.

"Do go along, or you'll be too late; and then, what *will* Polly think of me?" cried Fanny, with the impatient poke which is peculiarly aggravating to masculine dignity.

"She'll think you cared more about your frizzles than your friends, and she'll be about right, too."

Feeling that he said rather a neat and cutting thing, Tom sauntered leisurely away, perfectly conscious that it *was* late, but bent on not being hurried while in sight, though he ran himself off his legs to make up for it afterward.

"If I was the President, I'd make a law to shut up all boys till they were grown; for they certainly are the most provoking toads in the world," said Fanny, as she watched the slouchy figure of her brother strolling down the street. She might have changed her mind, however, if she had followed him, for as soon as he turned the corner, his whole aspect altered; his hands came out of his pockets, he stopped whistling, buttoned his jacket, gave his cap a pull, and went off at a great pace.

The train was just in when he reached the station, panting like a race-horse and as red as a lobster with the wind and the run.

"Suppose she'll wear a top-knot and a thingumbob, like every one else; and however shall I know her? Too bad of Fan to make me come alone!" thought Tom, as he stood watching the crowd stream through the depot, and feeling rather daunted at the array of young ladies who passed. As none of them seemed looking for any one, he did not accost them, but eyed each new batch with the air of a martyr. "That's her," he said to himself, as he

presently caught sight of a girl, in gorgeous array, standing with her hands folded, and a very small hat perched on top of a very large "chig-non," as Tom pronounced it. "I suppose I've got to speak to her, so, here goes;" and, nerving himself to the task, Tom slowly approached the damsel, who looked as if the wind had blown her clothes into rags, such a flapping of sashes, scallops, ruffles, curls, and feathers was there.

"I say, if you please, is your name Polly Milton?" meekly asked Tom, pausing before the breezy stranger.

"No, it isn't," answered the young lady, with a cool stare that utterly quenched him.

"Where in thunder is she?" growled Tom, walking off in high dudgeon. The quick tap of feet behind him made him turn in time to see a fresh-faced little girl running down the long station, and looking as if she rather liked it. As she smiled, and waved her bag at him, he stopped and waited for her, saying to himself, "Hullo! I wonder if that's Polly?"

Up came the little girl, with her hand out, and a half-shy, half-merry look in her blue eyes, as she said, inquiringly, "This is Tom, isn't it?"

"Yes. How did you know?" and Tom got over the ordeal of hand-shaking without thinking of it, he was so surprised.

"Oh, Fan told me you'd got curly hair and a funny nose, and kept whistling, and wore a gray cap pulled over your eyes; so, I knew you directly." And Polly nodded at him in the most friendly manner, having politely refrained from calling the hair "red," the nose "a pug," and the cap "old," — all of which facts Fanny had carefully impressed upon her memory.

"Where are your trunks?" asked Tom, as he was reminded of his duty by her handing him the bag, which he had not offered to take.

"Father told me not to wait for any one, else I'd lose my chance of a hack; so I gave my check to a man, and there he is with my trunk;" and Polly walked off after her one modest piece of baggage, followed by Tom, who felt a trifle depressed by his own remissness in polite attentions.

"She isn't a bit of a young lady, thank goodness! Fan didn't tell me she was pretty. Don't look like city girls, nor act like 'em, neither," he thought, trudging in the rear, and eyeing with favor the brown curls bobbing along in front.

As the carriage drove off, Polly gave a little bounce on the

springy seat, and laughed like a delighted child. "I do like to ride in these nice hacks, and see all the fine things, and have a good time; don't you?" she said, composing herself the next minute, as if it suddenly occurred to her, that she was going a-visiting.

"Not much," said Tom, not minding what he said, for the fact that he was shut up with the strange girl suddenly oppressed his soul.

"How's Fan? Why didn't she come, too?" asked Polly, trying to look demure, while her eyes danced in spite of her.

"Afraid of spoiling her crinkles;" and Tom smiled, for this base betrayal of confidence made him feel his own man again.

"You and I don't mind dampness. I'm much obliged to you for coming to take care of me."

It was kind of Polly to say that, and Tom felt it; for his crinkly red crop was a tender point, and to be associated with Polly's pretty brown curls seemed to lessen its coppery glow. Then he hadn't done anything for her but carry the bag a few steps; yet, she thanked him. He felt grateful, and in a burst of confidence, offered a handful of peanuts, for his pockets were always supplied with this agreeable delicacy, and he might be traced anywhere by the trail of shells he left behind him.

As soon as he had done it, he remembered that Fanny considered them vulgar, and felt that he had disgraced his family. So he stuck his head out of window, and kept it there so long, that Polly asked if anything was the matter. "Pooh! who cares for a countrified little thing like her," said Tom manfully to himself; and then the spirit of mischief entered in and took possession of him.

"He's pretty drunk; but I guess he can hold his horses," replied this evil-minded boy, with an air of calm resignation.

"Is the man tipsy? Oh, dear! let's get out! Are the horses bad? It's very steep here; do you think it's safe?" cried poor Polly, making a cocked hat of her little beaver, by thrusting it out of the half-open window on her side.

"There's plenty of folks to pick us up if anything happens; but, perhaps it would be safer if *I* got out and sat with the man;" and Tom quite beamed with the brilliancy of this sudden mode of relief.

"Oh, do, if you ain't afraid! Mother would be so anxious if anything *should* happen to me, so far away!" cried Polly, much distressed.

"Don't you be worried. I'll manage the old chap, and the horses, too;" and opening the door, Tom vanished aloft, leaving poor victimized Polly to quake inside, while he placidly revelled in freedom and peanuts outside, with the staid old driver.

Fanny came flying down to meet her "darling Polly;" and Tom presented her, with the graceful remark, "I've got her!" and the air of a dauntless hunter, producing the trophies of his skill. Polly was instantly whisked upstairs; and having danced a double-shuffle on the door-mat, Tom retired to the dining-room, to restore exhausted nature with half a dozen cookies.

"Ain't you tired to death? Don't you want to lie down?" said Fanny, sitting on the side of the bed in Polly's room, and chattering hard, while she examined everything her friend had on.

"Not a bit. I had a nice time coming, and no trouble, except the tipsy coachman; but Tom got out and kept him in order, so I wasn't much frightened," answered innocent Polly, taking off her rough-and-ready coat, and the plain hat without a bit of a feather.

"Fiddlestick! he wasn't tipsy; and Tom only did it to get out of the way. He can't bear girls," said Fanny, with a superior air.

"Can't he? Why, I thought he was very pleasant and kind!" and Polly opened her eyes with a surprised expression.

"He's an awful boy, my dear; and if you have anything to do with him, he'll torment you to death. Boys are *all* horrid; but he's the horridest one I ever saw."

Fanny went to a fashionable school, where the young ladies were so busy with their French, German, and Italian, that there was no time for good English. Feeling her confidence much shaken in the youth, Polly privately resolved to let him alone, and changed the conversation, by saying, as she looked admiringly about the large, handsome room, "How splendid it is! I never slept in a bed with curtains before; or had such a fine toilet-table as this."

"I'm glad you like it; but don't, for mercy sake, say such things before the other girls!" replied Fanny, wishing Polly would wear ear-rings, as every one else did.

"Why not?" asked the country mouse of the city mouse, wondering what harm there was in liking other people's pretty things, and saying so.

"Oh, they laugh at everything the least bit odd, and that isn't pleasant." Fanny didn't say "countrified;" but she meant it, and

Polly felt uncomfortable. So she shook out her little black-silk apron with a thoughtful face, and resolved not to allude to her own home, if she could help it.

"I'm so poorly, mamma says I needn't go to school regularly, while you are here — only two or three times a week, just to keep up my music and French. You can go too, if you like; papa said so. Do, it's such fun!" cried Fanny, quite surprising her friend by this unexpected fondness for school.

"I should be afraid, if all the girls dress as finely as you do, and know as much," said Polly, beginning to feel shy at the thought.

"La, child! you needn't mind that. I'll take care of you, and fix you up, so you won't look odd."

"Am I odd?" asked Polly, struck by the word, and hoping it didn't mean anything very bad.

"You are a dear, and ever so much prettier than you were last summer, only you've been brought up differently from us; so, your ways ain't like ours, you see," began Fanny, finding it rather hard to explain.

"How different?" asked Polly again, for she liked to understand things.

"Well, you dress like a little girl, for one thing."

"I *am* a little girl; so, why shouldn't I?" and Polly looked at her simple blue merino frock, stout boots, and short hair, with a puzzled air.

"You are fourteen; and *we* consider ourselves young ladies at that age," continued Fanny, surveying, with complacency, the pile of hair on the top of her head, with a fringe of fuzz round her forehead, and a wavy lock streaming down her back; likewise, her scarlet-and-black suit, with its big sash, little *pannier*, bright buttons, points, rosettes, — and, heaven knows what. There was a locket on her neck, ear-rings tinkling in her ears, watch and chain at her belt, and several rings on a pair of hands that would have been improved by soap and water.

Polly's eye went from one little figure to the other, and she thought that Fanny looked the oddest of the two; for Polly lived in a quiet country town, and knew very little of city fashions. She was rather impressed by the elegance about her, never having seen Fanny's home before, as they got acquainted while Fanny paid a visit to a friend who lived near Polly. But she didn't let the contrast between herself and Fan trouble her; for in a minute, she laughed and said, contentedly, "My mother likes me to dress

simply, and I don't mind. I shouldn't know what to do, rigged up as you are. Don't you ever forget to lift your sash and fix those puffy things when you sit down?"

Before Fanny could answer, a scream from below made both listen. "It's only Maud; she fusses all day long," began Fanny; and the words were hardly out of her mouth, when the door was thrown open, and a little girl, of six or seven, came roaring in. She stopped, at sight of Polly, stared a minute, then took up her roar just where she left it, and cast herself into Fanny's lap, exclaiming, wrathfully, "Tom's laughing at me! Make him stop!"

"What did you do, to set him going? Don't scream so, you'll frighten Polly!" and Fan gave the cherub a shake, which produced an explanation.

"I only said we had cold cweam at the party, last night, and he laughed!"

"Ice-cream, child!" and Fanny followed Tom's reprehensible example.

"I don't care! it *was* cold; and I warmed mine at the wegister, and then it was nice; only, Willy Bliss spilt it on my new Gabwielle!" and Maud wailed again over her accumulated woes.

"Do go to Katy! You're as cross as a little bear today!" said Fanny, pushing her away.

"Katy don't amoose me; and I must be amoosed, 'cause I'm fwactious; mamma said I was!" sobbed Maud, evidently laboring under the delusion that fractiousness was some interesting malady.

"Come down and have your dinner; that will amuse you;" and Fanny got up, pluming herself as a bird does before its flight.

Polly hoped the "dreadful boy" would not be present; but he was, and stared at her all dinner-time, in a most trying manner. Mr. Shaw, a busy-looking gentleman, said, "How do you do, my dear? Hope you'll enjoy yourself;" and then appeared to forget her entirely. Mrs. Shaw, a pale, nervous woman, greeted her little guest kindly, and took care that she wanted for nothing. Madam Shaw, a quiet old lady, with an imposing cap, exclaimed on seeing Polly, "Bless my heart! the image of her mother — a sweet woman — how is she, dear?" and kept peering at the newcomer over her glasses, till, between madam and Tom, poor Polly lost her appetite.

Fanny chattered like a magpie; and Maud fidgeted, till Tom proposed to put her under the big dish-cover, which produced

such an explosion, that the young lady was borne screaming away, by the much-enduring Katy. It was altogether an uncomfortable dinner, and Polly was very glad when it was over. Every one went about their own affairs; and after doing the honors of the house, Fan was called to the dressmaker, leaving Polly to amuse herself in the great drawing-room.

Polly was glad to be alone for a few minutes; and, having examined all the pretty things about her, began to walk up and down over the soft, flowery carpet, humming to herself, as the daylight faded, and only the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room. Presently, madam came slowly in, and sat down in her arm-chair, saying, "That's a fine old tune; sing it to me, my dear. I haven't heard it this many a day."

Polly didn't like to sing before strangers, for she had had no teaching but such as her busy mother could give her; but she had been taught the utmost respect for old people, and having no reason for refusing, she directly went to the piano, and did as she was bid.

"That's the sort of music it's a pleasure to hear. Sing some more, dear," said madam, in her gentle way, when she had done.

Pleased with this praise, Polly sang away in a fresh little voice, that went straight to the listener's heart and nestled there. The sweet old tunes that one is never tired of were all Polly's store; and her favorites were Scotch airs, such as, "Yellow-Haired Laddie," "Jock o' Hazeldean," "Down amang the Heather," and "Birks of Aberfeldie." The more she sung, the better she did it; and when she wound up with "A Health to King Charles," the room quite rung with the stirring music made by the big piano and the little maid.

"By George, that's a jolly tune! Sing it again, please," cried Tom's voice; and there was Tom's red head bobbing up over the high back of the chair where he had hidden himself.

It gave Polly quite a turn, for she thought no one was hearing her but the old lady dozing by the fire. "I can't sing any more; I'm tired," she said, and walked away to madam in the other room. The red head vanished, like a meteor, for Polly's tone had been decidedly cool.

The old lady put out her hand, and drawing Polly to her knee, looked into her face with such kind eyes, that Polly forgot the impressive cap, and smiled at her confidingly; for she saw that her simple music had pleased her listener, and she felt glad to know it.

"You mustn't mind my staring, dear," said madam, softly pinching her rosy cheek. "I haven't seen a little girl for so long, it does my old eyes good to look at you."

Polly thought that a very odd speech, and couldn't help saying, "Aren't Fan and Maud little girls, too?"

"Oh, dear, no; not what *I* call little girls. Fan has been a young lady this two years, and Maud is a spoiled baby. Your mother's a very sensible woman, my child."

"What a very queer old lady!" thought Polly; but she said "Yes'm," respectfully, and looked at the fire.

"You don't understand what I mean, do you?" asked madam, still holding her by the chin.

"No'm; not quite."

"Well, dear; I'll tell you. In my day, children of fourteen and fifteen didn't dress in the height of the fashion; go to parties, as nearly like those of grown people as it's possible to make them; lead idle, giddy, unhealthy lives, and get *blaze* at twenty. We were little folks till eighteen or so; worked and studied, dressed and played like children; honored our parents; and our days were much longer in the land than now, it seems to me."

The old lady appeared to forget Polly at the end of her speech; for she sat patting the plump little hand that lay in her own, and looking up at a faded picture of an old gentleman with a ruffled shirt and a queue.

"Was he your father, madam?"

"Yes, dear; my honored father. I did up his frills, to the day of his death; and the first money I ever earned, was five dollars, which he offered as a prize to whichever of his six girls would lay the handsomest darn in his silk stockings."

"How proud you must have been!" cried Polly, leaning on the old lady's knee with an interested face.

"Yes; and we all learned to make bread, and cook, and wore little chintz gowns, and were as gay and hearty as kittens. All lived to be grandmothers and fathers; and I'm the last, — eighty, next birthday, my dear, and not worn out yet; though Daughter Shaw is an invalid at forty."

"Tell more about your papa, please; I like it," said Polly.

"Say 'father.' We never called him papa; and if one of my brothers had addressed him as 'governor,' as boys do now, I really think he'd have cut him off with a shilling."

Madam raised her voice in saying this, and nodded significantly;

but a mild snore from the other room seemed to assure her that it was a waste of shot to fire in that direction.

Before madam could continue, in came Fanny, with the joyful news, that Clara Bird had invited them both to go to the theatre with her that very evening, and would call for them at seven o'clock. Polly was so excited by this sudden plunge into the dissipations of city life, that she flew about like a distracted butterfly, and hardly knew what happened, till she found herself seated before the great green curtain in the brilliant theatre. Old Mr. Bird sat on one side, Fanny on the other, and both let her alone, for which she was very grateful, as her whole attention was so absorbed in the scene around her, that she couldn't talk.

Polly had never been much to the theatre; and the few plays she had seen were the good old fairy tales, dramatized to suit young beholders — lively, bright, and full of the harmless nonsense which brings the laugh without the blush. That night, she saw one of the new spectacles which have lately become the rage, and run for hundreds of nights, dazzling, exciting, and demoralizing the spectator by every allurement French ingenuity can invent, and American prodigality execute. Never mind, whether it was the "Grand Duchesse," the "White Fawn," or the "Black Crook;" it was very gorgeous, very vulgar, and very fashionable; so, of course, it was much admired, and every one went to see it. At first, Polly thought she had got into fairy-land, and saw only the sparkling creatures who danced and sung in a world of light and beauty; but, presently, she began to listen to the songs and conversation, and then the illusion vanished; for the lovely phantoms sung negro melodies, talked slang, and were a disgrace to the good, old-fashioned elves whom she knew and loved so well.

Our little girl was too innocent to understand half the jokes, and often wondered what people were laughing at; but, as the first enchantment subsided, Polly began to feel uncomfortable, to be sure her mother wouldn't like to have her there, and to wish she hadn't come. Somehow, things seemed to get worse and worse, as the play went on; for one small spectator was being rapidly enlightened by the gossip going on all about her, as well as by her own quick eyes and girlish instincts. When four-and-twenty girls, dressed as jockeys, came prancing onto the stage, cracking their whips, stamping the heels of their top-boots, and winking at the audience, Polly didn't think it at all funny, but looked disgusted,

and was glad when they were gone; but when another set appeared in a costume consisting of gauze wings, and a bit of gold fringe round the waist, poor unfashionable Polly didn't know what to do; for she felt both frightened and indignant, and sat with her eyes on her play-bill, and her cheeks getting hotter and hotter every minute.

"What are you blushing so for?" asked Fanny, as the painted sylphs vanished.

"I'm so ashamed of those girls," whispered Polly, taking a long breath of relief.

"You little goose — it's just the way it was done in Paris, and the dancing is splendid. It seems queer at first; but you'll get used to it, as I did."

"I'll never come again," said Polly, decidedly; for her innocent nature rebelled against the spectacle, which, as yet, gave her more pain than pleasure. She did not know how easy it was to "get used to it," as Fanny did; and it was well for her that the temptation was not often offered. She could not explain the feeling; but she was glad when the play was done, and they were safe at home, where kind grandma was waiting to see them comfortably into bed.

"Did you have a good time, dear?" she asked, looking at Polly's feverish cheeks and excited eyes.

"I don't wish to be rude; but I didn't," answered Polly. "Some of it was splendid; but a good deal of it made me want to go under the seat. People seemed to like it; but *I* don't think it was proper."

As Polly freed her mind, and emphasized her opinion with a decided rap of the boot she had just taken off, Fanny laughed, and said, while she pirouetted about the room, like Mademoiselle Therese, "Polly was shocked, grandma. Her eyes were as big as saucers, her face as red as my sash, and once, I thought she was going to cry. Some of it *was* rather queer; but of course, it was proper, or all our set wouldn't go. I heard Mrs. Smythe Perkins say, "It was charming; so like dear Paris;" and she has lived abroad; so, of course, she knows what is what."

"I don't care if she has. I know it *wasn't* proper for little girls to see, or I shouldn't have been so ashamed!" cried sturdy Polly, perplexed, but not convinced, even by Mrs. Smythe Perkins.

"I think you are right, my dear; but you have lived in the country, and haven't yet learned, that modesty has gone out of

fashion." And with a good-night kiss, grandma left Polly to dream dreadfully of dancing in jockey costume, on a great stage; while Tom played a big drum in the orchestra; and the audience all wore the faces of her father and mother, looking sorrowfully at her, with eyes like saucers, and faces as red as Fanny's sash.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

HOW JOHNNY BECAME A NEWSBOY.

"MOTHER, it's so cold!" and Johnny tried to cuddle closer to his mother; then, getting wider awake, he ceased to complain, for he was a manly little fellow, and contented himself with trying to draw up the thin old bedquilt, and spread it more carefully over his mother. He saw that she was very pale, for a straggling moonbeam made its way through the window, and fell directly upon the bed. He thought his mother spoke presently, and put his ear down close to listen. It was water she asked for, he found; he got up without a word, and brought some. She drank it eagerly, but shook so, that Johnny grew colder from sympathy. His little feet ached with pattering over the cold floor; but he only said, cherrily, "It's lucky I stopped the holes round the windows, yesterday, mother. It would have been colder yet; and it's cold enough now." He crept down beside her once more, and was soon fast asleep. He did not wake till the sunbeams were creeping through the thickly-frosted pane. "I wonder if mother is awake," he whispered to himself, as he put his arm softly round her neck. "How cold she is! poor mother!" He raised himself on his elbow, and leaned over to look in her face.

A short interval of silence — then the child's bitter wail thrilled through the house, and even startled people on the pavement below. These listened for a moment, as they plodded through the deep snow; but no one, either in the house or out of it, seemed to think it exactly a matter of personal interest.

The woman who had the letting of the attic-room, at last, seemed to think that the cause of the crying might need investigation, and she paced grimly upstairs. Unlocking the door with her key, she took a leisurely survey of the room. Johnny had thrown himself upon his mother's body, and was sobbing in a heartbroken

way, though less loudly than at first. Mrs. O'Brien scowled at him. "Hould yer noise, ye young imp, can't yer? — disturbin' the whole o' this dacent house wid yer howlin'."

Mrs. O'Brien was now fairly in the room, and approaching the bed, she saw how matters stood. Perhaps she was touched by the sight; for it was pitiful to see the little fellow, with his cheek upon his mother's, and her poor dead face wet with his tears. If Mrs. O'Brien's long dormant emotions *were* stirred, the unwonted agitation soon gave way to other considerations. "Well; it's dead she is, an' no mishtake; and, now, who's to pay the week's rint that she's afther owin' me?" Her eye ran over the miserable room. A chest of drawers attracted her attention; she rummaged these with great apparent interest in the contents. Then she took down a dress that hung upon the wall, and felt in the pocket. After making great show of returning the contents, article by article, she broke out into low mutterings, some of which were audible. "There's nought here that would pay me a quarther of the expinse I would be at; but 'twould be a blessin' to the bye." She was trying to cloak her rascality, even to herself. She attempted to take Johnny from the bed, as she finished her last remark, but the child resisted.

"You shall not take me away from my mother, Mrs. O'Brien," he said, stoutly; and as she seemed inclined to use force, he cried out again.

There was a sound of opening and shutting doors below, and Mrs. O'Brien thought it best to adopt a new policy. "Come, darlint! come down to my room. There's a warm fire, and some breakfast for yes, honey, wid me own little byes, as ye'll like to be playin' wid, when ye've had yer breakfast."

"I don't want to play! O mother! mother!" sobbed Johnny. He remembered, too, in all his sorrow, that his mother had always strictly charged him, on no account to go into Mrs. O'Brien's room, and had forbidden his playing with her boys.

"Well; stop the noise o' ye, or I'll take ye away in me arms!" she said, savagely.

Johnnie looked at her red eyes, and thought how heavy her hand looked; and nestling closer to his mother, stopped crying.

"If I hear ye, I'll come fitch ye down," said Mrs. O'Brien, as she retreated.

The grasping woman had conceived the plan of having Johnny's mother buried as cheaply as possible, and taking possession of

the little she left, even to Johnny, whom she thought she might make something out of, by setting him up as a newsboy — a branch of business in which her own sons were engaged. Johnny was a bright-eyed, curly-headed little chap, and people might be induced to patronize him by his good looks. A sight of the clothing which the chest of drawers contained had confirmed her in her purpose; and that this was scarcely the best way of turning an honest penny, did not seem to enter into her calculations.

Two or three hours after, her heavy step again sounded on the rickety stairs. Little Johnny, worn out with crying, was asleep, with his arm round his dead mother's neck. Mrs. O'Brien was armed with a tin cup containing some liquid. She spoke to Johnny, gently for her, and held the cup to his lips. "'Tis warm milk, honey; an' if ye dhrink it, like a good bye, shure, and 'twill set ye on yer legs agin."

Johnny drank, but made up a wry face. His lip trembled. "It doesn't taste like the milk mother got for me." He feared, poor little fellow, that Mrs. O'Brien would try to take him away again; but she said nothing more, except to tell him to be quiet, and go to sleep again. He lay down immediately, and she sat down to watch him. He thought, how ugly she looked, with her bloodshot eyes and straggling hair, and a hideous great wart upon her nose.

"I shouldn't think she was a woman, not if my mother was," thought Johnny. She seemed to grow larger and larger, as he looked, and her red eyes pierced him through. Johnny remembered nothing more distinctly. The next thing he could recall, was raising his head, which felt dizzy and heavy, and seeing Mrs. O'Brien's two boys, Tim and Pat, scuffling on the floor. He opened his eyes wider, and looked at the smoky walls and dirty window-panes; he felt for his mother, and knew that he was not in his own bed. He recognized the room, too; he had looked in sometimes when the door stood open. He was then in Mrs. O'Brien's room, where he had been forbidden to go, and his mother was *gone*. His head ached so, that he was fain to lay it down again, and close his eyes. He raised himself again, by and by. It made him sick to see the soiled pillow on which he was lying; but he did not seem to have strength to move. After awhile, he faltered out, "I want to go to my mother!"

"An' it's yer mother yer wantin', is it?" said the harsh voice, that made Johnny shrink in every fibre. "Here; ate yer dinner, and don't be askin' questions;" and she placed on a table, at

Johnny's bedside, what looked like a basin of soup, putting, at the same time, a spoonful to his lips. "Take a sup."

Johnny began to cry. "I can't eat! I want my mother!"

The hag grew fairly livid with rage; she raised her heavy hand, and dealt the child a blow. "Hould yer tongue now, ye limb! Let me iver hear another word o' yer mother, an' ye'll catch it, that's all!"

Johnny cried out no more; but the tears stole down his cheeks for a long time. The child had been stupefied for two days; and it was some time before he could eat, even though threats were used, and it was several days before he could stand upon his feet.

At last, one afternoon, he managed to elude Mrs. O'Brien's observation. She had held a black bottle to her lips for a long time, and at last, slept heavily in her chair; then Johnny crept away upstairs, and tried the door of his old room. It was fast; but he peeped through the great key-hole; he could see all over the room nearly. *His mother was not there.* His little heart swelled. "What has she done with my mother?" he whispered, with a smothered sob. "Oh, I don't dare ask her, and I shall die! Oh, I shall die, mother, without you!" and the poor boy threw up his hands, and sank down upon the floor. Tim and Pat found him there shortly after, and took him downstairs quite as roughly as their mother would have done. Mrs. O'Brien slept nearly all the evening. When at last she awoke, she called Johnny up to her; he stood trembling before her, fumbling his little cap. Frightened as he was, he thought, even then, how his mother had made that cap from a vest that she had taken out of her drawer. He wondered what had made her cry so over the vest while she cut the pieces out. How proud he had been of that cap; and he smoothed it with his trembling hand. At last, Mrs. O'Brien, having gloated sufficiently over the tremors of her victim, found voice. "Hould yer shakin'! Ye'll go out with the ither lads, the morrow, and earn yer bread. It's meself can't be given it till ye any longer." Then she tumbled Johnny into bed with the other boys. It was hard sleeping, Johnny thought, with a sigh; Tim and Pat took most of the bed. At last, the child fell asleep, dimly hoping that the morrow might bring something better than Mrs. O'Brien's filthy room.

He was up early the next morning, and passed under Mrs. O'Brien's hands before he was committed to the charge of Tim and Pat, for Johnny was not yet seven years old. Suffering from

cold, and a low diet, with his other troubles, had told upon him; but he was naturally a sturdy little fellow. He had washed his face and combed his curly hair, for his mother had carefully taught him habits of cleanliness. "It's all I can do," he half-sobbed, as he tugged away at his tangled curls, "all I can do to mind what my mother said. If I can't ask about her, I can do that. I'll speak the truth, too, always, and keep myself clean. I can't obey her about keeping out of Mrs. O'Brien's room. I wish I could; but I don't know where to go, or how to get away." A tear or two stole down his cheeks at that thought, which Mrs. O'Brien perceiving, she pushed him out into the passage, and ordered him to follow the other boys, and mind what they told him. "An' bring home a pocket o' money, or I'll lather ye well," was her parting charge.

Johnny had all he could do for awhile to keep up with the rough boys, who elbowed their way along through the crowded streets. They bought Johnny's papers with their own, and told him what to call, for they could read the headings pretty well. The little boy felt like crying at first; but it happened that papers were in demand that day, and if he did not shout so loud as the rest, the sight of his wistful face did better for him than his calls, when the people chanced to notice him. He was quite well received at night, having brought home more money than either Tim or Pat, and crept into his miserable bed, thinking that, after all, selling papers in the broad bright streets was better than staying in Mrs. O'Brien's smoky room.

But other days came, when Johnny was not successful, and then he often felt the heavy hand. His resolve to speak the truth, too, cost him dear at times. Once, he lost the sale of a paper, by answering truly, that it was not the latest, he having had it left over; and Tim reporting it to his mother, Johnny was unmercifully beaten. There was a change in Johnny, too. He suffered so much, that it began to show in his face. Bold and self-reliant naturally, he was beginning to cower before the unnatural restraint to which he was subjected. Almost his only comfort came with dreams at night. The mystery of his mother's fate was ever with him, and his dreams were almost always of her. Sometimes he was with her in beautiful places, with green trees and birds and running water; he could not tell whether he had ever seen these places, or whether she had only told him of them. At other times, it was only the poor room where they had lived, and his mother

cutting out his little clothes from those larger clothes, over which, when she took them from the drawer, she always wept. Then came the recollection of the weary days of her long sickness, and his efforts to take care of her. Johnny had, in his waking hours, but one pleasant thing in his recent experience to remember. A beautiful little boy, of his own age, with long curling hair, had called him one day, as he was passing by, wearily tugging his bundle of papers, for it was hard selling them that day. The boy beckoned him into the carriage where he sat. Johnny hesitated; but the child had such a sweet smile, and his little dog was curled up on the seat beside him — the temptation was so strong, that Johnny clambered in. The little boy asked Johnny's name, and told him that his own was Arthur, and his dog's name was Prince; and they both lived in the city of Providence.

While Johnny was talking, Arthur's father came to the carriage. At first, he spoke sternly to both; but he ended by buying all of Johnny's papers for twice what they were worth, bidding him buy some dinner with the change, when Johnny tried to give it to him. And then they rode away; and Johnny wondered whether he

should ever see Arthur again, and if Providence was so very far to walk.

About this time, to add to Johnny's miseries, Tim and Pat fell into the habit of taking his earnings from him sometimes, when they had not been fortunate themselves; and as Mrs. O'Brien believed them in preference to Johnny, and keeping out of their way *always* was most impossible, Johnny used to feel sometimes, in his vague childish way, what older people feel, when they declare that life is too great a burden to bear. He wished he could go to his mother, wherever she might be, and tell her how hard it was to be punished for telling the truth.

Johnny was in bed earlier than usual, one night, when his dreams were rudely interrupted by his being whisked out of bed, and bidden, with a shower of oaths and blows, to get on his clothes, and take a pile of papers and sell them. Half asleep, Johnny at last understood, that Pat had reached home with a bundle of unsold papers, and had just been accusing Johnny to his mother, of having purloined Pat's money from his pocket, while his back was turned.

"That was the way ye was intilt so early wid yer stolen money. Take Pathrick's papers, and get into the street; and mind yer don't show yer face here till ye've sold ivery one."

Johnny crept out, aching and bewildered. He took his way to one of the depots, thinking he might sell his papers to the passengers on the train. "Oh, if I could get to Providence, and find Arthur!" he ejaculated. He went up to the ticket-master, and found the fare was a dollar and a half.

"You could go on a half-ticket, my boy," said a gentleman who was standing by.

Poor Johnny was completely overcome by the kind words and tone. He dropped his papers, and then began picking them up.

"Do you want to sell those?" said the old gentleman.

"Yes; but that is not half," said Johnny, with a burst of tears. "I want to get away."

"Get away from *what*, my boy?" said another and a younger gentleman, who was standing by.

"From her — Mrs. O'Brien," said Johnny, mysteriously, at the same time lowering his voice to a whisper.

"Who is Mrs. O'Brien?" said the old gentleman.

"What is your name?" said the young one, who was looking attentively at Johnny, meanwhile.

"John Carroll," said our hero, answering the query which seemed easiest to answer of the two.

"What was your father's name?" pursued the young gentleman.

Johnny carried his hand to his forehead, in the vain struggle to remember. "I can't tell," he said, faintly. "I guess I've forgotten."

"Your mother's name — can you tell that?"

"Margaret," said Johnny. "I don't know what the last name is;" and he tugged away at the bosom of his shirt. "There it is — all I have that was my mother's; but I can't read the writing letters," said Johnny. "There's Margaret; but the other isn't Carroll."

The young man took the handkerchief, hastily. "Margaret Faunce," he read aloud. "Good God!" Seizing Johnny, he turned up his face to the light.

"What is the matter?" queried the old gentleman.

"Matter enough," ejaculated the young man, "when I find my own sister's son in such a plight as this!" And he turned back to the ticket-agent. "A half-ticket to Chicago, sir." Meanwhile, Johnny stood waiting, his cheeks flushed with a wild hope. Five minutes later, he was thundering away in the express train. The child could not realize it. Only an hour ago, lying in his miserable bed, he had heard the bells ringing eight o'clock; and here he was going — no matter where — so it was away from the O'Briens. At first, he was too much excited to sleep; but he gave way at length. He woke with the sun shining into the car windows. When he left the train, it was to enjoy the almost-forgotten luxury of a bath, and array himself in a new suit of clothes; then, after a good breakfast, he was sent to the parlor, to wait for Mr. Faunce. Soon his uncle came in. Calling Johnny to him, he put back the curly hair, still damp from the bath, with his white hand, and again looked curiously into the boy's face. "You have your mother's eyes, Johnny. Do you know who I am?"

"No," said Johnny, doubtfully. "You won't let me go back, will you, sir?"

"Never again, my boy. I am your uncle; your mother was my little sister Margaret. You said she was dead. Can you tell me about it?" And Johnny tried. His uncle listened silently. After awhile, he sat with his head turned away from the little boy, and his handkerchief went up to his face pretty often; for Johnny remembered more than I have told. Besides, he told his story

better than I have done. When he was through, his uncle said, in a voice so strange, that Johnny looked up surprised, that he should like to have Mrs. O'Brien punished. But all Johnny begged for was one thing. He clasped his little hands, and said, in such a way, that his uncle's face was hidden again, "Only find where she put my mother, uncle — only let me find her?"

Uncle Richard and Johnny did find her, nearly two years after; and she was laid at last beside her husband in a country churchyard far away, where, through the long summer days, green trees wave and buttercups and daisies bloom. Mrs. O'Brien had met with her punishment long before. She had a fall on her own stairway, which made her a cripple for life. And Johnny still loves the truth, as well as when he was a little newsboy. I think he will grow up to be a noble man, — all that his young mother prayed he might be, when, in her dying hour, she left him in the hands of the dear Father of us all.

F. CHESEBORO.

HOLLYWOOD.

V.

THE professor was sitting at her table, writing a letter, when Cassy opened the door. She looked at the frightened little girl, and then said, not unkindly, "Will you put these books on the upper shelf of the left-hand case? I will talk with you after I have finished my letter."

Cassy took the books, and climbing the library-steps, put them in order on the shelf, then quietly came back, and sat down at the table, opposite the teacher. She had time, while Miss Anne was folding and sealing her letter, to look about the study, where she had never been before. Although she was wondering what punishment she was to suffer for her idleness, she could not help looking at the books in their cases and the pictures on the wall. She noticed, too, that the carpet where she sat was worn in one place, probably by the feet of uneasy scholars, when undergoing the dreaded talk with the "Professor."

The study was a small room, through whose western windows poured the long, slanting rays of the afternoon sun. Three great cases of books stood on three of its sides; and on the fourth hung

a set of maps on rollers. Between the bookcases were pictures of columns and ruined temples, and the carved stone doors of old cathedrals. A cabinet in one corner was full of fossils and crystals, and queer stones. Two great globes, one of the earth, the other of the heavens, stood behind the desk, which was covered with papers and schoolbooks. Altogether, Cassy thought, as her quick eyes glanced around the room, it wasn't so bad as she had imagined. "I hope she won't be very cross, though," she said to herself, as Miss Anne went to the door to give her letter to John.

She came back to her seat, and said, "I sent for you, because I don't think that you have done your best for these last few weeks. Do you think yourself that you have worked as well as you did at first?"

"No, ma'am," answered Cassy, faintly.

"Miss May tells me," went on the professor, "that you learn your natural-history lessons very well; and that, a few weeks ago, she was so much pleased with you, that she thought of putting you in a higher class. But, since then, you are idle and careless. Why is it?"

"I don't know," said Cassy.

"You do know, I think," continued the teacher. "You have a feeling, that, if you learn one lesson well, there is no need of doing anything with the others. I don't think that's right; do you yourself? No; I see that you don't. Now, I know that your lessons are hard, because you haven't been in school so long as the other girls; and, if you're really not able to keep up in all your classes, you may leave off something for the present. But you must look me in the face first, and tell me that you're really overworked, before I can let you give up anything."

"Why," said Cassy, slowly, "I suppose I ought to study harder."

"Were your lessons too much for you, when you first came?"

"No, ma'am," answered Cassy.

"You may go, now," said the professor; "and come back in a week. You can tell me then, whether you have had too much to do. I think that you can get on very well if you choose."

Cassy went out of the room, feeling very glad that the dreaded interview had been no worse, and that she had a chance to redeem her character. She said nothing to the other girls about the talk which she had had with Miss Anne; indeed, Miss May had taken care that none of them should know anything of it. But that

night, when Cassy was alone with Agnes, she told her how kind the stern-looking professor had been to her, and that she was really going to try to do her work well.

"I'll help you," said Agnes, cheerily.

And at the end of the week, Cassy went again to the study, where she met Miss May, who said, "Cassy, I have told Miss Anne how well you have learned your lessons this week; and we have decided, that, if your reports are as good at the end of a month, to place you in a higher class."

Cassy, too happy to speak, ran out of the room to Agnes, who had been told, during the week, that she was to recite in geography and history with Jessie Pierce. The sisters were talking busily, when Nettie Millburn came to the door, and said, "Here's a note for you;" and without waiting to say more, or to be asked to go into the room, went downstairs.

"What is it?" asked Cassy, eagerly.

"It's from Mr. Millburn," said Agnes. "He has come home, and is coming to see us today."

He came in the afternoon; and the two girls had never had a happier hour than that which he spent with them. When he went away, he said, "Winter is coming; and I believe that you have a vacation at Christmas. You're not going home then, are you?"

"No, sir," answered Agnes; "it's too far. We shall stay here."

"Are Helen and Jessie going home?" asked Mr. Millburn.

"I don't know," said Cassy; "but I don't believe they are."

Mr. Millburn said nothing more at the time; but, like the parrot of blessed memory, "thought all the more."

The autumn had passed away very quickly, and the first of December had come, before Agnes and Cassy had thought that November was half over. The schoolgirls could now talk of nothing but the holidays, and the visits and parties and Christmas-trees which were in store for them.

"We shall be all alone, shan't we?" said Helen, one day, to Agnes.

"We? Then you're going to stay here, too?"

"Yes. Didn't you know it?" said Helen, in a surprised tone.

"But what shall we do?" went on Agnes.

"I don't know," answered Helen. "It will be very stupid."

The girls could hardly keep back their tears, when they saw all their schoolmates going away for the holidays; and when the last trunks were packed, and the last good-byes said, they went into

the schoolroom feeling very woe-begone. Before long, they heard voices, and Mrs. Willbert and Miss May came in, talking so busily that they did not notice any one in the room.

"I should not think of it," said the old lady, "if you were not to be here; though it is hard for you to give up your holidays, as you will have to when we are away."

"It will not trouble me at all," answered Miss May. "You know that I never go home at Christmas, and I am very glad that you are all to have a rest. Here are the girls, now." And going to the window, she put her hand on Cassy's shoulder, and said, "Do you know, that I am to keep house with you for a week?"

"No, ma'am!" answered all the girls.

"We are going to keep Christmas with some old friends, who live fifty miles from here," said Mrs. Willbert; "and Miss May is kind enough to say that she will take care of the house. I think that she will make you all very happy."

"I'm sure she will," said Helen, as she left the room.

That afternoon, the professor, with her big bonnet and small trunk, her sister, with two trunks, and the dear old lady, smiling a good-by out of her fur-trimmed hood, went away; and Miss May and the four lonely little girls were left to themselves.

"Didn't you want to go home, too?" asked Jessie, that evening.

"I never go at Christmas," said Miss May, "because I have so little time. You know that I live in Boston, and I haven't really more than two days there. I tried it the first year that I was here, and was so tired and hurried all the time, that I gave it up." She was packing a box as she spoke; but she didn't tell the girls that she always spent the money, which her journey home and back would have cost her, in presents for her friends at home, and that she was then making ready to send them on the next morning. After she had finished, she said, "I think that it will be pleasant for all of you to keep a little journal until school begins. You will like to look it over by and by; and you can write it in half an hour after breakfast every morning."

The girls looked at each other, as if they thought that it was too much like work for holiday-time; but finally said that they would try it. I think that they can better tell you how they spent their Christmas than I; and as Agnes wrote a longer journal than the others, I shall let you read a part of hers.

AGNES'S JOURNAL.

Dec. 24. We were all sitting around the fire yesterday morning, when Mr. Millburn came in, and asked us to go to his house to-morrow, Miss May and all. He said that he would come for us and take us home. After he had gone, Miss May took Helen and me into the kitchen, and we helped the cook stone raisins and pick currants for the Christmas-pudding. Last night, Miss May began to read the "Christmas Carol" to us. We like it very much.

Dec. 26. We had such a good time yesterday! In the first place, Mr. Millburn had been so kind to us, that we wanted to buy him a Christmas present, and Miss May took us all to the city to find one. Father sent us each five dollars for spending-money, last week, and Helen and Jessie had some too. We thought, at first, that we'd put all our money together; and then we said that we'd each get him something. We went to a large shop, where Helen bought him a paper-folder, made of hollywood, with some flowers painted on it. We thought that the hollywood would make him think of us and where we live. Jessie bought a pen-wiper — scarlet, with two funny little black dogs on it, and a thermometer for his study; and Cassy didn't know what to get, and couldn't find anything that she liked, until Miss May took us through a quiet little street, where Cassy saw in a window just what she wanted. It was a little group of bears, — a brown mother-bear walking with her little white baby in her arms, and another little one trotting along by her side. The mother and the one who was walking were holding little umbrellas, and had baskets on their backs to hold matches. The ground under their feet was rough, for lighting the matches. By and by, Miss May left us at a bookstore, and while she was out, we all together bought her a copy of a new book, called "Snow-Bound." When she came back, Jessie hid it under her coat, and we all went home.

STAR-GAZING.

WHEN I look up in the skies,
With such very sleepy eyes,
You see, I may not tell them all aright;
But the little bear I know,
And the big one's just below,
Wandering onward, through the wide and silent night.

There's Orion with his sword;
It's a month, upon my word,
Since I tracked him going slowly towards the west;
And his belt it is so bright,
And his feet are shod with light,
And he wears a silver star upon his breast.

They say, that, long years gone, —
Before ever I was born, —
He loved the lovely daughter of a king;
And they stole away together,
Across the starry weather,
Till some traitor struck him blind to everything.

I can see that lady fair,
All her length of yellow hair,
Streaming out against the darkness of the skies;
And her lover blundering on,
Waiting for the rising sun,
To restore the gladness to his eyes.

So they flash upon my sight,
These phantoms of delight,
Shedding from the heavens a shining haze;
With a music no one hears,
Float these happy, happy spheres,
Float and fade away before my sleepy gaze.

How they come, and how they go,
I should really like to know;
In what dream-land do they pass the smiling day?
For, like ghosts, they disappear
At the voice of chanticleer,
And a shadow falls across the Milky Way.

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

THE EVE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

IT is a lovely Sunday in June. Sitting at my open window, the morning breeze wafts me the breath of a thousand flowers, the happy songs of birds, the silvery chimes from a dozen steeples; and as I hear the pleasant voices of children on their way to church, — some to the cathedral on the hill, others to the little Methodist chapel next door, — I contrast this peaceful scene with the horrors of a Sunday that dawned upon a pious people three hundred years ago.

There is no sadder page in history than that which records the sufferings of the early founders of our pure religion. Francis I. was to John Calvin and his followers a more cruel enemy, than was either of his superb contemporaries* to Martin Luther and his. Under his fearful edicts, the Protestants of France were hunted like wild beasts through the land. Neither kinship nor friendship could save a suspected heretic. Let a mother but teach her little one to lisp a prayer in French, and both were tortured. Such terrible refinements of cruelty were practised, as the *balançoire*, by which the martyr was alternately lowered into

* Henry VIII., of England, and Charles V., of Spain.

the blazing pile, and raised again, while the king and queen stood by, enjoying the protracted agonies of their victim.

More frightful even were the atrocities perpetrated against the simple farming folk, who dwelt among the mountains of Provence. A remnant of the ancient Vaudois, these inoffensive people, by three centuries of faithful toil, had made the wilderness to blossom as the rose; their cattle had a wide renown; their honey and almonds found their way to many a baron's table. True, they seldom were seen at church, and when there, they never knelt before the images; but nowhere could you find more peaceable citizens, and none were readier with their fees than they. Hearing of the Huguenots and their doctrines, they declared them to be their brethren. Down upon their peaceful settlement came the fierce soldiery of the king, as the falcon swoops to a dove's nest. Fleeing before their persecutors, the old, the feeble, the infant, husbands and wives, young men and maidens, were butchered in cold blood. It was forbidden to harbor them, under pain of death. In one of their principal towns, seven hundred men were killed, and the women and children shut up in a barn, to which fire was set. The victims, seeking escape through the windows, were driven back by the pikes of the soldiers, to perish in the flames. Twenty-two villages were sacked and burned, their fields laid waste, their fruit-trees torn up by the roots, their forests cut down. Nine hundred houses were destroyed, and three thousand persons were massacred.

Twenty years passed; the once devastated fields of Mirandole and Cabrieres were grass-grown; a brief period of toleration ensued. Old wounds were so far healed, that, in Paris, the Catholics listened with patience, if not with pleasure, to the psalms of the Protestants, who thronged the *pre aux clercs* of a summer evening, and filled the air with their melodies. But the accession of the puny Francis II. gave rise to two strong factions, to whose natural and political jealousy of each other, religious fanaticism added rancor. The weak king's passion for the charming Mary Stuart threw too much power into the hands of her uncles, the Duke of Guise, naturally courteous and humane, but led by ambition to support the cruel projects of his more learned brother, the eloquent, politic, and bigoted Cardinal of Lorraine.

Affronted at this, the Bourbon princes, the fickle and timid Anthony of Navarre, and the generous and talented Conde, eagerly embraced the cause of the reformers, drawing to its sup-

port from one of the grandest families of France that noble pair of brothers, Gaspard de Coligny, and the intrepid D'Andelot. Hating the Guises, but adhering to the religion of his king, stood the stern old Constable Montmorenci. Lavish in promises to all these, Catharine, the queen-mother, an Italian by birth, a Catholic at heart, intrigued between them, bewitched them each in turn, used either as it could best satisfy her thirst for power, and domineered over all at pleasure.

Siding now with young Henry of Guise, to avenge his father's murder, Catharine saw with joy the death of the heroic Conde; but the courage of Jeanne d'Albret and the inflexibility of Coligny, proved that the contest could never be ended by honorable war. Catharine, then, with a smile on her lips, and vengeance in her heart, made her cowardly son, Charles IX., propose a favorable peace to the Protestants; and to strengthen the alliance, offered her own daughter in marriage to the young King of Navarre. The peace-loving Coligny gladly accepted the terms. "If only we have our religion," said he, "what more do we want?"

All Paris was astir with preparations for the marriage. "And much I fear the wedding-favors will be crimson," whispered one to Coligny. "What if serpents be intertwined with the bridal-wreaths?" said another. And their suspicions confirmed by the sudden death of Jeanne d'Albret, they quietly left the city. "I trust in the word of my king," replied the pure patriot, and fearlessly remained. Treated with affectionate respect by the king, his just and liberal views might in time, perhaps, have won over the treacherous Charles to the side of clemency; but the infamous Catharine and the crafty Guise would hear of no delay, and urged the death of Coligny and the destruction of his party. Yielding at last to their importunities, "If you kill the admiral," said Charles, "leave not a single Huguenot to reproach me with his death."

On Friday, the 22d of August, 1572, as Coligny sauntered slowly from the palace to his hotel, reading as he went, he was fired at from a window, and the fingers of his right hand shot away. With his mother and a princely retinue, Charles hastened to the admiral's dwelling, pretending sorrow and shame at this dastardly attempt on his life, and swore that the assassin should feel the king's vengeance. Then urging the Huguenots to lodge near their leader in order to protect him, in case of any tumult, and placing an armed guard about the house, he quitted the bedside of his un-

suspicious victim. Saturday came. The last council of the conspirators was held. To the leading Catholics, different quarters of the city were assigned. The vindictive Guise claimed that where the admiral lay. A general massacre of the Huguenots was arranged. Only the bridegroom and Henry of Conde were to be spared, as being of the royal blood. The great clock of the palace, pealing forth at daybreak, was to be the signal for attack. It was the Eve of St. Bartholomew. The plot was now ripe, and the hour at hand.

At midnight, through the dark and silent streets, hundreds of armed men, wearing on the left arm a broad white scarf, a white cross on their hats, stole softly to the rendezvous. Gay music sounded from the Louvre, and bright lights streamed from the windows where Charles, remorseful and abject, now stood with his beloved friend, the young Count de Rochefoucauld. "It is late," said the king, with a shudder; "do not leave the palace tonight." "You are ill, sire!" cried his friend, anxiously, struck by the deathly pallor of his face. "No, no; it was for your own sake I asked it," said Charles, recovering himself. "*Au revoir*, then," said the count, gayly, as he passed out. "A prince should know no fear."

Swiftly then to the clock-tower sped the savage Catharine, and with her own fair hands firmly set the clock one hour ahead. O hands! whose whiteness and softness had been the envy of queens, the praise of kings, from that hour, ye nevermore were soft or white.

The deep tolling of the great bell of the palace struck upon the ear of the wounded admiral, tossing with pain and fever. He felt it was the death-knell of the Protestants, and begged his attendants to fly. An Italian rushed up the stairs. "Art thou the admiral?" he asked. "Oh, to die by a knightly hand, and not by that of this hireling!" groaned the veteran; and then, with calmness, added, "My friend, respect my age and infirmities." A score of daggers met in his heart. "Is it done?" cried Guise, impatiently, from below. For answer, the body was thrown out the window. The duke coolly wiped the blood from the face. "It is himself," he said. "Come, comrades; we have made a good beginning." Rochefoucauld, waked from his first sleep by the rude hands of masked men, thinking it a jest of the king, to test his courage, called out to them, pleasantly, to be as gentle as possible, and fell, pierced by their cowardly swords. La Place, tenderly

raising his wife, who knelt to sue for mercy, and sternly rebuking their son, who purchased his life by pinning the white cross to his cap, met his death with dignity. Though strict orders were given for the murder of Teligny, the admiral's son-in-law, he was so beloved, that he was spared by general consent, till one, who knew him not, shot him as he ran from roof to roof. The slaughter now became general; and the streets, but lately resounding with the pious songs of the Huguenots, now echoed with their death-shrieks. Heavy with sleep, unarmed, and half-naked, the people rushed from their houses, and were butchered, without regard to age or sex. Priests urged on the carnage. The day dawned clear and beautiful. "Even the skies rejoice at the destruction of the heretics," said Charles. Some Protestants, living remote from the palace, and hearing the firing, thought it was an attack upon the Louvre, and ran to aid their king; but when they saw him standing at an open window, and crying, "Kill! kill!" as he shot at their flying brethren, they, too, turned and fled. "There is no better remedy than bleeding in August," cried the ferocious Catholics, and vied with each other in cruelty. The streets were piled with dead, the river ran blood, the palace-gates were splashed with gore. Death to those who protected a Protestant, was the king's order. A count rescued thirty from the mob, merely to have the pleasure of killing them by lingering tortures. Flying to the prisons for shelter, they were knocked in head by the jailers. Some escaped as if by miracles. Coligny's chaplain, trying to save himself by crossing the housetops, fell into a loft, where he lay three days, hidden in the hay, and eating nothing but an egg, which a hen laid daily within his reach. The great Sully, then a student, was saved by the kindness of his college principal, who hid him in a closet in his own chamber. A child, bathed in the blood of his father and brother, who were stabbed at his side, with wonderful presence of mind, made believe dead, and fell between them. A wretch, who was rifling the bodies of the slain, stripped a bright stocking from the boy's foot, saying, as he did so, "Poor baby! what a pity to kill thee!" "I am not dead," whispered the child, whose tones touched the man's heart. "Be quiet; by and by, I will come and fetch you," said he; and, returning at night, wrapped him in a ragged coat, and led him away. "Give the brat to us," cried some ruffians who met them; "we will finish him!" "He is my nephew, and beastly drunk; I am going to beat him well," replied his protector.

The boy's sister, who was maid-of-honor to the queen, hearing of his escape, and feigning joy at his safety, begged their relative, Marshal Biron, a Catholic, to whom he had been carried, to let her take care of him. "I would sooner send him to his father to guard," answered the good Biron; and, protected by him, the boy lived to become famous later as the Marshal de La Force.

A week, the work of death went on, though its fury was somewhat spent after the third day. Coligny's body, dragged three days in the mire, was hung up by the feet on a gibbet, and Charles and his court went out to look at it. Having ordered the keys of the city brought to him, that no Huguenot might escape, he sent next day for a captain, and asked if there were any yet living in the city? "I killed one hundred last night, sire, and the same number remain for tonight," was the answer, at which Charles laughed heartily. Five or six thousand were slaughtered in Paris alone; and about seventy thousand all told in the kingdom. More than one provincial governor nobly refused to do the bloody work. He of Auvergne wrote, "Sire, I respect you too much to credit the orders I have received as yours; and if they be yours, I respect you too much to execute them." A letter from Bayonne, said, "Sire, our arms are yours for the most perilous service; our lives are yours to the last drop of our blood. You have here plenty of good citizens and brave soldiers; but not a single butcher among us." Said the Christian Bishop of Lizieux, "My gospel teaches me, that the good shepherd will give his life for his sheep, if need be; and though mine have strayed from the fold, yet shall not their blood be shed by me."

Such was the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew. The pope went in a grand procession to St. Peter's, when he heard of it; but the Protestant Queen of England put her whole court into mourning, and in stern silence received the ministers of France in an audience-chamber hung with black.

The guilty Charles lingered a year or two, haunted by the ghosts of his murdered subjects; Henry of Guise met a violent death at the instigation of Henry III.; and the latter paid the penalty of his crimes in assassination; the wicked Catharine, amid all these excitements, died, unnoticed and unwept; the gallant Conde fell in battle, as his father had done before him; and Henry of Navarre, known in history as Henry the Great, after a long and victorious reign, died, lamented by all as the Father of his People.

C. A. BAKER.

MY FOURTH OF JULY.

I HAVE had a good many in the course of my long and varied career; but of one I have a very vivid recollection, and when you have read an account of it, you will understand why it is so.

We had been looking forward to a Fourth in Boston, as the one great and glorious event of the summer; and, early on the morning of the joyful day, we set out with our mamma, who might well look anxious as she led her flock from their native pastures to the dangers as well as delights of the festive city.

Our adventures began at once; for we were late; there was much confusion at the station; I lagged behind to say adieu to my friends the horses and dogs; and, to my dismay, the train started without me. Two shrill cries mingled with the parting whistle, — I howled for my mother, and she shrieked for her child, not daring to jump off. Being used to "cutting on behind," I ran after the train, but never should have caught up, if a gallant gentleman had not thrown me over his shoulder like a meal-bag, and raced away in fine style. My dignity was nowhere after that; for being handed to my distracted parent in a promiscuous bunch, she hugged me first, and then delivered a moral lecture "before everybody," which reduced me to a state of angelic docility during the short journey. Other afflictions befel us on our way up to Cousin W.'s; for Nelly fell into a puddle, I got nearly run over, Patty lost her parasol, and little Kit was so frightened at the crackers popping all round her, that she cried, and spoilt her hat-strings.

On arriving, we found that a picnic just out of town was the next performance; and being touched up again, away we went, bound to see and do *everything* if possible.

Everybody knows what picnics are, so I won't describe this one, except to mention, that we all came to grief before afternoon. Nelly got sick swinging too much, and had to lie down; Patty ate too many strawberries; Kit tore the tucks out of her dress; and "the naughty girl of the family" got into a scrape, of course. I always had a ducklike fondness for water; so, hearing that there was a pond near by, I found my way to it, and enjoyed a delicious paddle among the young tadpoles and minnows. An inviting little boat attracted me, and stepping in, it obligingly floated away while I was fishing with my sash and a bent pin. With the beautiful disregard of consequences which makes childhood such a happy

time, I floated and fished contentedly, till my innocent countenance was the color of a lobster, and my white frock as wet and dirty as a floor-cloth.

I had begun to feel some shoreward yearnings, and to wish that my boat would experience the same, when several men, accompanied by my anxious mother and invalid sisters, appeared on the bank, and frantically hailed the red-nosed voyager calmly surveying them from the middle of the pond. A rescue-party put off at once, and I was again hugged, shaken, and lectured — processes which frequent repetition had robbed of their effect.

Not being fit to be seen, we all went back to Cousin W.'s at once; and while our garments were repaired, we were ordered to lie down and rest, that we might enjoy the evening festivities. Peace reigned for an hour or two; but a revolutionary spirit was in the air, and could not be subdued. After splitting the pitcher by firing crackers in it, and burning the carpet with torpedoes, we finished off by tearing up the sheets and pillow-cases. We didn't "go to do it;" but an enticing little slit couldn't be resisted, and once started, that pillow-case went like a rotten sail in a gale of wind. To be quite impartial, we also tore our own nightgowns till they hung in tatters, while we pranced gayly about, singing the familiar melody, slightly altered, —

"Hark, hark! the dogs do bark!
Beggars are coming to town;
Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in a torn nightgown."

This prank nearly cost us our fireworks; and nothing but dear Cousin W.'s entreaties saved us, which saintly act caused her memory to live forever in the grateful hearts of the penitent little sinners.

How we longed for the usually detested dark; and how we skipped, when Nelly and I, escorted by our mamma and Uncle Ben, reached the Common, and fell into position. I dare say, the science of pyrotechnics has improved immensely since then; but *I* have never seen anything equal to the fireworks which I beheld during my frequent hoists to Uncle Ben's shoulder. They had a brilliancy, a delightful explosiveness, in fact, a relish which none since have ever attained; and among the rapturous "O-o-o-s!" uttered by my compatriots that night, I think the most appreciative fell from my humble lips.

The fact that "all that's bright must fade" was deeply impressed upon us on that occasion; and when the last spark had expired, we reluctantly tore ourselves away, sniffing the fragrance of gunpowder as we left the field. It became a battle-field before we got out of the crowd, which, in the darkness, fell into a great snarl at one of the gates. Every one pushed and kicked, scolded and screamed, no one would give way, and the children fared badly, as I can testify. Nelly and Uncle Ben got separated from us, and my poor dear mother had to defend me as well as she could. I did my best, I assure you, for being trampled on did not suit me at all; but being lifted off my feet most of the time, and hustled about like a shuttlecock, somewhat crippled my energies. I pounded on a fat lady's back, as if it was a drum; I clutched a man's coat-tails when about to be swept away; I roared lustily, and threatened to "tell my father;" but it had not the slightest effect, till I lost my wits as well as my shoe. Two big people squeezed poor little me between them like a lemon, and the last thing I remember, was a vision of my dauntless mother, with her bonnet a ruin, plucking wildly at my skirts, and crying, "You shall *not* smash my child, sir!" Then, with an odd sensation of a feather-bed falling on me, a steam-engine in my head, and several million rockets whizzing before my eyes, I fainted

away, thereby rendering myself an object of interest in the eyes of all my mates who had never done that very genteel and interesting thing. I have a hazy recollection of lying in Dr. Keep's hall, and hearing an old lady say, as she bent over me with a glassful of some hot-tasting stuff, "Poor dear, it's a mercy she wasn't killed!" which remark was so agreeable to my feelings, that I emptied the glass without a murmur.

Uncle Ben and Nelly appeared somehow; we all went home in a carriage; and I was put tenderly to bed, *not* in a torn nightgown, a fact which caused me to say, with a sob and a gape, "I'm sorry I was naughty; but I've had a beautiful Fourth of July."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE TRUE STORY OF MAGGIE MURPHY.

MAGGIE MURPHY was a little girl five years old, who lived in the dirtiest quarter in New York City, in a squalid tenement-house not far from the Five Points. Her father and mother were not nice people; but they were all the father and mother Maggie had ever had for her own, and she did the best she could to get along.

Dan Murphy was a day-laborer; and though he was rather fond of his little daughter Maggie, he was more fond of whiskey, it seemed, for he spent almost all his money on whiskey, and little on his child. Her mother, too, was fond of whiskey, and she was dirty and ragged; and besides Maggie, she had three other children, who were all as dirty and ragged as possible.

Mrs. Murphy seldom occupied herself with the welfare of her children during the day. She turned them out into the streets as soon as they got out of their dirty bed in the morning, each with a crust in her hand, and never thought of such a thing as combing their hair or washing their faces. As for dressing them, they wore any rags they happened to have on the night before, when they went to bed on the floor; and as they slept in them all night and wore them all day, they were not in nice condition.

Maggie was the littlest, and the only things about her that could be called pretty were her eyes. Bright black eyes she had, which all the dirt in the Five Points couldn't rob of their charm;

for God has arranged a washing-machine in every little girl's head, that washes her eyes itself; and so, Maggie's eyes were always bright.

Maggie was pretty well acquainted with the immediate neighborhood of her miserable home; and though she was out all day every day, she never failed to get back to father and mother when night came, in hopes of a piece of bread or something for supper, though she didn't always get it.

One Fourth of July, when Maggie was turned out as usual, she got so excited over the noise and tumult, the fire-crackers and torpedoes, and the procession that came down Broadway, with a great blare of drums and brass instruments, that she wandered away, and when night came, she found she didn't know the way home. Then she began to cry, and the washing-machine in her head washed her eyes so hard, that the water overflowed and ran down her cheeks; and if Maggie had had a clean towel, she might have wiped her face clean perhaps. But she had nothing but her dirty little fists, and so, the more she rubbed, the dirtier she grew.

A big policeman, with a blue coat and brass buttons, and a silver shield on his breast, came and asked Maggie where she lived; but Maggie didn't know, and so the policeman took her in his arms, and carried her off to the place where they carry all the lost children in New York. It was a grand place, indeed, compared to Maggie's wretched home in the Five Points, a great marble building, in the fourth story of which Maggie found a resting-place.

"Don't cry any more," the woman said, when Maggie came in; "your mother will come for you, I dare say."

So Maggie stopped crying; and the woman took her and began a performance so mysterious that Maggie cried again, for she didn't know what to make of it.

This mysterious performance was nothing more nor less than the washing of Maggie's face and the combing her tousled hair;

and you may imagine what the little girl suffered. Such a thing had never happened to her before in her life, that she could remember. When the performance was over, it was enough to make one laugh to see what a handsome little girl Maggie was. Her face was almost white, and her cheeks were a brilliant red, and her black hair curled in the loveliest manner possible.

Maggie felt so comfortable when she was clean, and a great slice of bread and cheese given her to eat, that she began to hope her mother wouldn't miss her, nor come after her at all. And by and by, she went to bed and fell asleep, along with more than a hundred other little children, who had been picked up like herself in the streets that day.

When Dan Murphy came home that night after his supper, he was not so drunk but that he missed his little girl, and asked his wife where Maggie was.

"Faix, I don' know, Dan," said she.

"Han't she bin home?"

"No, Dan; I ain't seen her the day."

"Go an' find her then," swore Dan; "an' a nice mother you are to lose yer chilther in the street."

So Mrs. Murphy went off to find her, and Dan Murphy went over to the liquor-shop on the corner.

Mrs. Murphy asked the first policeman she met if he had seen Maggie, and the policeman told her to go to the Central Office, and no doubt her little girl would be there.

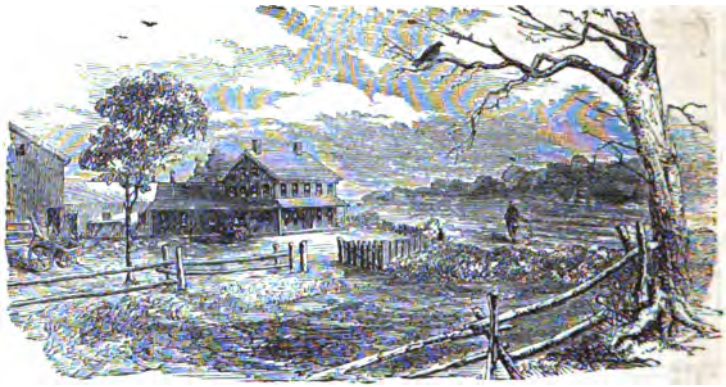
The children were asleep when Mrs. Murphy got to the place and told her story; and they let her in to the room where Maggie was curled up with her head on her arm and her eyes shut.

Mrs. Murphy looked among the children, carefully, and then turned away in great distress, saying that Maggie was not there!

She didn't know her own child with its face washed and its hair combed, and if she had not come back the next morning when Maggie was awake, she would never have got her little girl back. Maggie *was* awake though, in the morning, and as soon as she saw her mother, she cried out "Mam!" and Mrs. Murphy clasped her to her heart in mute amazement.

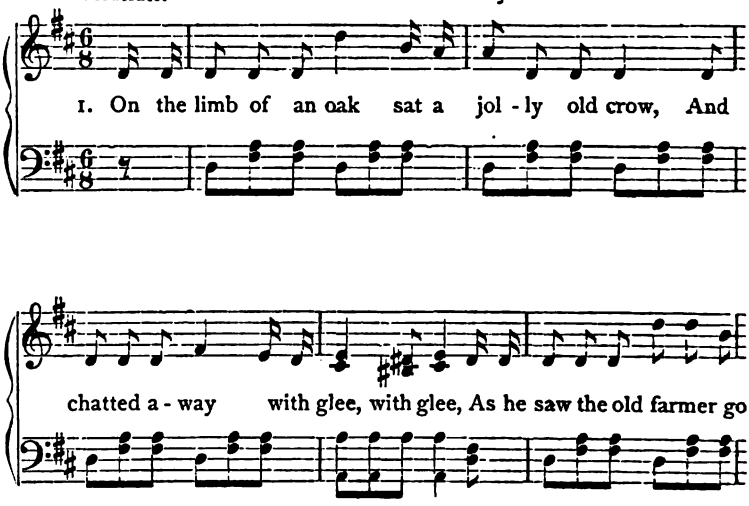
In fact, Mrs. Murphy was so astonished at the effect produced by a little soap and water, that she went home and washed the other three children; and from that day, a reform began in that household which continued until the Murphys became quite respectable people.

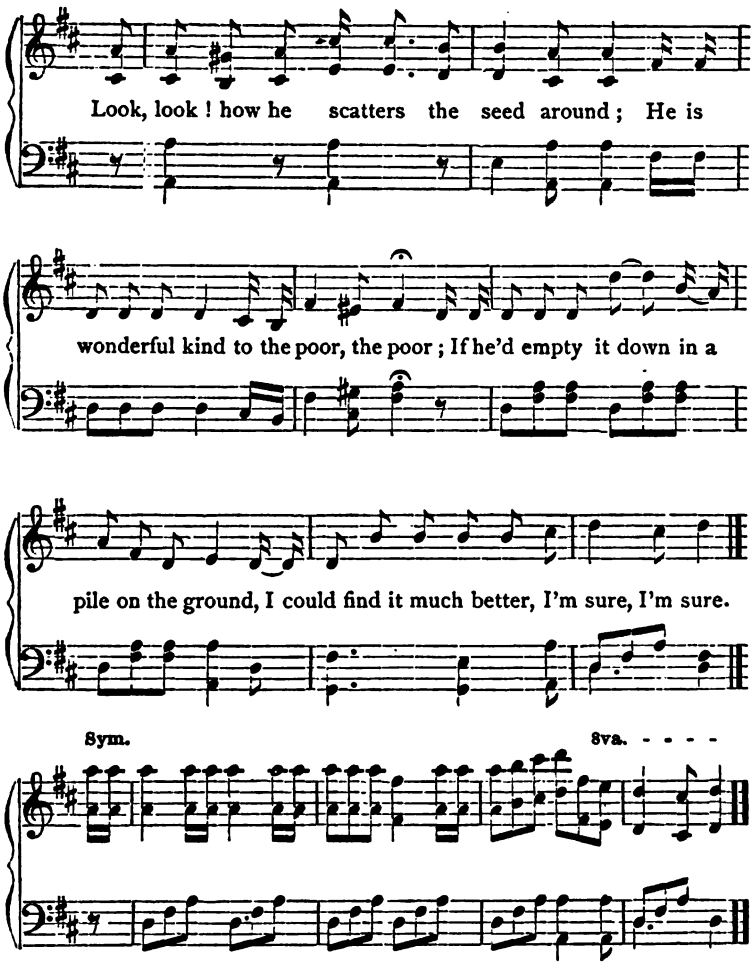
WIRT SIKES.



THE JOLLY OLD CROW.

Moderato. Music by D. W. LOTHROP.


1. On the limb of an oak sat a jol - ly old crow, And
chatted a - way with glee, with glee, As he saw the old farmer go
out to sow, And he cried, "It is all for me, for me.


Look, look ! how he scatters the seed around ; He is
wonderful kind to the poor, the poor ; If he'd empty it down in a
pile on the ground, I could find it much better, I'm sure, I'm sure.
8ym.
8va.

2.

" I have learned all the tricks of this wonderful man,
Who's such a regard for the crow, the crow,
That he lays out his ground on a regular plan,
And then covers his corn in a row, a row.

3.

" Indeed, he must have a great love for me,
For he tries to entrap me enough, enough ;
But I measure the distance as well as he,
And when he comes near me, I'm off, I'm off."

THE MIAS, THE CROCODILE, AND THE PYTHON. — The Dyaks all declare that the mias is never attacked by any animal in the forest, with two rare exceptions; and the accounts I received of these are so curious, that I give them nearly in the words of my informants, old Dyak chiefs, who had lived all their lives in the place where the animal is most abundant. The first of whom I inquired, said, "No animal is strong enough to hurt the mias, and the only creature he ever fights with is the crocodile. When there is no fruit in the jungle, he goes to seek food on the banks of the river, where there are plenty of young shoots that he likes, and fruits that grow close to the water. Then the crocodile sometimes tries to seize him; but the mias gets upon him, and beats him with his hands and feet, and tears him and kills him." He added, that he had once seen such a fight, and that he believed that the mias is always the victor. My next informant was the Orang Kaya, or chief of the Balow Dyaks, on the Simunjon River. He said, "The mias has no enemies; no animals dare attack it but the crocodile and python. He always kills the crocodile by main strength, standing upon it, pulling open its jaws, and ripping up its throat. If a python attacks a mias, he seizes it with his hands, and then bites it, and soon kills it. The mias is very strong; there is no animal in the jungle so strong as he."

NOW, that the postage-stamp and monogram fever is subsiding, why wouldn't it be a good plan for our MERRYS to make collections of insects in their summer rambles? The only drawback to the idea is the killing of each individual fly, beetle, and butterfly; for I have seen people ruthlessly stick pins through insects, and leave them to die a lingering death. They died pretty quickly when I came along, for I put one drop of hartshorn on their noses (not the "peoples"), and that finished them. If you propose to make a collection, don't forget to furnish yourself with a small bottle of the spirits of hartshorn.

AN echo in Woodstock Park, Oxfordshire, England, repeats seventeen syllables by day, and twenty by night; but the most remarkable echo known is one on the north side of Shipley church, in Sussex, which distinctly repeats twenty-one syllables.

VAST ruins have been discovered in the Zulu country in South Africa — obelisks with colossal carvings, terraces, and halls of hewn stone, or cut out of the solid rock. The natives regard them with mysterious awe, and keep strangers from them, for fear that if they are approached no rain will fall for three years.

AS a remedy for mosquito bites, keep a vial of glycerine at hand, and apply freely to the bites. It will relieve the irritation and swelling at once.

sends the longest list of correct answers to the May puzzles (although he lacks four of the whole number), and wins his first prize (the heart-puzzle).

TEMPEST and he would have drawn lots, but for the difference of one letter in answering Puzzle No. 130.

My 11, 14, 13, 17, 16, is another name for mad.
My whole is the name of a celebrated man. *Myrtle P.*

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

166. I am composed of 27 letters:
My 11, 14, 9, 17, 25, 7, is a town in France.
My 16, 5, 22, 20, is a bird.
My 13, 23, 2, is an animal.
My 4, 23, 3, 12, is a waterfowl.
My 1, 20, 10, 26, is a waterfowl.
My 27, 24, 14, 6, is a waterfowl.
My 18, 21, 19, 8, 15, is a waterfowl.
My whole can be found in Maine. *Hautboy.*

167. I am composed of 17 letters:
My 1, 14, 16, is a wedge.
My 11, 8, 10, 15, is a coin.
My 11, 2, 4, 4, is a language.
My 11, 10, 3, 15, is a bird.
My 6, 3, 5, 16, is spotted.
My 7, 15, 10, 12, 4, 8, is a fish.
My 9, 12, 13, 8, is to scoff.
My 11, 14, 12, 6, is a measuring rod.

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

163. Uncle Sam's money-chest. *Millard F. Richards.*

169. For a remedy. *Myron.*

170. Animal eat. *Auntie.*

171. Desert a road. *Z. T. Hedges.*

172. Katherine performed. *Blue Bird.*

173. 5110018. *Wolverine.*

174. 18280050507. (A sentence.) *J. M.*

175. The thunders hurled from Jove's right hand,
Across the deep, at my command,
By ocean telegraph will bring
The latest news on lightning's wing.

Pearls do I pluck from 'neath the wave,
And stride in triumph o'er the grave;
Making grim death my power to feel,
When I the maimed and wounded heal.

Proud rocks I smite, and, lo! they rise
In splendid temples towards the skies;
Or, in a monument of state,
To celebrate some hero great.

I cleave the oak, — the forest's pride —
Clothe it with wings, and bid it ride
A stately ship, and then compel
The very stars its way to tell. *C. M. G.*

176. My first is in the barnyard seen,
My second is to fall, I ween;
My whole — a pretty little flower —
Will bloom in spring 'mid sun and shower. *Dictator.*

177. Curtail a fish, and leave an animal. *Keystone.*

178. Behead an animal, transpose, and leave an article of agreement. *Fred.*

179. Curtail a sailor, and leave a soldier. *Whist.*

ANAGRAMS.

180. I scream it. *Double You See.*

181. Chin dealer. *Cricket.*

182. I name glory. *Ego Ipse.*

183. C. it fourteen. *Carter.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

184. —— and —— have quite different meanings. *Fritzchen.*

185. —— and —— are both fishes. *Cis.*

186. The long ——— acted like a ———. *Etta.*

187. There was no —— of fruit in ——. *Sigma.*

188. ——— add to a man's ——— (nine letters). *Charlotte.*

GEOGRAPHICAL.

189. What we do not like to be, a pronoun, a word of denial, and a verb. *Fanny Fern Marble.*

190. A letter on a title. *Ben.*

191. A girl's name. *C. C.*

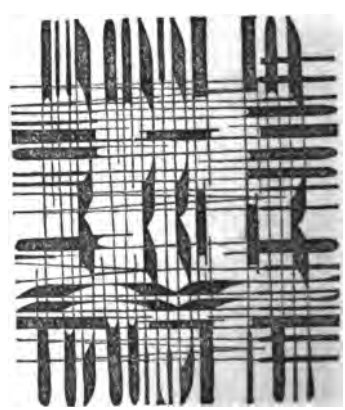
192. Something that makes you bilious, and a body of water. *Eddie.*

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUS.

193.

GOOD ADVICE PUZZLE.

194.



195.

☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of August. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN MAY NUMBER.

106. Those that seek me early shall find me.

107. Goloeshoe.

108. Afloat in the forest.

109. Texas.

110. Grace.

111. Ostra ceans.

112. Chairs.

113. Corrugated.

114. Discoloration.

115. Machine.

116. Ornamental.

117. Light, sight, might, night, flight.

118. Priesthood.

119. Gash, shag.

120. Limner, merlin.

121. Scarecrow.

122. Marine, remain.

123. Late, tale, teal.

124. Redraw, reward, drawer, warder.

125. Minuet, minute.

126. Cach-a-lot.

127. One is for "putting off," the other for putting on.

128. Uri (your eye).

129. Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego.

130. Salina (sail in A).

131. Archangel.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Hautboy answers all but 107, 124, 125, 129.

Tempest answers all but 107, 124, 125, 129, 130.

Ben answers all but 107, 125, 126, 128, 129.

Pinkie answers all but 107, 111, 114, 119, 129.

Agnes G. answers all but 107, 114, 119, 126, 129.

Max answers all but 107, 120, 126, 128, 129.

Clem answers all but 119, 120, 122, 126, 129.

C. W. J. answers all but 107, 108, 118, 122, 124, 125, 126, 129.

Joe Kose answers all but 107, 111, 114, 119, 120, 122, 124, 126, 129, 130.

Myron answers all but 107, 108, 110, 111, 113, 117, 118, 119, 120, 125, 129.

Hero answers all but 107, 111, 113, 114, 116, 117, 120, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128.

Philadelphia answers all but 106, 107, 111, 114, 118, 120, 121, 124, 125, 126, 127, 129.

Neptune answers 108, 109, 110, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 123, 131.

Empire State answers 108, 109, 110, 112, 115, 121, 123, 127, 128, 130, 131.

Daisy answers 109, 110, 112, 115, 117, 119, 122, 123, 130, 131.

Wolverine answers 106, 109, 112, 115, 122, 127, 131.

May Prince answers 106, 109, 112, 125, 130, 131.

Fanny Fern Marble answers 109, 126, 127, 128.

Evan P. George, Jr., answers 106, 131.

Freshman answers 131.

To Correspondents.

Minnie Moss wishes to correspond with *Cousins Jennie, Fred, Rubie Linden* and *Golden Arrow*. Her address is Box 126, P. O., Faribault, Minnesota. *Minnie*, your enigma is much too easy; but I will publish it some day, for the benefit of the younger ones.

Philadelphia. I am glad you are so well pleased with all parties.

Sylvan Grove. We are very glad to welcome you to our puzzle department. We give prizes for solutions, but not for puzzles. Your pictorial rebus is so nearly like that published in *Merryman's Monthly*, some time ago, that I must ask you if the rest of the puzzles are original before I publish any of them.

Freshman. You must have had an excellent writing-master, and he must be proud of his pupil. I know many of twice your age who do not write half as well.

Monsieur. I am delighted to welcome to the puzzle department, one who writes such a nice, clear hand, and such a good letter. I have seen many worse things *framed*.

Neptune. A lady. Look in some one else's dictionary, and make a list of the numerals. Your compliments to the Puzzle-Drawer are fully appreciated.

Tempest would like to correspond with all the MERRY'S, who are interested in collecting minerals. Address W. H. Waters, 1617, Pine Street, Philadelphia, Penn. Thanks for promises.

Empire State. You were just in time with your correction. Don't you suppose I "revise" very carefully each list of answers which I receive? Why, I am particular even about the spelling. Some of the children, in answering No. 127, have written, "One is for putting *of*, the other for putting on." Should I get two lists with the same number of correct answers, but one word misspelled in one list and not in the other (and that word "of," instead of "off"), the misspelled list would lose the prize. I should say that you were a pretty faithful subscriber.

Hero. You were not the individual invited into "dear Charlie's cradle;" so, you needn't be anxious about the size of the accommodations. Your question touching the prize puzzle is answered in the "example." You will find further instructions in the present number, under the head of "Questions concerning the Prize Puzzle."

Myron. Yes, indeed; you are "welcome." I had not "forgotten" you (witness your name among the June puzzles). I credit your answer to 128.

Blue Belle. Ego Ipse's address is Box 1179, P.O., Middletown, Conn.

Hautboy. Your explanation was entirely satisfactory. Yes; those "initials" are mine. I forgive you the pun on the "good puzzle-draw-er."

C. W. J. You went considerably out of your way to answer 112 ("rachis"), didn't you?

C. P. G. I am glad you are so much pleased with the magazine.

Al Packer. Concerning the photographs, see my remarks to *Wilks* and *Ben* (page 289, June number), or ask *Hautboy* about it. Ask him to show you how she "looks;" and then see if you want to "exchange."

Keystone. Hautboy sends you his respects, and thinks your puzzles are terribly hard.

Fanny Fern Marble. I congratulate you on getting the magazine again. It is part of my business to revise and correct. It would not have been "fair" to put *my* name to it, would it? You may direct your "Chat" letter to Miss Alcott, care of H. B. Fuller, 14, Bromfield Street, Boston, Mass. If you will send me your correct address, I will send you my photograph with pleasure.

L. M. Entry. You will find one of your puzzles embodied in the answer to Puzzle 189, on page 371, in MERRY'S MUSEUM of 1868.

Andax. There is an originality about some of your puzzles that is quite refreshing. Many thanks for such a goodly lot.

Wilks. Your pleasant letter of May 31st received. Thanks for promises.

Pinkie. If you improve as much every month, you will soon be up head. I was in a store the other day, and saw a perpetual almanac. It is about as large as a dime, gilt and steel; may be worn as a charm; to be set once a week. I mean to send one of them with the heart-puzzle, to the next one who wins a "first prize." You needn't mention it to any of the Cousins; but I thought I would tell you about it, to stimulate your efforts.

Max. I was surprised to find so few answered No. 129, and am glad I mentioned it. A Bible concordance would have helped you.

Joe Kose. I would much rather you should send a list with "ten short," than fail to write, because you had not answered all.

We are happy to welcome to our ranks this month, Daisy, Monsieur, L. M. Entry, Andax, Evan P. George, Jr., and Sylvan Grove: thanks to them, and to Johnnie Anderson, Pa's Pet, Philadelphia, Wilks, Allyn, G. P. G., Hautboy, Al Packer, Fanny Fern Marble, Ben, Max, Neptune, Tempest, Pinkie, Myron, and Keystone, for enigmas, etc.

QUESTIONS RECEIVED CONCERNING THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

1. "Are the transpositions to be taken out of each sentence separately; or may they be run together, and the words picked out and transposed, as if it were all one sentence?"

It may all be run together, without regard to punctuation.

2. "In the sentence, 'The prisoner plead guilty,' could the words 'the' and 'prisoner' be used?"

The original words as they stand will not be counted; though in the sentence, "The tailor came," the second, third, and fourth letters may be used to form the word "the."

3. "In the word 'plead,' could the noun 'lead' and the two parts of the verb 'lead' be used?"

No; "lead," "tear," "deal," and other words with many meanings, but only one spelling, will only count once; though the word may be counted again if made with *other letters*.

4. "May we use geographical and proper names, and obsolete words?"

Yes; if they are to be found in Worcester's or Webster's Dictionary.

5. "May we use French and other foreign words?"

My patience! no!

REMARKS.

Please, write your puzzles on a different piece of paper from your list of monthly answers, for my convenience and your safety.

Many answered 125 with "part, trap," which I did not credit as the "part" of a "*victim*" *could* be performed in a "trap."

If you wish to get credit for correct answers, see that you write them correctly. "Machines" will not do for "machine;" nor "Saline" for "Salina."

Study carefully the "example" given below the prize puzzle, before asking questions which that example will answer.

Those requiring a *personal* answer, will please enclose a postage-stamp, as it is inconvenient to send out two or three times a day for a thousand stamps.

I have received from the publishers, "*Haney's Art of Training Animals.*" How could they send it to me? It has made dog, bird, horse, and pig education so perfectly easy, that it has taken all the romance out of their tricks. I can testify to the truth of what he says about cats, as we have a cat in our house (his name is Richard Thomas Khatt Newbould, but we call him "Dick" *for short*) who very often stands up on his hind feet, not to answer the conundrum "Why is a cat on her hind-legs like a waterfall?" "Because she is a cataract (erect)," but to push back a bolt, and open the door of a closet where he sometimes finds a mouse for his pains. I used to think Barnum's "happy family" one of the *eight* wonders of the world; but Haney tells how to make all the antagonistic animals "happy" together, and now any household can have a happy family of its own. Paper-cover edition, 50 cents a copy; cloth, $1.00. Jesse Haney and Co., 119, Nassau Street, New York.

A FRIEND from the country sends us an account of the first rehearsal in a rival Coliseum, which has sprung up with more magical rapidity even than the great one on the Back-Bay lands. Thinking that Mr. Gilmore may find some hints in it for future occasions, we give an extract from our friend's letter:

"I don't approve of peeping through keyholes, or listening behind doors; but there *are* times when it is impossible to be blind and deaf to what is taking place in one's neighborhood. Last Saturday afternoon, a fearful uproar in my shed led me to reconnoitre, and the droll spectacle that met my eyes caused me to pause a few minutes in the background. A dozen or more children were so absorbed in their new game, that I remained unseen, and enjoyed the fun as much as they did.

"'Now, the Colly-sin-ium is ready; all the players go in their places, and the rest sit on the wood-pile, and clap,' said Manager George, a youth of ten, as he surveyed an imposing edifice, composed of clothes-horses, ironing-boards, chairs, tables, and shawls. Nine or ten took up their instruments; and the others being the smallest, perched themselves on the wood-pile, and waved their fans of rhubarb-leaves in the most elegant manner. The orchestra was peculiar, as many new and curious instruments had been imported for the festival. The great organ was the mangle, played on by Tommy, who rattled and slammed like a born organist. The drum was an old cider-barrel, on which, Willy, armed with two hammers, banged manfully. Tin pot-covers were the castanets; the dinner-horn, the apple-cover, and several willow whistles, were the wind instruments; and violins of all sizes, made of gridirons, broom-sticks, and stove-scrapers, discoursed sweet music. A toy cannon, fired semi-occasionally, added immensely to the effect; and a sparkling solo on the grindstone, fired the audience with admiration. A choir of young ladies, elegantly attired in old finery, sat upon the washbench; and at the signal from

Director George, who waved the poker as a baton, the lovely multitude of four arose, and sung delightfully, each warbling a different air, and getting as much noise out of themselves as possible, without breaking a vessel.

"'Mrs. Pepper-Rose!' announced the leader, after a grand symphony by the entire orchestra, to which I listened with my hands over my ears; for, alas! I have no soul for music.

"If Madame Parepa-Rosa could have seen the little gypsy who took her name in vain, I think that charming singer would have enjoyed it as much as I did. Miss Kitty had the big carriage-sponge tied on for a chignon, dandelion curls of a pleasing green about her forehead, a long red shawl trailing behind her, and a dog-chain round her neck. Advancing to her place on the platform, the little *prima donna* swept a grand courtesy, unrolled the newspaper she held, and at the proper move of the leader's poker, — I beg pardon! baton, — she opened her mouth wide, and uttered a shrill squeal which brought down the house. This she followed up by singing a medley, composed of the 'Star-Spangled Banner,' 'Captain Jinks,' 'Mary had a Little Lamb,' and 'Yankee Doodle;' all appropriate, being patriotic, suggestive of our gallant defenders, or symbolical of peace.

"The enthusiasm was so great, that one excited lady fell off the wood-pile, and an encore was given, to which Mrs. Pepper-Rose responded, by singing 'Little Boy Blue,' in so touching a manner, that many were forcibly reminded of the big boys blue who had gone to the war, and earned for us the peace these young citizens were celebrating. A burst of irrepressible applause from the lady behind the door caused her to be ejected without delay; but judging by the din kept up for an hour longer, the little colly-sin-ium proved as good a success as the big one."

We learn with interest, that a new Pickwick Club has been formed in a neighboring town, a paper started, and meetings held. If it is true, we hope for a report of the proceedings, and wish the society all success.

Some unknown bard sends us the following poem, to forward to the new P. C.; but, as we are not yet sure that it is not a secret society, we cannot venture to do so, and give it a place here, to show our satisfaction at the revival of this once famous club.

TO THE BROOKLINE "P. C."

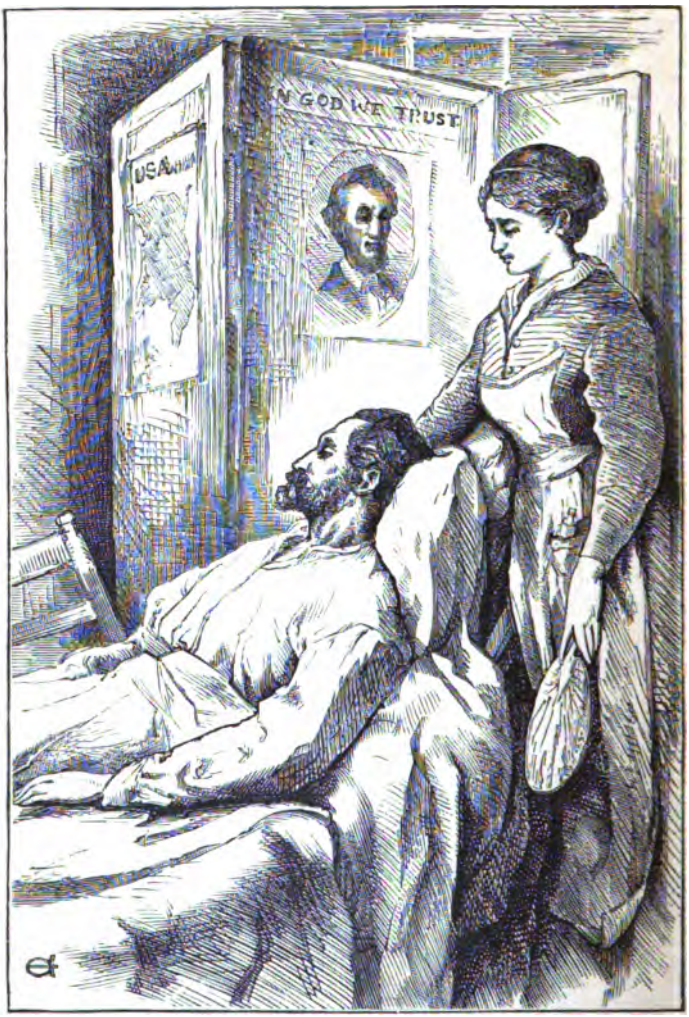
Mr. President, dear sir,
May I humbly enquire
If you've room for a song
From a venerable lyre?
On the wings of the wind
Comes a rumor to me,
That, phœnix-like, again
Will rise the great P. C.

Does Pickwick, bland and kind,
Resume his honored seat?
Immortal specs on nose,
And read the monthly sheet?
Does Snodgrass, as of yore,
That all-inspired man,
Roll his poetic eye again,
And clash the warming-pan?

Is chubby Tupman there,
Serene, and ever young,
Slow to speak, quick to do,
Tender of heart and tongue?
And Winkle, bashful soul,
Forever in some mess?
The three ideas of his life, —
Horses, sweethearts, and dress?

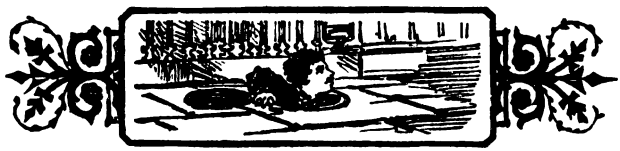
Is Samuel in the closet,
Stifling with fun,
Till brought in triumph forth,
When all the votes are won?
If so, long may it know
Success, longevity,
And happy hours, like those
Which blest the old "P. C."

A. S.



JOHN.

DRAWN BY MISS GREENE.] [See page 383.



AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

II.

NEW FASHIONS.

"I'M going to school this morning; so, come up and get ready," said Fanny, a day or two after, as she left the late breakfast-table.

"You look very nice; what have you got to do?" asked Polly, following her into the hall.

"Prink half an hour, and put on her wad," answered the irreverent Tom, whose preparations for school consisted in flinging his cap onto his head, and strapping up several big books, that looked as if they were sometimes used as weapons of defence.

"What is a 'wad?'" asked Polly, while Fanny marched up without deigning any reply.

"Somebody's hair on the top of her head in the place where it ought not to be;" and Tom went whistling away with an air of sublime indifference as to the state of his own "curly pow."

"Why must you be so fine to go to school?" asked Polly, watching Fan arrange the little frizzles on her forehead, and settle the various streamers and festoons belonging to her dress.

"All the girls do; and it's proper, for you never know who you may meet. I'm going to walk, after my lessons; so I wish you'd wear your best hat and sacque," answered Fanny, trying to stick her own hat on at an angle which defied all the laws of gravitation.

"I will, if you don't think this is nice enough. I like the other best, because it has a feather; but this is warmer, so I wear it every day." And Polly ran into her own room, to prink also, fearing that her friend might be ashamed of her plain costume. "Won't your hands be cold in kid gloves?" she said, as they went down the snowy street, with a north wind blowing in their faces.

"Yes, horrid cold; but my muff is so big, I won't carry it. Mamma won't have it cut up, and my ermine one must be kept for best;" and Fanny smoothed her Bismark kids with an injured air.

"I suppose my gray squirrel is ever so much too big; but it's nice and cosy, and you may warm your hands in it if you want to," said Polly, surveying her new woollen gloves with a dissatisfied look, though she had thought them quite elegant before.

"Perhaps I will, by and by. Now, Polly, don't you be shy. I'll only introduce two or three of the girls; and you needn't mind old monsieur a bit, or read if you don't want to. We shall be in the anteroom; so you'll only see about a dozen, and they will be so busy they won't mind you much."

"I guess I won't read, but sit and look on; I like to watch people, everything is so new and queer here."

But Polly did feel and look very shy, when she was ushered into a room full of young ladies, as they seemed to her, all very much dressed, all talking together, and all turning to examine the newcomer with the cool stare which seemed to be as much the fashion as eye-glasses. They nodded affably when Fanny introduced her, said something civil, and made room for her at the table round which they sat waiting for monsieur. Several of the more frolicsome were imitating the Grecian Bend, some were putting their heads together over little notes, nearly all were eating confectionery, and the entire twelve chattered like magpies. Being politely supplied with caramels, Polly sat looking and listening, feeling very young and countrified among these elegant young ladies.

"Girls, do you know that Carrie has gone abroad? There has been so much talk, her father couldn't bear it, and took the whole family off. Isn't that gay?" said one lively damsel, who had just come in.

"I should think they'd better go. My mamma says, if I'd been going to that school, she'd have taken me straight away," answered another girl, with an important air.

"Carrie ran away with an Italian music-teacher, and it got into the papers, and made a great stir," explained the first speaker to Polly, who looked mystified.

"How dreadful!" cried Polly.

"*I* think it was fun; she was only sixteen, and he was perfectly splendid; and she has plenty of money, and every one talked about it; and when she went anywhere people looked, you know, and she

liked it; but her papa is an old poke, so he's sent them all away. It's too bad, for she was the jolliest thing I ever knew."

Polly had nothing to say to lively Miss Belle; but Fanny observed, "I like to read about such things; but it's so inconvenient to have it happen right here, because it makes it harder for us. I wish you could have heard my papa go on. He threatened to send a maid to school with me every day, as they do in New York, to be sure I come all right. Did you ever?"

"That's because it came out that Carrie used to forge excuses in her mamma's name, and go promenading with her Oveste, when they thought her safe at school. Oh, wasn't she a sly minx?" cried Belle, as if she rather admired the trick.

"I think a little fun is all right; and there's no need of making a talk, if, now and then, some one does run off like Carrie. Boys do as they like; and *I* don't see why girls need to be kept so dreadfully close. I'd like to see anybody watching and guarding me!" added another dashing young lady.

"It would take a policeman to do that, Trix, or a little man in a tall hat," said Fanny, slyly, which caused a general laugh, and made Beatrice toss her head coquettishly.

"Oh, have you read 'The Phantom Bride?' It's perfectly thrilling! There's a regular rush for it at the library; but some prefer 'Breaking a Butterfly.' Which do you like best?" asked a pale girl of Polly, in one of the momentary lulls which occurred.

"I haven't read either."

"You must, then. I adore Guy Livingston's books, and Yates's. 'Ouida's' are my delight, only they are so long, I get worn out before I'm through."

"I haven't read anything but one of the Muhlbach novels since I came. I like those, because there is history in them," said Polly, glad to have a word to say for herself.

"Those are well enough for improving reading; but I like real exciting novels; don't you?"

Polly was spared the mortification of owning that she had never read any, by the appearance of monsieur, a gray-headed old Frenchman, who went through his task with the resigned air of one who was used to being the victim of giggling schoolgirls. The young ladies gabbled over the lesson, wrote an exercise, and read a little French history. But it did not seem to make much impression upon them, though monsieur was very ready to explain; and Polly quite blushed for her friend, when, on being asked what

famous Frenchman fought in our Revolution, she answered Lamartine, instead of Lafayette.

The hour was soon over; and when Fan had taken a music-lesson in another room, while Polly looked on, it was time for recess. The younger girls walked up and down the court, arm-in-arm, eating bread and butter; others stayed in the schoolroom, to read and gossip; but Belle, Trix, and Fanny went to lunch at a fashionable ice-cream saloon near by, and Polly meekly followed, not daring to hint at the gingerbread grandma had put in her pocket for luncheon. So, the honest, brown cookies crumbled away in obscurity, while Polly tried to satisfy her hearty appetite on one ice and three macaroons.

The girls seemed in great spirits, particularly after they were joined by a short gentleman with such a young face, that Polly would have called him a boy, if he had not worn a tall beaver. Escorted by this impressive youth, Fanny left her unfortunate friends to return to school, and went to walk, as she called a slow promenade down the most crowded streets. Polly discreetly fell behind, and amused herself looking into shop-windows, till Fanny, mindful of her manners, even at such an interesting time, took her into a picture-gallery, and bade her enjoy the works of art while they rested. Obedient Polly went through the room several times, apparently examining the pictures with the interest of a connoisseur, and trying not to hear the wild prattle of the pair on the round seat. But she couldn't help wondering what Fan found so absorbing in an account of a recent German, and why she need promise so solemnly not to forget the concert that afternoon.

When Fanny rose at last, Polly's tired face reproached her; and taking a hasty leave of the small gentleman, she turned homeward, saying, confidentially, as she put one hand in Polly's muff, "Now, my dear, you mustn't say a word about Frank Moore, or papa will take my head off. *I* don't care a bit for him, and he likes Trix; only they have quarrelled, and he wants to make her mad by flirting a little with me. I scolded him well, and he promised to make up with her. We all go to the afternoon concerts, and have a gay time, and Belle and Trix are to be there today; so, just keep quiet, and everything will be all right."

"I'm afraid it won't," began Polly, who, not being used to secrets, found it very hard to keep even a small one.

"Don't worry, child. It's none of our business; so we can go

and enjoy the music, and if other people flirt, it won't be our fault," said Fanny, impatiently.

"Of course not; but, then, if your father don't like you to do so, ought you to go?"

"Gracious, no! I tell mamma, and she don't care. Papa is fussy, and grandma makes a stir about every blessed thing I do. You will hold your tongue, won't you?"

"Yes; I truly will; I never tell tales." And Polly kept her word, feeling sure Fan didn't mean to deceive her father, since she told her mother everything.

"Who are you going with?" asked Mrs. Shaw, when Fanny mentioned that it was concert-day, just before three o'clock.

"Only Polly; she likes music, and it was so stormy I couldn't go last week, you know," answered Fan; adding, as they left the house again, "If any one meets us on the way, I can't help it, can I?"

"You can tell them not to, can't you?"

"That's rude. Dear me! here's Belle's brother Gus — he always goes. *Is* my hair all right, and my hat?"

Before Polly could answer, Mr. Gus joined them as a matter of course, and Polly soon found herself trotting on behind, feeling that things were not "all right," though she didn't know how to mend them. Being fond of music, she ignorantly supposed that every one else went for that alone, and was much disturbed by the whispering that went on among the young people round her. Belle and Trix were there in full dress; and, in the pauses between different pieces, Messrs. Frank and Gus, with several other "splendid fellows," regaled the young ladies with college gossip, and bits of news full of interest, to judge from the close attention paid to their eloquent remarks. Polly regarded these noble beings with awe, and they recognized her existence with the condescension of their sex; but they evidently considered her only "a quiet little thing," and finding her not up to society talk, blandly ignored the pretty child, and devoted themselves to the young ladies. Fortunately for Polly, she forgot all about them in her enjoyment of the fine music, which she felt rather than understood, and sat listening with such a happy face, that several true music-lovers watched her smilingly, for her heart gave a blithe welcome to the melody which put the little instrument in tune. It was dusk when they went out, and Polly was much relieved to find the carriage waiting for them, because playing third fiddle was not to her taste, and she had had enough of it for one day.

"I'm so glad those men are gone, they did worry me so talking, when I wanted to hear," said Polly, as they rolled away.

"Which did you like best?" asked Fanny, with a languid air of superiority.

"The ugly one, who didn't say much; he picked up my muff when it tumbled down, and took care of me in the crowd; the others didn't mind anything about me."

"They thought you were a little girl, I suppose."

"My mother says, a real gentleman is as polite to a little girl as to a woman; so, I like Mr. Sidney best, because he was kind to me."

"What a sharp child you are, Polly. I shouldn't have thought you'd mind things like that," said Fanny, beginning to understand that there may be a good deal of womanliness even in a little girl.

"I'm used to good manners, though I do live in the country," replied Polly, rather warmly, for she didn't like to be patronized even by her friends.

"Grandma says your mother is a perfect lady, and you are just like her; so, don't get in a passion with those poor fellows, and I'll see that they behave better next time. Tom has no manners at all, and you don't complain of him," added Fan, with a laugh.

"I don't care if he hasn't; he's a boy, and acts like one, and I can get on with him a great deal better than I can with those men."

Fanny was just going to take Polly to task for saying "those men" in such a disrespectful tone, when both were startled by a smothered "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" from under the opposite seat.

"It's Tom!" cried Fanny; and with the words out tumbled that incorrigible boy, red in the face, and breathless with suppressed laughter. Seating himself, he surveyed the girls as if well satisfied with the success of his prank, and waiting to be congratulated upon it. "Did you hear what we were saying?" demanded Fanny, uneasily.

"Oh, didn't I, every word?" And Tom exulted over them visibly.

"Did you ever see such a provoking toad, Polly? Now, I suppose you'll go and tell papa a great story."

"P'raps I shall, and p'raps I shan't. How Polly did hop when I crowed! I heard her squeal, and saw her cuddle up her feet."

"And you heard us praise your manners, didn't you?" asked Polly, slyly.

"Yes; and you liked 'em; so I won't tell on *you*," said Tom, with a reassuring nod.

"There's nothing to tell."

"Ain't there, though? What do you suppose the governor will say to you girls going on so with those dandies? I saw you."

"What has the Governor of Massachusetts to do with us?" asked Polly, trying to look as if she meant what she said.

"Pooh! you know who I mean; so you needn't try to catch me up, as grandma does."

"Tom, I'll make a bargain with you," cried Fanny, eagerly. "It wasn't my fault that Gus and Frank were there, and I couldn't help their speaking to me. I do as well as I can, and papa needn't be angry; for I behave ever so much better than some of the girls. Don't I, Polly?"

"Bargain?" observed Tom, with an eye to business.

"If you won't go and make a fuss, telling what you'd no right to hear — it was so mean to hide and listen; I should think you'd be ashamed of it! — I'll help you tease for your velocipede, and won't say a word against it, when mamma and granny beg papa not to let you have it."

"Will you?" and Tom paused to consider the offer in all its bearings.

"Yes, and Polly will help; won't you?"

"I'd rather not have anything to do with it; but I'll be quiet, and not do any harm."

"Why won't you?" asked Tom, curiously.

"Because it seems like deceiving."

"Well; papa needn't be so fussy," said Fan, petulantly.

"After hearing about that Carrie, and the rest, I don't wonder he *is* fussy. Why don't you tell right out, and not do it any more, if he don't want you to?" said Polly, persuasively.

"Do you go and tell your father and mother everything right out?"

"Yes, I do; and it saves ever so much trouble."

"Ain't you afraid of them?"

"Of course, I'm not. It's hard to tell sometimes; but it's *so* comfortable when it's over."

"Let's!" was Tom's brief advice.

"Mercy me! what a fuss about nothing!" cried Fanny, ready to cry with vexation.

"'Tisn't nothing. You know you are forbidden to go gallivant-

ing round with those chaps, and that's the reason you're in a pucker now. I *won't* make any bargain, and I *will* tell," returned Tom, seized with a sudden fit of moral firmness.

"Will you, if I promise never, never to do so any more?" asked Fanny, meekly, for when Thomas took matters into his own hands, his sister usually submitted in spite of herself.

"I'll think about it; and if you behave, maybe I won't do it at all. I can watch you better than papa can; so, if you try it again, it's all up with you, miss," said Tom, finding it impossible to resist the pleasure of tyrannizing a little when he got the chance.

"She won't; don't plague her any more, and she will be good to you when you get into scrapes," answered Polly, with her arm round Fan.

"I never do; and if I did, I shouldn't ask a girl to help me out."

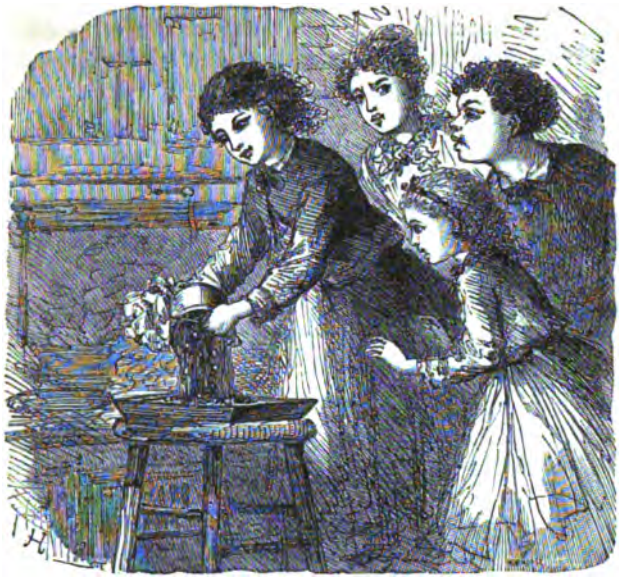
"Why not? *I'd* ask you in a minute, if I was in trouble," said Polly, in her confiding way.

"Would you? Well, I'd pull you through, as sure as my name's Tom Shaw. Now, then, don't slip, Polly;" and Mr. Thomas helped them out with unusual politeness, for that friendly little speech gratified him. He felt that one person appreciated him; and it had a good effect upon manners and temper made rough and belligerent by constant snubbing and opposition.

After tea, that evening, Fanny proposed that Polly should show her how to make molasses-candy, as it was cook's holiday, and the coast would be clear. Hoping to propitiate her tormentor, Fan invited Tom to join in the revel, and Polly begged that Maud might sit up and see the fun; so all four descended to the big kitchen, armed with aprons, hammers, spoons, and pans, and Polly assumed command of the forces. Tom was set to cracking nuts and Maud to picking out the meats, for the candy was to be "tip-top." Fan waited on Polly cook, who hovered over the kettle of boiling molasses till her face was the color of a peony. "Now, put in the nuts," she said, at last; and Tom emptied his plate into the foamy syrup, while the others watched with deep interest the mysterious concoction of this well-beloved sweetmeat. "I pour it into the buttered pan, you see, and it cools, and *then* we can eat it," explained Polly, suiting the action to the word.

"Why, it's all full of shells!" exclaimed Maud, peering into the pan.

"Oh, thunder! I must have put 'em in by mistake, and ate up



the meats without thinking," said Tom, trying to conceal his naughty satisfaction, as the girls hung over the pan with faces full of disappointment and despair.

"You did it on purpose, you horrid boy! I'll never let you have anything to do with my fun again!" cried Fan, in a passion, trying to catch and shake him, while he dodged and chuckled in high glee.

Maud began to wail over her lost delight, and Polly gravely poked at the mess, which was quite spoilt. But her attention was speedily diverted by the squabble going on in the corner; for Fanny, forgetful of her young-ladyism and her fifteen years, had boxed Tom's ears, and Tom, resenting the insult, had forcibly seated her in the coal-hod, where he held her with one hand while he returned the compliment with the other. Both were very angry, and kept twitting one another with every aggravation they could invent, as they scolded and scuffled, presenting a most unlovely spectacle.

Polly was not a model girl by any means, and had her little pets and tempers like the rest of us; but she didn't fight, scream, and squabble with her brothers and sisters in this disgraceful way, and was much surprised to see her elegant friend in such a passion. "Oh, don't! Please, don't! You'll hurt her, Tom! Let him go,

Fanny! It's no matter about the candy; we can make some more!" cried Polly, trying to part them, and looking so distressed, that they stopped ashamed, and in a minute sorry that she should see such a display of temper.

"I ain't going to be hustled round; so, you'd better let me alone, Fan," said Tom, drawing off with a threatening wag of the head, adding, in a different tone, "I only put the shells in for fun, Polly. You cook another kettleful, and I'll pick you some meats all fair. Will you?"

"It's pretty hot work, and it's a pity to waste things; but I'll try again, if you want me to," answered Polly, with a patient sigh, for her arms were tired and her face uncomfortably hot.

"We don't want you; get away!" said Maud, shaking a sticky spoon at him.

"Keep quiet, crybaby. I'm going to stay and help; mayn't I, Polly?"

"Bears like sweet things; so you want some candy, I guess. Where is the molasses? We've used up all there was in the jug," said Polly, good-naturedly beginning again.

"Down cellar; I'll get it;" and taking the lamp and jug, Tom departed, bent on doing his duty now like a saint.

The moment his light vanished, Fanny bolted the door, saying, spitefully, "Now, we are safe from any more tricks. Let him thump and call, it only serves him right; and when the candy is done, we'll let the rascal out."

"How can we make it without molasses?" asked Polly, thinking that would settle the matter.

"There's plenty in the storeroom. No; you shan't let him up till I'm ready. He's got to learn that I'm not to be shaken by a little chit like him. Make your candy, and let him alone, or I'll go and tell papa, and then Tom will get a lecture."

Polly thought it wasn't fair; but Maud clamored for her candy, and finding she could do nothing to appease Fan, Polly devoted her mind to her cookery till the nuts were safely in, and a nice panful set in the yard to cool. A few bangs at the locked door, a few threats of vengeance from the prisoner, such as setting the house afire, drinking up the wine, and smashing the jelly-pots, and then all was so quiet, that the girls forgot him in the exciting crisis of their work.

"He can't possibly get out anywhere, and as soon as we've cut up the candy, we'll unbolt the door and run. Come and get a

nice dish to put it in," said Fan, when Polly proposed to go halves with Tom, lest he should come bursting in somehow, and seize the whole.

When they came down with the dish in which to set forth their treat, and opened the back-door to find it, imagine their dismay on discovering that it was gone — pan, candy, and all — utterly and mysteriously gone!

A general lament arose, when a careful rummage left no hope; for the fates had evidently decreed that candy was not to prosper on this unpropitious night.

"The hot pan has melted and sunk in the snow, perhaps," said Fanny, digging into the drift where it was left.

"Those old cats have got it, I guess," suggested Maud, too much overwhelmed by this second blow to howl as usual.

"The gate isn't locked, and some beggar has stolen it. I hope it will do them good," added Polly, returning from her exploring expedition.

"If Tom *could* get out, I should think he'd carried it off; but not being a rat, he can't go through the bits of windows; so, it wasn't him," said Fanny, disconsolately, for she began to think this double loss a punishment for disobedience.

"Let's open the door and tell him about it," proposed Polly.

"He'll crow over us. No; we'll open it and go to bed, and he can come out when he likes. Provoking boy! if he hadn't plagued us so, we should have had a nice time."

Unbolting the cellar-door, the girls announced to the invisible captive that they were through, and then departed much depressed. Half-way up the second flight, they all stopped as suddenly as if they had seen a ghost; for looking over the banisters was Tom's face, crocky but triumphant, and in either hand a junk of candy, which he waved above them as he vanished, with the tantalizing remark, "Don't you wish you had some?"

"How in the world did he get out?" cried Fanny, steadying herself after a start that nearly sent all three tumbling downstairs.

"Coal-hole!" answered a spectral voice from the gloom above.

"Good gracious! He must have poked up the cover, climbed into the street, stole the candy, and sneaked in at the shed-window while we were looking for it."

"Cats got it, didn't they?" jeered the voice in a tone that made Polly sit down and laugh till she couldn't laugh any longer.

"Just give Maud a bit, she's so disappointed. Fan and I are

sick of it, and so will you be, if you eat it all," called Polly, when she got her breath.

"Go to bed, Maudie, and look under your pillow when you get there," was the oracular reply that came down to them, as Tom's door closed after a jubilant solo on the tin pan.

The girls went to bed tired out; and Maud slumbered placidly, hugging the sticky bundle, found where molasses-candy is not often discovered. Polly was very tired, and soon fell asleep; but Fanny, who slept with her, laid awake longer than usual, thinking about her troubles, for her head ached, and the dissatisfaction that follows anger would not let her rest with the tranquillity that made the rosy face in the little round nightcap such a pleasant sight to see as it lay beside her. The gas was turned down, but Fanny saw a figure in a gray wrapper creep by her door, and presently return, pausing to look in. "Who is it?" she cried, so loud that Polly woke.

"Only me, dear," answered grandma's mild voice. "Poor Tom has got a dreadful toothache, and I came down to find some creosote for him. He told me not to tell you; but I can't find the bottle, and don't want to disturb mamma."

"It's in my closet. Old Tom will pay for his trick this time," said Fanny, in a satisfied tone.

"I thought he'd get enough of our candy," laughed Polly; and then they fell asleep, leaving Tom to the delights of toothache and the tender mercies of kind old grandma. L. M. ALCOTT.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

I. — MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE ARCHDUCHESS.

THE peerless Maria Theresa, fondly called by her subjects "the mother of her people," was a no less faithful mother to her children. Burdened with the cares of an empire, she yet found time to direct their education; and the noble character of the lovely Marie Antoinette testifies to the careful training of her mother.

"Over which of all the nations of Europe, if you might choose, would you prefer to reign?" asked the empress, one day, of her little Antoinette. "Surely, over France, my mother. What more could one wish, than to mount a throne once held by good King Henry, and the great Louis XIV.?"

To a mature mind and unusual grace of person, the young princess added those tenderer graces of the soul, rare in a child familiar with the flattery of a court. She knew Latin, read and wrote German, Italian, and French with equal facility, and had an uncommon talent for music. Grateful for the smallest benefit, keenly sensible to the sufferings of others, generosity, courage, thoughtfulness, and force of character distinguished her childhood. The grief which filled Vienna on the day when she bade adieu to her native land, to become the dauphiness of France, shows how her virtues had endeared her to the nation. The streets resounded with the lamentations of the people, who followed the brilliant *cortege* that escorted their beloved princess to her new home; and when the last outrider had disappeared from their view, they returned, sadly bemoaning a common loss. It was as if from each fireside had been snatched its best and dearest; and for months, in Vienna, it seemed as if a funeral instead of a bridal procession had gone forth. Meantime, the gay cavalcade had crossed the French boundary. The people, fondly attached to their dauphin, eagerly hastened to tender homage to his beautiful *fiancee*. She replied with self-possession to the complimentary speeches made her by the authorities of Strasburg, saying, modestly, to one of the ladies of her suite, "I shall try to become worthy of their praise; as yet, I have done nothing to merit it." From Strasburg to Compiègne, her path was strewn with flowers by young girls in holiday attire, for each of whom she had a kindly word or smile. Old peasants left their work to gaze upon her sweet young face, and as they crowded round her carriage, whispered, audibly, "How lovely she is!" "They look on me with indulgent eyes," she replied to some one who bade her remark this. It is not without fear, that we see this inexperienced girl of fifteen about to enter the most corrupt court of Europe. At Compiègne, she was met by the king, and in presence of the whole court, was introduced to her betrothed husband. "You have made two conquests," said some one, who saw the impression she produced upon the king and the dauphin. "My heart contracts debts to-day," she answered, seriously, "which I fear it will never be able

to discharge; but I hope that they will credit me with the wish to repay them."

THE DAUPHINESS.

Thence to Versailles, her progress is a triumphal march. A double row of carriages attends her. Parisians shout *vivas* till they are hoarse. On a beautiful May morning, her marriage takes place, and the same evening, a magnificent ball is given in her honor at the palace. The grand old capital has seldom witnessed a more joyful scene than the public entrance of this young couple into the city. It was no stretch of gallantry, when the old governor said to the fair bride that day, "Madam, you have here two hundred thousand lovers." Whether they walked in the gardens, or rode through the streets, the crowd followed them with blessings; and the handsome face of the boy-husband beamed with gratified pride and affection, as he saw her charming all hearts by her dignity and grace. "Oh, the good, kind people!" cried they both together; "do not harm them!" as the guards drove back the multitude who clung to the coach. No wonder all Paris adored her; for it was long since the dissolute court of Versailles had been gladdened by the presence of so pure and angelic a being as Marie Antoinette. No wonder that a nation, suffering from the caprices and vices of a Du Barry and a Louis XV., should whisper God speed the day that shall give us into the keeping of our noble and virtuous dauphin and his high-souled wife.

All too soon, as those who are familiar with her later history must ever feel, had the girlish ambition of Marie Antoinette and the longing of the people their fulfilment. Four years of happy wedded life, and the throne, so long disgraced by the most degraded of the Bourbons, was forced upon their acceptance, by his death. Far above the rejoicings of the people we hear the sobs of the hapless pair, who, overcome by the responsibility thrust so suddenly upon them, fall upon their knees, praying, "O God! protect us! we are too young to reign!" A throne, whose foundations were weakened by the excesses of his predecessors; a parliament at odds with the throne; a worse than empty treasury; a nobility grown languid with luxury; a people exhausted by war; a state whose life was eaten out by the cancer of taxation; a church prostituted to baseness by its clergy;—this was the inheritance of Louis XVI. from his grandfather; such was the

France over which the luckless Marie Antoinette was called to reign.

As the vineyard with fair promise of fruit, oft clothes with verdure the mountain within whose depths smoulders the fire that is one day to break out in ruin and death on the home of the happy peasant, whose jocund laugh and song now drowns the mutterings of the volcano; so these dangerous elements at the heart of France, were, for a time, lost sight of in the joy and hope with which all classes hailed the accession of their youthful sovereigns, who, unconscious of peril, rested secure in the love of their subjects, and gave themselves up to the enjoyment of their position. Praises of the queen were on every lip. A tobacconist made his fortune by the manufacture of snuff-boxes in shagreen leather, bearing a medallion of the queen, with the legend, "*La consolation dans le chagrin.*" A rival tradesman hit upon a no less happy device. His boxes bore the portraits of Louis XII. and Henry IV., surmounted by that of Louis XVI., and the motto, "*XII. et IV. make XVI.*"

At the theatre, when, in a certain opera, occurred some lines descriptive of the charms of the heroine, every eye was turned upon the royal box; and an *encore* being called for, the audience rose to their feet, and pointing to the queen, joined rapturously in the chorus —

"Let us sing praises to our queen."

Her biographers delight to dwell on the beauty of Marie Antoinette at this epoch. A beauty, due not so much to the regularity of her features as to her animated expression, her majestic carriage, the affability of her manners, and the amiability of her character. All ranks, all ages, both sexes, were the recipients of her favor and the objects of her care. She encouraged the timid, and protected the oppressed. Bravery she rewarded, misery she solaced, poverty she assisted, want she relieved. Less an Austrian than a Frenchwoman, through her love for her husband, she made his interests and his ambition her own, and was the most faithful of wives. Those lessons she had received from her mother, of gratitude for service and respect for virtue, she in her turn transmitted to her children. A single anecdote will show how she instilled into their minds the lesson that merit is superior to rank. Sitting, one day, with Madame Royale, the dauphin, and their cousin, the little Duke of Angouleme, Admiral Suffren, who

had distinguished himself in eastern seas, entered. The queen, greeting him cordially, then turned to her children, saying, "My children, and especially you, my son, this is Admiral Suffren. We owe him much. Look at him well. His name is one of the first that my children should learn to pronounce, and one of the last they should forget." The little nine-years-old duke, a courtier already, looking up from his book, said, with exquisite politeness to the admiral, "Sir, I was reading the lives of illustrious men; but I leave my book with pleasure, to shake hands with one."

C. A. BAKER.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BLUE STOCKING.

IT is not because I am by any means a remarkable stocking that I want to tell my story, but because I am so old, and because I came so near never being a stocking at all.

I am a very simple blue-yarn stocking, and to ordinary observers, would be unworthy of notice. It was a great many years ago that I was begun, and my maker was a young girl about fifteen. It was for her father I was intended. When she commenced, her mother said, "Annie, do you suppose you shall ever finish that stocking?"

And Miss Annie replied, "Oh, yes, mamma; I like to knit, and I shall soon get it done. Father won't want to put them on before November, and it is nearly two months till then." And so, in the lovely September afternoons, my mistress used to sit on the door-step, and knit quite steadily. But before long, two cousins of hers came to visit her, and I was put away in a trunk, and, I regret to say, entirely forgotten. I lay in the corner where she put me for a year or more, when, one day, in hunting for something else, she accidentally discovered me. "O mother!" she cried; "here is the stocking I began so long ago. I'll take it out and finish it for Ned, and he shall carry it when he goes to college in the fall." So, once more I was brought out, and for the next few days, Miss Annie worked faithfully toward my completion. But before the week was over, she was called away on a visit, and again I was put aside. Jane, her mother, suggested her taking me with her for work; but Miss Annie turned up her pretty nose, and said, disdainfully, "Why, mamma! the idea of taking a blue-

yarn stocking to the Mortimers for work, when I dare say those girls never saw one!"

"Very well," answered her mother. "Do just as you like about it; only, I'm afraid it has small chance of completion."

"Indeed, mother," Miss Annie said; "I'll finish it the first thing when I get home again."

I don't think she did, or she must have made a very long visit; for I lay covered up by a heap of furs and scarfs and mittens in a linen bag, with camphor and tobacco and pepper, and nobody knows what, to keep our enemies the moths from eating us up. I guess I must have stayed there two or three years; for several times, Miss Annie's mother came and took out the furs and scarfs and mittens, and after keeping them a long while, put them back. But she never got down so deep as I was. The last time she came, she said, "I must have this bag washed, I think. It certainly needs it;" and so, in emptying it, she found me.

"There!" exclaimed Miss Annie; "you've found that stocking again, mother. I mean to finish it, and give it to Henry, to show him that I can do something more practical than work worsted roses."

"You'd better not mention how long you've been making it," said Mr. Ned, as he came in, "or Henry won't have a very high idea of your practicality, sister."

Miss Annie pouted and blushed, and looked in the fire, and all the while I was wondering who Henry could be. Mr. Ned was her only brother, and she had no cousin of the name that I had ever heard of; so this Henry must be a stranger, I thought. Pretty soon, Mr. Ned and his mother went out, and in a minute, a young gentleman came in with a quick step, and Miss Annie jumped up, exclaiming, "Why, Henry! is it you?" Then he put his arm round her, and kissed her red lips, and I came to the conclusion he wasn't a very great stranger, after all. This time, Miss Annie didn't do much work on me, for Mr. Henry would always say, "Now, Annie, don't work when I am here;" and as he was always there, she put me away again.

I lay hidden for years and years, I think, and it was another accident brought me to light again. When I reappeared on the scene, I found that I was in a different house; and that Miss Annie had grown stouter and older; and that Mr. Henry, who seemed to be the only other one I recognized, had a full, dark beard, with a few threads of silver in it. Another thing which

seemed strange, was the four pretty children who called Miss Annie mother. It all seemed very odd, and I couldn't help feeling as if I was in the wrong place; but Miss Annie went to work at me so vigorously, that I really thought I should be completed. Alas! Mr. Henry coming in one day, when she was knitting, said, "My dear Annie, don't trouble yourself about getting that stocking done. You know, I can buy all I want; and there are a thousand things which you would much rather do, I know. Let it be, and read that book I brought home last night."

"I fully intend to finish it this time, Henry; but I will read a little now, I think." And then I went back to prison once more, as I knew I should, the moment she spoke of laying me down.

And now I have to tell you of the time which is pleasantest to me to think of, for from it I date the first good I ever did. After lying shut up for many years more, I was brought out again. I observed, this time, that Mr. Henry had wrinkles on his forehead, and that his hair was quite white. Miss Annie, too, was changed a good deal, and had an anxious, careworn look. The children, also, were grown up; and the pretty, fair-haired girl, whose soft hands had felt of me before, was an elegant young lady now. All she seemed to do was to ravel out little squares of linen, and roll

up long strips of cloth very tight. When Miss Annie added to my size, too, I felt warm tears now and then fall on me, and I wondered what made them all so sad. By and by, I learned, from hearing them talk, that a great war was going on, and that Mr. Harry, Miss Annie's oldest child, had gone as a soldier. Then I found out that they intended to send him a bundle, and Miss Annie was to send me in it. This time, I really did get finished, and a twin brother also; and with ever so many other things, such as mittens, and shirts, and handkerchiefs, and gingerbread, and pickles, and books, and jelly, and photographs, and cake, and dried apples, and stationery, and nuts, and pop-corn, and everything that could be thought of which Mr. Harry would like, were packed in a box, and sent off.

"Precious mother!" laughed Mr. Harry, when he discovered that we were the pair of stockings she had had so long. "And so she finished them for me at last. I'll put them on now, and then I'll write her how they fit."

For Miss Annie's sake, my brother and I curled close round his feet, and kept them very warm, so he gave a good account of us in his letter. It was the last letter he ever wrote. The next day, there was a great battle. Just before evening, when the soft afternoon was nearly at its close, and the sun made his beautiful bronze curls look almost golden, when his noble young face was full of life and hope, Mr. Harry fell. He began to grow cold; and though we tried to make him warm, we could not; and then we knew he was dead. He was carried away; we were taken off his feet, and with a great many others of his clothes, sent home to his parents. And now we lie in a drawer, and we know we shall never belong to any one again. But sometimes, when Miss Annie comes, and takes us out, and looks at us so sadly, laying her head against us and weeping, we feel that our usefulness is not ended, but that we are still a comfort to her, and bring to her mind the dear, brave boy she gave to her country for her country's sake.

LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

WRITING COMPOSITION.

I BELIEVE most boys and girls dislike to write "compositions." When I went to school, how they used to dread Wednesday afternoon, because then every one was required to have some kind of a composition. They hated the day and the very word, and would offer almost any excuse to get rid of writing; and even stay at home, if there was no other way. Some coaxed their friends to help them; some copied a piece from a book outright, or altered it a little, and passed it off as their own. I have known children, who were honest in every other respect, do this when they were hard pressed. A few, who had natural talent, wrote well; and some who had not, managed, by painstaking, to have something tolerably good to read. Still, most of them were really made unhappy by being compelled to do what they had no taste for, and could see no reason for doing. How many times have I heard children ask, "What is the use? What good will it do?" The trouble was, they did not understand how to make it easy and pleasant, nor the real object of it; so they went to work, with sour faces, to write just the number of lines — and no more — which the rules of the school required. Those who could talk fast enough, seemed cramped into utter helplessness the moment they took up a pen; and quick-witted children, who could entertain you with the drollest stories, wrote essays which were painfully stupid.

But at last came a delightful teacher, who let us at once into the meaning of writing composition; so, that Wednesday afternoon, instead of being looked forward to as a solemn occasion, was positively waited for with impatience. She was a bright, wise woman; and on the very first Wednesday, when one after another began to make excuse, and she saw the general distress, she seemed to comprehend the difficulty, and said, simply, "Now, scholars, don't trouble yourselves anything about it. We will have slate exercises today. We will say no more about compositions; but every one, large and small, get out your slates. You who can only *print* words, can do what I shall propose. All ready!" and out came the slates, and the whole school beamed with smiles.

"Now, every one, attend to me. I want you to write down something which shall have 'cherry-tree' in it. Write as much

as you please, or as little, only get '*cherry-tree*' in somewhere. But the more you write, the better I shall like it. I will write something too. When you have written, hold up your slates."

For the next fifteen minutes, not a sound was heard but the scratching of pencils; at the expiration of that time, the slates were all up. She began with the smaller children, — nine, ten, eleven, and twelve years old. The first happened to be Charley Brown, a jolly little fellow, who could only print letters, and this is what he read off in a bold voice: — "I got sik eatin' cherries on gran'sir's cherry-tree. I drank milk. The milk did it."

"Very good, Charley; very good," said she, smiling upon him, while Charley looked triumphant, and all the rest were in a broad grin.

"Now, Johnny Brooks, let us hear what you have;" and Johnny gave us this: — "We've got three cherry-trees in our back-yard. Two of 'em are dead. They never bore til this year. That one did. Sam Bowles stole the cherries, an' father licked him. *Mis* Bowles was mad."

The next little urchin read, "There are choke-cherries down on our inter*vale*. But they don't gro on cherry-trees."

You see, he got "*cherry-tree*" in; and the teacher praised him, and then called on bashful Nelly Gray, who answered, timidly, "We hain't any cherry-trees; but I wrote this," and read as follows, which is not so bad: — "I wanted father to set out some cherry-trees, but he said the robbings would carry them all off, or else they would be wormy. He said one good apple-tree was worth ten cherry-trees. We have pare-trees. They bear Bartlit pares and are nice."

"Now, Henry Page;" at which he read: — "There are a great many wild cherry-trees in our pasture. Some are black and some are red. Some of the black cherries are sweet. Some of them are not good to eat. The red ones are all sour. Some of the black ones are larger than the others. Some of the black ones are sour. The black cherry-trees grow larger than the red cherry-trees. There are always caterpillows' nests on the trees. The branches break off easy. Where the branches break off, there is gum. There is not much shade to cherry-trees, because the leaves are small."

"Well done, Henry. You understand your subject. You have given us quite a description of wild cherry-trees."

Next came a girl, who was fond of telling stories; and she read

an account of her birthday-party, in which she was bright enough to use the word "cherry-tree," though they had not one larger than a lilac-bush in their garden: — "On my last birthday, mother said I might have a picnic under our cherry-tree, or the maple it was, truly. It was the thirtieth of June. I asked Susy Hall and Jenny, and my cousins. They all came and brought their dolls. Mother gave us some seed-cakes, and tarts, and ginger-snaps. Unkle John gave us fifteen cents to buy candy, and Susy had some peanuts. We set a table, and had bokas of roses. We played out there till dark, and we are always going to have a picnic on our birthdays only Susy's comes in December, and she is going to have a party in the house. We promised each other we would the rest of our life."

I should like to give you those of the older scholars, and the teacher's; but Mr. MERRY can't spare the room.

Now, boys and girls, these were *really* "compositions;" but the discreet teacher never called them so at all. Each week they had such exercises, which she corrected, and then had the writers copy them neatly on paper. She would, after awhile, give out several words, all of which they must get in, in such a way as would make sense; and before the term closed, those very scholars who had absolutely hated to write even six lines of composition in the old method, would cover the slate with a very entertaining account or description of something; and that school came to excel every other in town. Some of the writers have, from that small beginning, become successful authors, and are now writing for the boys' and girls' magazines, as well as for those for the older people.

My word of advice to you, young folks, is, write just what you want to say, and no more. And write it just as *you* would say it, not as you think somebody else would. And don't select such subjects as "Temperance," "Industry," and the war; but tell what your dog did; where you went on the Fourth of July; tell about your father's farm; about a visit you made; or a book you have been reading; at any rate, about something you understand, and are interested in.

You will find that practice will make composition easy and delightful, and you will soon learn to express yourself gracefully and well. You may think this a small matter; but the object of writing is to put on paper something which one wishes to say. It is not at all necessary that you should be a born genius in order to be a good writer. If you have common sense, and will try ear-

nestly to express in a natural manner what you know, you will surely succeed. I have no doubt, that many of the authors whose delightful books you read begun in as simple a way. I'll dare say, many of them remember the time when they could not say much more about wild cherry-trees than Henry Page did, or say it much better.

KITTY CARROL.

HOLLYWOOD.

VI.

AGNES'S JOURNAL (*continued*).

ON Christmas morning, Mr. Millburn came and said that he would take us all to church, if we would like to go. We walked into the city, where Tad met us, and went into a great stone church. It was just like the English cathedrals I have read about, only not so large. There were stone arches all over the high roof; and the windows were covered with pictures of saints and angels, Mr. Millburn said, when we asked him who they were. The sunlight streamed through them on the pews and the people in them, and the queer colors on their faces made Cassy laugh. We liked the service very much. After church, we all went to Mr. Millburn's to dinner. His aunt, Miss Eunice Millburn, was waiting for us. She is a nice old lady, and looks like grandmamma. We dined early, and afterward we sat around the wood fire, cracking nuts and telling stories, until it began to grow dark, when Mr. Millburn and Miss May went out of the room for a little while, but came back after gaslight. Miss May went to the piano and began to play and sing a little Christmas song. Just as she finished it, the folding-doors between the parlor and library opened, and we saw something at the back of the room all covered with dark cloth and evergreen boughs, with "Cave of Mystery" in great letters over the top. While we were looking at it, and wondering what it could be, we saw that there was a light in it, shining on bright-colored things near the entrance. Then something moved, and the prettiest —— (I don't know what to call her, for she didn't seem like a real person), in white and gold, with a gold-tipped wand, and bright hair all about her, came out from the cave, and said some verses, which Mr. Millburn brought me today to copy. They were: —

"In the English manor-halls,
Ruleth Father Christmas old;
German Santa Claus has calls
To visit many countries cold.
How can they come here tonight?
They have sent me, a merry sprite
From the sun, who longer rays
Has sent on earth, in these last days.
I come to bring you each your share
Of the gifts, which loving care
On each Christmas doth prepare.
The veiled 'Cave of Mystery,'
Without my light would gloomy be;
Its treasures I must go to view,
My rays must pierce the darkness through."

She went into the cave, and the light, which had gone out when she appeared, shone again. She came back soon with both hands full, saying,

"Ah! many a gift I bring to light,
From halls and caverns dark as night;"

and began to read the verses on each present. Miss May had some ready for ours; and Mr. Millburn must have written those on her "Snow-Bound." They were all very pretty, and some of them were very funny. We all had beautiful presents, and there were so many, that the Sunbeam had to go into the cave more times than I can count. Miss Eunice had a new black silk, from Mr. Millburn; and she was just as much pleased with it as we were with our books and games, and the writing-desks, which papa had asked Miss May to get for us. Tad has grown very tall, and seems much older than he did at home. He studies very hard, and recites to Mr. Millburn. If we had known that we should see him, we should have bought something for him; but Cassy is knitting him some wristers, and I am going out to-day to get some wool, to make him a nice warm scarf. We shall have them ready at New Year's, I hope. Mr. Millburn took us home at nine o'clock, and we all said that it was the best Christmas we had ever known. Miss May was much pleased with her book, and with a beautiful bouquet from Mr. Millburn. I can't find out who the Sunbeam was. I have never seen her before; and when I asked Miss May, she only laughed, and said that she must not tell. Before she went out, she said, —

"And now, dear friends, I've far to go
O'er lakes of ice and fields of snow;
But something of my presence bright
I leave you, as I say 'Good-night.'"

Miss May will say that I've mixed my pronouns, and will ask who said the verses; but I'm too tired to be grammatical.

The journal of the other holidays tells of walks and skating and quiet fireside talks. At New Year's, Tad received his gifts, and was made quite as happy by them, as by the long-wished-for Shakespeare and Latin dictionary, which had come from the cave for him; at least, he said so, in the note which he sent the girls. School had fairly begun, and our little friends were studying and playing with all their might. Cassy, in a higher class than before Christmas, was doing herself credit, and Agnes was working well, too; but something was not quite right with her, the teachers said. She was cross sometimes, and snubbed Cassy; then, besides, she did not study in her own bright, cheerful way. Her work was done, to be sure; but it was done with a painful effort.

One day, Cassy, coming into the room in the leisure half-hour before dinner, found Agnes lying on the bed, crying. "What's the matter?" said she.

"Go away!" sobbed Agnes. "I don't want you."

"But tell me what it is. Does your head ache?"

"No. I wish it did, and then I should have something to cry for. I'm an ungrateful pig; that's the matter! I can't bear to feel so shabby all the time, in these old dresses, that look as if they came out of the ark."

"Why, Agnes! You told me, when we came here, that we weren't to care about dress."

"So I did; and it was all very fine then, before I knew anything about the girls; but I can't stand it now."

"Can't stand what?" said Miss May, looking in at the door.

"Nothing," said Agnes, wiping her eyes, "but our old dresses. I know, it's shameful to feel so, when papa spends so much money for us; but I'm tired of these old things."

"But," said Miss May, "we don't like to see fine dresses here in school. Miss Anne has told the girls a great many times that she would like to see them all in uniform. I don't know that I should be pleased by that, exactly; but I don't think that you have any reason to feel ashamed of your clothes, here in school."

"It isn't in school," replied Agnes, very sadly. "I mind it more on Sundays, when the other girls are all so fine, with kid gloves and velveteen jackets, and Astrachan muffs, while Cassy and I have only our cloth coats and gray mittens."

"I know just how hard it is for you," said Miss May; "and I'm afraid that you are making yourself very wretched about it. I have been through the same stage myself, and not many years ago, either. I'm sure, you don't think that any one cares for your clothes more than for you, do you?"

"I — don't — know," answered Agnes.

"You don't think that the girls talk about your clothes?"

"I don't know."

"I think that they are too well-bred for anything of that kind," continued Miss May. "There was a time, when the girls in the house cared much more about dress than they do now, and used always to dress for dinner. But Miss Willbert and Miss Anne found that the habit was doing the girls more harm than good, and made a rule that no girl should wear more than one gown on the same day, unless she were going out, or the weather changed from warm to cold, or from cold to warm. Now, a few of the day-pupils are the only ones who dress at all showily. If you think a little about the matter, you will see that there is no need of feeling as you do. There is no one whom we respect more than Miss Anne, and her clothes are less in the fashion than yours."

Just then, the dinner-bell rang, and the conversation ended; but Agnes began to care somewhat less for finery. Perhaps her feelings were soothed by a letter from her aunt, sending some money for new spring suits and hats for herself and Cassy, and asking her to take Miss May's advice about them.

The two girls looked very neat and pretty in the light-brown suits, trimmed with a darker shade, and the brown round hats which Miss May chose for them; and I think that we can pardon them a little vanity, as they drew on their first kid gloves, one Saturday afternoon, when they were told that Mr. Millburn was waiting in the parlor to take them to drive. They went down, and found not only their friend, but a young lady, whom he introduced as his cousin, Katie Millburn. She smiled, and the girls then recognized her as the kind spirit of Christmas night. When they were all seated in the beach-wagon, Cassy said, "I know you; you gave us our Christmas presents."

"Did I?" laughed the little lady.

"Didn't she, Mr. Millburn?" appealed Cassy.

"I shall have to tell you the whole story," said he. "I was puzzled to know what to do for you at Christmas, when Katie came, quite unexpectedly, for a long visit. She had played the part before, she said, and had the verses all ready, so that I was very glad to have her as my aid. I carefully kept her out of the way at dinner, that you might be surprised. I meant to have brought her here before; but something has happened every time that I have tried to come. She has been farther west, and I have been very busy. Where shall we go today, little friends?"

"Anywhere you like," answered the girls.

"How much time have you?"

"Till six o'clock."

"Then, we will go out into the woods," said Mr. Millburn; and turning his horse, he drove away from the city.

For two hours, the girls went through paths and rough wood-roads, where the first spring flowers were blooming. Mr. Millburn gathered some which reminded them of their home; then he went toward a more travelled road, and took them home through a part of the city.

"Have you enjoyed it?" said Katie, as they drove up the avenue at Hollywood.

"Oh, ever so much," answered Agnes. "Won't you come and see us, Miss Katie?"

"Perhaps, if I have time before I go away," said she, throwing them a good-by kiss.

"She is the prettiest girl I ever saw, Miss May," repeated Cassy, for the hundredth time, the next week.

"Yes," replied Miss May; "and she is as good as she is pretty, and as bright as she is good. She was a pupil of mine three years ago, before I came here."

"Did you know Mr. Millburn then, too?" asked Agnes.

"Yes," said Miss May. "I used to see him sometimes, when he came to his uncle's."

"Was he just as nice as he is now?" demanded Cassy.

"Yes; just as nice. Good-night, dears."

"I wish I had known him then," said Cassy to Agnes. "I wish he were our uncle, or cousin, or something, so that we might always have had him for our own."

"So do I," answered Agnes, and fell asleep.

Hollywood was never more beautiful than on one day in the early spring. The garden flowers were hardly in bloom, but the gardener had left a few wild ones among the great trees; the air was soft, and the young leaves threw shadows on the grass, which was of the freshest and tenderest green. Cassy could not stay indoors. A longing for the old, free life had come over her; and as soon as school was over, she ran out of doors, and wandered through the garden-paths, until the study-bell told her that she ought to be in the house. "Oh, dear!" said she to herself. "I can't study in that close room; and I've nothing to learn but my history, and here's the book. I'll just climb this tree. There's a nice place in the branches, where I can study ever so much better than in there, with all the girls."

Cassy was quick as a squirrel, and before the other girls had gone into the study, she was comfortably seated in the branches of an apple-tree, and entirely hidden from the eyes of the household, by some tall evergreens in front of it. She thought, "Oh, isn't it jolly fun? Where will they think I am?" and tried hard to interest herself in the events of the year 1776. No date, however, would stay in her mind, except the Fourth of July, so eager was she to hear what the teacher or the girls would say about her absence. At last, hearing nothing, she was so tired of sitting alone, that she was quite ready to go to the house, and was about to throw her book down, and then follow it, when, to her horror, she saw Mrs. Willbert and the professor walking slowly around the garden, in the very path which led to the tree. She hoped that they would pass her without seeing her; but she was not so fortunate.

The professor's sharp eyes met her own, and looked at her with a gaze full of astonishment. After a few seconds, which seemed to Cassy at least an hour, she said, "Cassy, what are you doing here?"

"Studying my history, ma'am."

"By whose permission?"

"Nobody's, ma'am." Here, Cassy began to be frightened, and said, "I came here after school; and it was so pleasant, that I thought I could study just as well here as with the girls."

"But the rules say, that you are to go to the study when the bell rings."

"I know it, ma'am."

"Then, why didn't you go?"

Cassy did not know what to say, and hung her head.

"Very well," continued the professor. "You seem to like the tree; and, of course, if you like it, you can study better in it, than in the house. Let me hear your lesson."

Cassy found her place, and gave Miss Anne the book.

"What was the first event of the year 1776?" began the teacher.

"I don't know," said Cassy.

The professor took out her watch, saying, "You have been here just half an hour, and have surely had time to learn one page of the lesson. Instead of going to your room when the bell rings at the end of the hour, you may stay here until I send for you, an hour later. I don't wish you to think that I have any objection to your climbing trees at the right time; but that time is not in study-hours. After you go in, you will report yourself to Miss May, who probably feels quite alarmed about you. I saw Agnes looking for you when I came out. I shall tell her myself where you are, but shall leave you to explain your conduct."

When the professor went away, Cassy, feeling very sorry for her thoughtlessness, had a little cry by herself, and then began to study her lesson in earnest, until, after her hour and a half of imprisonment, which seemed a half day, had expired, she was called back to the house by the professor herself.

FAINT-HEART.

THERE are bluebells on the hillside,
  There are violets in the wood;
There are wild red roses in plenty,
  And berries both ripe and good.

But I dare not trust the hillside,
  And I dare not search the wood;
For the wicked trolls that haunt them,
  Would catch me if I should.

I see the red roses blushing
  Against the purple dawn,
And their odorous breath comes flushing
  The morning winds upon.

And the voices of bubbling springs there
Call all the livelong day,
"Come hither, dear child; borrow wings there,
Enjoy life while you may.

"Here are birds and bees and flowers,
With the songs you love to hear;
No lessons, nor dull school-hours,
And nothing but shadows to fear."

Have I dreamed of these same shadows,
How they are naught but trolls in disguise,
From a hundred palms, with a hundred arms,
Squeezing poppy-dust into one's eyes?

Deep into the heart of the earth there,
They carry one *then*, I know;
Where the gold and jewels are smelted, where
The roots of the grasses grow.

Where one never sees the dear daylight,
Nor hears the wild brooks complain;
Where the April days deserve no praise,
And cold is the April rain.

So, the wild rose may waste her beauty,
And the brown nut drop to the ground;
And the bee may fulfil her duty
Every day, the whole year round.

And the spring may grow hoarse with calling,
And birds peck the berries good;
But for me, I have fear of falling
In the snare of the Troll of the Wood!

MARY N. PRESCOTT.

MADAM CLUCK, AND HER FAMILY.

THERE never was a prouder mamma than Madam Cluck when she led forth her family of eight downy little chicks. Chanticleer, Strut, Snowball, Speckle, Peep, Peck, Downy, and Blot were their names; and no sooner were they out of the shell, than they began to chirp and scratch as gayly as if the big world in which they suddenly found themselves was made for their especial benefit. It was a fine brood; but poor Madam Cluck had bad luck with her chicks, for they were her first, and she didn't know how to manage them. Old Aunt Cockle-top told her that she didn't, and predicted that "those poor dears would come to bad ends."

Aunt Cockle-top was right, as you will see, when I have told the sad history of this unfortunate family. The tragedy began with Chanty, who was the boldest little cockadoodle who ever tried to crow. Before he had a feather to his bit of a tail, Chanty began to fight, and soon was known as the most quarrelsome chick in the farmyard. Having picked his brothers and sisters, he tried to do the same to his playmates the ducklings, goslings, and young turkeys, and was so disagreeable, that all the fowls hated him. One day, a pair of bantams arrived, pretty little white birds, with red crests and nice yellow feet. Chanty thought he could beat Mr. Bantam easily, he was so small, and invited him to fight. Mr. B. declined. Then Chanty called him a coward, and gave Mrs. B. a peck, which so enraged her spouse, that he flew at Chanty like a game-cock, and a dreadful fight followed, which ended in Chanty's utter defeat, for he died from his wounds.

Downy and Snowball soon followed; for the two sweet little things would swing on the burdock-leaves that grew over the brook. Sitting side by side, the plump sisters were placidly swaying up and down over the clear brown water rippling below, when — ah, sad to relate — the stem broke, and down went leaf, chickens, and all, to a watery death.

"I'm the most unlucky hen ever hatched!" groaned poor Madam Cluck; and it did seem so, for the very next week, Speckle, the best and prettiest of the brood, went to walk with Aunt Cockle-top, "grasshoppering" they called it, in the great field across the road. What a nice time Speckle did have, to be sure; for the grasshoppers were lively and fat, and aunt was in an unusually amiable mood.

"Never run away from anything; but face danger and conquer it, like a brave chick," said the old biddy, as she went clucking through the grass, with her gray turban wagging in the wind. Speckle had hopped away from a toad with a startled chirp, which caused aunt to utter that remark. The words had hardly left her beak, when a shadow above made her look up, give one loud croak of alarm, and then scuttle away, as fast as legs and wings could carry her.

Little Speckle, remembering the advice, and unconscious of the danger, stood her ground as a great hawk came circling nearer and nearer, till, with a sudden dart, he pounced on the poor chicken, and bore it away chirping dismally. "Aunty told me not to run. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What shall I do?"

It was a dreadful blow to Mrs. Cluck; and Aunt Cockle-top didn't show herself for a whole day after that story was known, for every fowl in the yard twitted her with the difference between her preaching and her practice.

Strut, the other son, was the vainest chick ever seen; and the great aim of his life was to crow louder than any other cock in the neighborhood. He was at it from morning till night, and every one was tired to death of hearing his shrill, small voice making funny attempts to produce hoarse little crows as he sat on the wall and stretched his yellow neck, till his throat quite ached with the effort.

"Ah! if I could only fly to the highest beam in the barn, and give a splendid crow that every one could hear, I should be perfectly happy," said this silly little fowl, as he stared up at the loft where the old cock often sat.

So, he tried every day to fly and crow, and at last managed to get up; then how he did strut and rustle his feathers, while his playmates sat below and watched him.

"You'll fall, and get hurt," said his sister Blot.

"Hold your tongue, you ugly little thing, and don't talk to me. I'm going to crow, and can't be interrupted by any silly bit of a hen. Be quiet, down there, and hear if I can't do it as well as daddy."

The chicks stopped scratching and peeping, and sat in a row to hear Strut crow. Perching himself on the beam, he tried his best, but only a droll "cock-a-doodle-doo" came of it, and all the chicks laughed. That made Strut mad, and he resolved to crow, even if he killed himself doing it. He gave an angry cluck, flapped his

wings, and tried again. Alas, alas, for poor Strut! he leaned so far forward in his frantic effort to get a big crow out, that he toppled over and fell bump on the hard barn floor, killing himself instantly.

For some time after this, Mrs. Cluck kept her three remaining little ones close to her side, watching over them with maternal care, till they were heartily tired of her anxious cluckings. Peep and Peck were always together, being very fond of one another. Peep was a most inquisitive chicken, poking her head into every nook and corner, and never satisfied till she had seen all there was to see. Peck was a glutton, eating everything she could find, and often making herself ill by gobbling too fast, and forgetting to eat a little gravel to help digest her food.

"Don't go out of the barn, children. I'm going to lay an egg, and can't look after you just now," said their mother, one day.

"Yes, ma'am," chirped the chickens; and then, as she went rustling into the hay-mow, they began to run about and enjoy themselves with all their might. Peep found a little hole into the mealroom, and slipped in, full of joy at the sight of the bags, boxes, and bins. "I'll eat all I want, and then I'll call Peck," she said; and having taken a taste of everything, she was about to leave, when she heard the stable-man coming, and in her fright couldn't find the hole, so flew into the meal-bin and hid herself. Sam never saw her, but shut down the cover of the bin as he passed, and left poor Peep to die. No one knew what had become of her till some days later, when she was found dead in the meal, with her poor little claws sticking straight up, as if imploring help. Peck, meanwhile, got into mischief also; for, in her hunt for something good to eat, she strayed into the sheep-shed, and finding some salt, ate as much as she liked, not knowing that salt is bad for hens. Having taken all she wanted, she ran back to the barn, and was innocently catching gnats when her mamma came out of the hay-mow, with a loud "Cut-cut-cut-ca-dar-cut!"

"Where is Peep?" asked Mrs. Cluck.

"Don't know, ma. She—" there Peck stopped suddenly, rolled up her eyes, and began to stagger about as if she was tipsy.

"Mercy on us! What's the matter with the chick?" cried Mrs. Cluck, in great alarm.

"Fits, ma'am," answered Doctor Drake, who just then waddled by.

"Oh, what can I do?" screamed the distracted hen.

"Nothing, ma'am; it's fatal." And the doctor waddled on to visit Dame Pantalet's son, who was ill of the pip.

"My child, my child! don't flap and stagger so! Let me hold you! Taste this mint-leaf! Have a drop of water! What shall I do?"

As poor Mrs. Cluck sighed and sobbed, her unhappy child went scuffling about on her back, gasping, and rolling up her eyes in great anguish, for she had eaten too much of the fatal salt, and there was no help for her. When all was over, they buried the dead chicken under a currant-bush, covered the little grave with chickweed, and the bereaved parent wore a black string round her leg for a month.

Blot, "the last of that bright band," needed no mourning, for she was as black as a crow. This was the reason why her mother never had loved her as much as she did the others, who were all white, gray, or yellow. Poor little Blot had been much neglected by every one; but now her lonely mamma discovered how good and affectionate a chicken she was, for Blot was a great comfort to her, never running away or disobeying in any way, but always close to her side, ready to creep under her wing, or bring her a plump bug when the poor biddy's appetite failed her. They were very happy together, till Thanksgiving drew near, when a dreadful pestilence seemed to sweep through the farmyard; for turkeys, hens, ducks, and geese fell a prey to it, and were seen by their surviving relatives, featherless, pale, and stiff, borne away to some unknown place whence no fowl returned. Blot was waked one night by a great cackling and fluttering in the henhouse, and peeping down from her perch, saw a great hand glide along the roost, clutch her beloved mother by the leg, and pull her off, screaming, dolefully, "Good-by, good-by, my darling child!"

Aunt Cockle-top pecked and croaked fiercely; but, tough as she was, the old biddy did not escape, and many another amiable hen and gallant cockadoodle fell a victim to that mysterious hand. In the morning, few remained, and Blot felt that she was a forlorn orphan, a thought which caused her to sit with her head under her wing for several hours brooding over her sad lot, and longing to join her family in some safe and happy land, where fowls live in peace. She had her wish very soon; for, one day, when the first snowflakes began to flutter out of the cold, gray sky, Blot saw a little kitten mewing pitifully as it sat under the fence.

"What is the matter, dear?" asked kind Blot.

"I'm lost, and I can't find my way home," answered the kitten, shivering with cold. "I live at the red farmhouse over the hill, only I don't know which road to take."

"I'll show you. Come at once, for night is coming on, and the snow will soon be too deep for us," said Blot.

So, away they went, as fast as their small legs could carry them; but it was a long way, and dusk came on before the red farmhouse appeared.

"Now, I'm safe; thank you very much. Won't you come in, and stay all night? My mother will be glad to see you," said the kit, rubbing her soft white face against Blot's little black breast.

"It's against the rule to stay out all night, and I promised to be in early; so, good-by, dear." And off trotted Blot along the snowy road, hoping to get home before the hen-house-door was shut. Faster and faster fell the snow, darker and darker grew the night, and colder and colder became poor Blot's little feet as she waded through the drifts. The firelight was shining out into the gloom, as the half-frozen chicken came into the yard, to find all doors shut, and no shelter left for her but the bough of a leafless tree. Too stiff and weak to fly up, she crept as close as possible to the bright glow which shone across the doorstep, and with a shiver put her little head under her wing, trying to forget hunger, weariness, and the bitter cold, and wait patiently for morning. But when morning came, little Blot lay frozen stiff under a coverlet of snow; and the tender-hearted children sighed, as they dug a grave for the last of the unfortunate family of the Clucks.

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

INGENIOUS CHARADES.—A novel plan of drawing-room charades is thus described by a participator: The curtain of the back drawing-room was drawn aside, and we were rather surprised to see nothing but a wooden rocking-horse on the temporary stage. We were told to guess an island in the Greek Archipelago. After some demur, one individual, brighter than the rest, exclaimed, "Delos — *deal horse.*" Right; the curtain fell, and after a pause rose again, displaying to the astonished lookers-on the very identical, irrepressible rocking-horse, with his head in the contrary direction. We were told to guess another island in the Greek Archipelago. There was a dead silence. Some one vainly suggested "Chios," mispronounced *shy horse;* but that would not do, for the *deal horse* was as steady as old Time. At length, a small boy, late from school, exclaimed, "Samos!" and it was, the *same horse.* The curtain fell amidst roars of laughter. The next scene, was a portly gentleman, of middle age, who was met by a young girl, who said, "Doctor, I am glad to meet you." A word of five syllables. Give it up. "Metaphysician — met a physician." The curtain fell, and was again drawn up — only to exhibit the same portly gentleman and the girl meeting again. A word of three syllables. "Metaphor — met afore," was the solution.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher ridicules the popular notion, that the inmates of heaven do nothing but stand around a great white throne, with harps in their hands, and sing psalms. Mr. Beecher, it seems to us, has the right of the matter. There is no scriptural ground for limiting the activities and employments of immortal beings to a monotonous physical exercise; and it is a wonder that the absurdity of doing so has not been perceived long ago. It is much more sensible to suppose that people in the other life enjoy social and intellectual delights, and have varying occupations, according to their respective capacities, similar to those which are enjoyed by the good on earth, only more perfect in quality and degree. Death takes from us nothing but the body of flesh and blood, leaving the constitution and requirements of our souls without radical change. Whatever, therefore, above mere corporeal pleasures, rightfully renders us happy here, will render us likewise happy there; and as no man, however pious, would like to spend his whole life on earth in singing, it is not likely he will be compelled to do it hereafter.

THE total annual circulation of newspapers in the United States is now estimated to be one billion five hundred millions. In Great Britain, it is five hundred millions.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

196. I am composed of 22 letters:
My 19, 8, 14, 5, I hope you will never be.
My 21, 6, 15, is what ladies wear.
My 13, 8, 7, 20, 16, is a crowd.
My 4, 1, 17, is to hold a session.
My 11, 9, 3, 18, 5, is a southern constellation.
My 2, 12, 22, is a fox.
My 10, 18, 13, 20, is to draw.
My whole is an encouraging maxim. *A. O. J.*

NAMES TRANSPOSED.

197. J. D. Hodrenny. (An English poet.)

198. Pope Nero Anna Lobat. (A military genius.)

199. Tom K. Haserisen. (An English statesman.)
Young Joe.

lacks four, again, of the complete list, but wins the prize (his second) for the June puzzles.

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200. My first is a verb; my second a pronoun; my third an insect; and my whole an animal spoken of in the scriptures. *Delia.*

201. My first is a letter; my second is part of the body; my third is an insect; and my whole is what some ladies are. *Grasshopper.*

202. Divide the name of an author, and leave a girl's name and a mythological character.
Hautboy.

203. What letter would make an insect rave? Which would make it hypocritical? Which would affect its breathing? Which would impoverish it?

204. Three syllables form my whole name,
I'm created to cheer the lone night;
I have won for myself quite a fame,
Though I never compose or indite.

A division of time is my first;
Two-thirds of a house make my next;
My third by the sailor is cursed
When the sea by the storm-king is vexed.

My whole by the poet is sung,
All classes unite in my praise;
I cheer both the old and the young,
And lovers delight in my lays. *Ella S.*

205. Six-footed, in me behold a rogue,
Though not of the deepest dye;
And now, if my third you will remove,
Your very true servant, I.
Curtail me, at once there will appear
A place o'er which poets rave;
And lovely it is, although, perhaps,
It may shelter a lonely grave.
The six feet transpose, and what is left
I know you would like to do;
And, if this puzzle you wish to solve,
Behead me, I'll help you through. *Tempy.*

206. By adding one line to four, how can you make eight? *Eddie.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

207. Snare to relate. *Myron.*

208. Evil on an animal. *Auntie.*

209. Hip mimic. *Z. T. Hedges.*

210. You tardy Simeon. *Blue Bird.*

ANIMALS.

211. Part of a vessel, a letter, and a title.

212. A verb and a number.

213. Part of the body, a river, a vessel, an article, and a confusion. *Sigma.*

214. Curtail a kind of dress, and leave an organ of the body; curtail that, and leave what we could not do without it; curtail the latter, and leave three numerals; the third is a tenth of the first; and the second is a fifth of the third.

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

(Those not familiar with this kind of puzzle can study numbers 146, 147, 148, and 149, in the June magazine, and the answers in this.)

215. The ——— had ——— a large army. *Hautboy.*

216. He spilled the ——— without any ———. *Cis.*

217. The ——— was ——— by the officer (five letters). *Fred.*

218. Rake the ——— into better ———. *Dictator.*

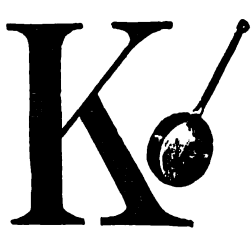
219. Would you write ——— for the ——— when it ——— so much to ——— the ear offensively? *Millard F. Richards.*

220. 15050055900. *A. Wolf.*

221. 1016084250. *F. R. S.*

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

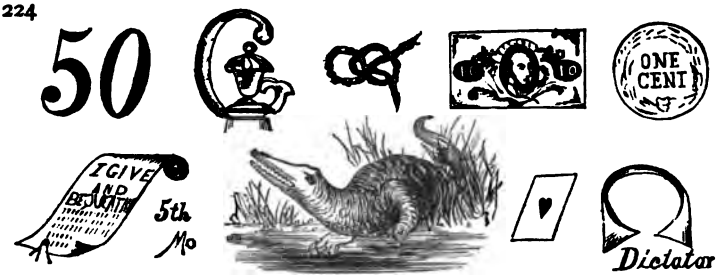
222.



Keystone.

223.

224



☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of September. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JUNE NUMBER.

132. Precipitated carbonate of iron.

133. A musquito's bite.

134. Alexandria.

135. Magazine.

136. Rock-salt.

137. Be obliging.

138. Never despair.

139. Thomas Gray.

140. Stone, notes.

141. Tasco, coats.

142. Boli, boil.

143. Angers, rangers.

144. Amol, loam.

145. China, chain.

146. Argue, auger.

147. Lena, lean, lane.

148. Save Eva's vase.

149. A negro, onager.

150. Cancer, crane.

151. Clear.

152. Race.

153. Sable.

154. Foul weather.

155. Roebuck.

156. Champlain.

157. Humane.

158. Nightingale.

159. Palatinate.

160. Mastiff (ma's tiff).

161. Weaken (we ken).

162. Penniless.

163. Imitation is the sincerest flattery.

164. Quito (key toe).

165. Corning.

Of the above Puzzles,—

Jeannie M. (a graduate) answers all.

Hautboy answers all but 133, 144, 149, 158.

Agnes G. answers all but 133, 143, 148, 159, 161.

Joe Kose answers all but 136, 141, 144, 149, 158.

Belle answers all but 140, 149, 150, 157, 160.

Pinkie answers all but 133, 149, 158, 159, 163.

Ben answers all but 136, 140, 149, 152, 158, 160.

Charlotte answers all but 133, 136, 140, 142, 149, 159, 163.

Tempest answers all but 133, 143, 144, 145, 149, 158, 159.

C. W. J. answers all but 133, 136, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 149, 150, 159, 161, 163.

Philadelphia answers all but 132, 133, 136, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 148, 149, 152, 158, 159, 160, 163.

Daisy answers 134, 135, 139, 146, 150, 151, 154, 155, 156, 157, 162, 164, 165.

May Prince answers 134, 135, 137, 138, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156, 164, 165.

Fanny Fern Marble answers 134, 135, 146, 147, 151, 152, 154, 156, 158, 164.

Wolverine answers 134, 136, 137, 139, 146, 151, 153, 154, 164, 165.

M. L. B. answers 134, 135, 146, 147, 151, 152, 153, 154, 156.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Hopper. You know that M stands for one thousand; D, for five hundred; L, for fifty; and X, for ten. I have been asked so often for the numeral value of the different letters, that for the benefit of those who have not a "big dictionary" to help them, I will, once for all, write them here. A—500; B—300; C—100; D—500; E—250; F—40; G—400; H—200; I—1; K—250; L—50; M—1000; N—900; O—11 and 0; P—100; Q—500; R—80; S—7; T—160; V—5; W—55; X—10; Y—150; and Z—2000. So, that you see every letter, except J and U, has a numeral value.

Pigeon. Although your letter was written and posted on the 3d of June, it did not reach me till the 6th; which was too late to credit your answers. The publisher will send the missing number free, if you write for it.

Emma and Anna. Your answers were not *posted* till the 5th.

Finette Bellmont would like to correspond with *Hero, Belle, Max,* and *Carter.* Her address is Box 126, Faribault, Minnesota. *Finette,* what relation is Minnie Moss to you, that you have the same P. O. Box?

Freshman. Yes, I did "see a difference" both in the writing and spelling. Your second rebus is very good, and acceptable. The first is much too easy, and the other two are not sufficiently accurate. Rebuses have to go through much form and ceremony before they are published; so, don't be disappointed if you do not see yours until December or later.

Audax. Your last two rebuses are accepted with thanks; also your warning, which only spoke of kindness to the magazine, and "malice" to no one. In your future rebuses, please, do not use symbols of words which nineteen persons out of twenty never heard of. I quite agree with your mother's geographical preferences. I should consider myself rude were I to omit that "title."

L. M. Entry. You say, "I enclose a very few answers." I couldn't find them anywhere. Thanks for your complimentary remarks on our rebuses. Your conundrums are particularly good. Are they original with you?

Monsieur. Of course, I love "the country." I revel in it. If you want to go tramping in the woods, berrying, picking flowers, gathering ferns, rowing, riding horseback, driving the fiery steeds at 2-19, or the old dot-and-go-one nag at 15-12, with all the babies piled into the wagon, *count me in.* Or, I will make one at croquet, keep tally for the boys at base-ball, shoot at a mark, pitch quoits (and I can pitch them without *wabbling!*) "or go a-fishing." Oh! if there is any fun going on, and the country's the place for it, just make me captain.

Blue Bird. You will find answers to your questions in the July number.

Charlotte. See notice to *Blue Bird.* I prefer to have the characters composing a rebus, "drawn," however rudely.

Charles P. Geer says, "if it Will Not Be to Much trubble i should like very Much to Correspond With All the Readers of Merry's Museum and Will Answer All letters that Are Addressed to Chas. P Geer 138 East Genesee St Syracuse N Y." Now, Charlie, I advise you to put into your letters a few more stops, a few less capitals (when you are writing your own pronoun, *always* use a capital "I"), and be a little more particular about your spelling before you undertake "to correspond with *all* the readers."

Fanny Fern Marble. Manuscript for publication, if rolled up like a magazine, with the ends left open, and labelled (in one corner) "Book MS." will cost, for postage, only two cents for any weight less than four ounces.

Hautboy. How could you answer those "transposed cities" so well, if you "hardly understood" them?

Tempest. Allow me to shake hands with you for the amiable and gentlemanly way in which you received your sentence in the July number. Where do you find the place illustrated in your first rebus? I have looked for it in "The Universal" and the "U. S. Gazetteers," but cannot find it.

Jeannie M. Thanks for your kind remembrance. I don't wonder that you "couldn't forbear" sending such a "splendid list of answers."

Philadelphia. See notice to *Charlotte.* You needn't be particular how you draw them.

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Rustic, Philadelphia, Hopper, Anna and Emma, Audax, Agatha Pearl, L. M. Entry, Monsieur, Daisy, Tempest, Joe Kose, Belle, Agnes G., and Jeannie M.

Tarry Taroo and Co., 560, Main Street, Cincinnati, O., have sent me for notice, *Schoolboy Pranks*, (price, 15 cents). I don't think I should dare to speak of a book, that tells of such outrageous "pranks," did I not feel certain that such a schoolmaster as "Mr. Dolleigh" never existed.

AVAILING ourselves of the temporary absence of the principal editor, we give our readers, in the following pages, an incident from her "Hospital Sketches, and Camp and Fireside Stories," just published.

The "Sketches" were originally letters written from Washington, when Miss Alcott was a hospital nurse there, in the winter of 1862—3.

From many homes in our fair land, other brave Johns went forth to return no more, freely giving their lives that the nation might live. Cherish their memories, dear boys and girls, comfort and protect the dear ones left alone; and "highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." None of you are too young to heed this lesson.

Chapter four, from which we take the sketch of John, the brave Virginia blacksmith, opens with comic incidents, then tells of little Teddy. We have room for only a part of his story.

"The echo of a sob caused us to glance along the beds. It came from one in the corner — such a little bed! — and such a tearful little face looked up at us, as we stopped beside it! The twelve-years-old drummer-boy was not singing now, but sobbing, with a manly effort all the while to stifle the distressful sounds that would break out.

"'What is it, Teddy?' I asked, as he rubbed the tears away, and checked himself in the middle of a great sob to answer, plaintively, 'I've got a chill, ma'am; but I ain't cryin' for that, 'cause I'm used to it. I dreamed Kit was here; and when I waked up, he wasn't, and I couldn't help it, then.'"

. . . . . .

"Hardly was I settled again, when the inevitable bowl appeared, and its bearer delivered a message I had expected, yet dreaded to receive."

JOHN.

"JOHN is going, ma'am, and wants to see you, if you can come."

"The moment this boy is asleep. Tell him so, and let me know, if I am in danger of being too late."

My Ganymede departed, and while I quieted poor Shaw, I thought of John. He came in a day or two after the others; and, one evening, when I entered my "pathetic room," I found a lately emptied bed occupied by a large, fair man, with a fine face, and the serenest eyes I ever met. One of the earlier comers had often spoken of a friend, who had remained behind, that those apparently worse wounded than himself might reach a shelter first. It seemed a David-and-Jonathan sort of friendship. The man fretted for his mate, and was never tired of praising John — his courage, sobriety, self-denial, and unfailing kindliness of heart; always winding up with: — "He's an out-an'-out fine feller, ma'am; you see if he ain't."

I had some curiosity to behold this piece of excellence, and when he came, watched him for a night or two before I made friends with him; for, to tell the truth, I was a little afraid of the stately-looking man, whose bed had to be lengthened to accommodate his commanding stature; who seldom spoke, uttered no complaint, asked no sympathy, but tranquilly observed what went on about him; and, as he lay high upon his pillows, no picture of dying statesman or warrior was ever fuller of real dignity than this Virginia blacksmith. A most attractive face he had, framed in brown hair and beard, comely featured and full of vigor, as yet unsubdued by pain; thoughtful, and often beautifully mild while watching the afflictions of others, as if entirely forgetful of his own. His mouth was grave and firm, with plenty of will and courage in its lines, but a smile could make it as sweet as any woman's; and his eyes were child's eyes, looking one fairly in the face, with a clear, straightforward glance, which promised well for such as placed their faith in him. He seemed to cling to life, as if it were rich in duties and delights, and he had learned the secret of content. The only time I saw his composure disturbed, was when my surgeon brought another to examine John, who scrutinized their faces with an anxious look, asking of the elder, "Do you think I shall pull through, sir?" "I hope so, my man." And, as the two passed on, John's eye still followed them, with an intentness which would have won a truer answer from them, had they seen it. A momentary shadow flitted over his face; then came the usual serenity, as if, in that brief eclipse, he had acknowledged the existence of some hard possibility, and, asking nothing, yet hoping all things, left the issue in God's hands, with that submission which is true piety.

The next night, as I went my rounds with Dr. P., I happened to ask which man in the room probably suffered most; and, to my great surprise, he glanced at John.

"Every breath he draws is like a stab; for the ball pierced the left lung, broke a rib, and did no end of damage here and there; so, the poor lad can find neither forgetfulness nor ease, because he must lie on his wounded back or suffocate. It will be a hard struggle, and a long one, for he possesses great vitality; but even his temperate life can't save him; I wish it could."

"You don't mean he must die, doctor?"

"Bless you, there's not the slightest hope for him; and you'd better tell him so before long; women have a way of doing such things

comfortably, so I leave it to you. He won't last more than a day or two, at furthest."

I could have sat down on the spot and cried heartily, if I had not learned the wisdom of bottling up one's tears for leisure moments. Such an end seemed very hard for such a man, when half a dozen worn-out, worthless bodies round him were gathering up the remnants of wasted lives, to linger on for years, perhaps, burdens to others, daily reproaches to themselves. The army needed men like John, earnest, brave and faithful; fighting for liberty and justice with both heart and hand, true soldiers of the Lord. I could not give him up so soon, or think with any patience of so excellent a nature robbed of its fulfilment, and blundered into eternity by the rashness or stupidity of those at whose hands so many lives may be required. It was an easy thing for Dr. P. to say, "Tell him he must die;" but a cruelly hard thing to do, and by no means as "comfortable" as he politely suggested. I had not the heart to do it then, and privately indulged the hope that some change for the better might take place, in spite of gloomy prophesies; so, rendering my task unnecessary.

A few minutes later, as I came in again, with fresh rollers, I saw John sitting erect, with no one to support him, while the surgeon dressed his back. I had never hitherto seen it done; for, having simpler wounds to attend to, and knowing the fidelity of the attendant, I had left John to him, thinking it might be more agreeable and safe, for both strength and experience were needed in his case. I had forgotten that the strong man might long for the gentle tendance of a woman's hands, the sympathetic magnetism of a woman's presence, as well as the feebler souls about him. The doctor's words caused me to reproach myself with neglect, not of any real duty perhaps, but of those little cares and kindnesses that solace homesick spirits, and make the heavy hours pass easier. John looked lonely and forsaken just then, as he sat with bent head, hands folded on his knee, and no outward sign of suffering, till, looking nearer, I saw great tears roll down and drop upon the floor. It was a new sight there; for, though I had seen many suffer, some swore, some groaned, most endured silently, but none wept. Yet, it did not seem weak, only very touching; and straightway my fear vanished, my heart opened wide and took him in, as, gathering the bent head in my arms, as freely as if he had been a little child, I said, "Let me help you bear it, John."

Never, on any human countenance, have I seen so swift and beautiful a look of gratitude, surprise, and comfort, as that which answered me more eloquently than the whispered "Thank you, ma'am; this is right good; this is what I wanted!"

"Then, why not ask for it before?"

"I didn't like to be a trouble; you seemed so busy, and I could manage to get on alone."

"You shall not want it any more, John."

Nor did he; for now I understood the wistful look that sometimes followed me, as I went out, after a brief pause beside his bed, or merely a passing nod, while busied with those who seemed to need me more than he, because more urgent in their demands. Now, I knew that to him, as to so many, I was the poor substitute for mother, wife, or sister, and in his eyes, no stranger, but a friend, who hitherto had seemed neglectful; for, in his modesty, he had never guessed the truth. This was changed now; and through the tedious operation of probing, bathing, and dressing his wounds, he leaned against me, holding my hand fast, and, if pain wrung further tears from him, no one saw them fall but me. When

he was laid down again, I hovered about him, in a remorseful state of mind, that would not let me rest, till I had bathed his face, brushed his bonny brown hair, set all things smooth about him, and laid a knot of heath and heliotrope on his clean pillow. While doing this, he watched me with the satisfied expression I so liked to see; and when I offered the little nosegay, held it carefully in his great hand, smoothed a ruffled leaf or two, surveyed and smelt it with an air of genuine delight, and lay contentedly regarding the glimmer of the sunshine on the green. Although the manliest man among my forty, he said, "Yes, ma'am," like a little boy; received suggestions for his comfort with the quick smile that brightened his whole face; and now and then, as I stood tidying the table by his bed, I felt him softly touch my gown, as if to assure himself that I was there. Anything more natural and frank, I never saw; and found this brave John as bashful as brave, yet full of excellencies and fine aspirations, which, having no power to express themselves in words, seemed to have bloomed into his character, and made him what he was.

After that night, an hour of each evening that remained to him was devoted to his ease or pleasure. He could not talk much, for breath was precious, and he spoke in whispers; but from occasional conversations, I gleaned scraps of private history, which only added to the affection and respect I felt for him. Once, he asked me to write a letter; and, as I settled pen and paper, I said, with an irrepressible glimmer of feminine curiosity, "Shall it be addressed to wife, or mother, John?"

"Neither, ma'am; I've got no wife, and will write to mother myself when I get better. Did you think I was married because of this?" he asked, touching a plain ring he wore, and often turned thoughtfully on his finger when he lay alone.

"Partly that; but more from a settled sort of look you have; a look which young men seldom get until they marry."

"I didn't know that; but I'm not so very young, ma'am; thirty in May, and have been what you might call settled this ten years. Mother's a widow; I'm the oldest child she has, and it wouldn't do for me to marry until Lizzy has a home of her own, and Laurie's learned his trade; for we're not rich, and I must be father to the children, and husband to the dear old woman, if I can."

"No doubt you are both, John; yet how came you to go to war, if you felt so? Wasn't enlisting as bad as marrying?"

"No, ma'am, not as I see it; for one is helping my neighbor, the other pleasing myself. I went because I couldn't help it. I didn't want the glory or the pay; I wanted the right thing done, and people kept saying, the men who were in earnest ought to fight. I was in earnest, the Lord knows! but I held off as long as I could, not knowing which was my duty. Mother saw the case, gave me her ring to keep me steady, and said, 'Go;' so I went."

A short story, and a simple one; but the man and the mother were portrayed better than pages of fine writing could have done it.

"Do you ever regret that you came, when you lie here suffering so much?"

"Never, ma'am. I haven't helped a great deal; but I've shown I was willing to give my life, and perhaps I've got to; but I don't blame anybody, and if it was to do over again, I'd do it. I'm a little sorry I wasn't wounded in front; it looks cowardly to be hit in the back, but I obeyed orders, and it don't matter in the end, I know."

Poor John! it did not matter now, except that a shot in front

might have spared the long agony in store for him. He seemed to read the thought that troubled me, as he spoke so hopefully when there was no hope, for he suddenly added:

"This is my first battle; do they think it's going to be my last?"

"I'm afraid they do, John."

It was the hardest question I had ever been called upon to answer; doubly hard with those clear eyes fixed on mine, forcing a truthful answer by their own truth. He seemed a little startled at first, pondered over the fateful fact a moment, then shook his head, with a glance at the broad chest and muscular limbs stretched out before him.

"I'm not afraid, but it's difficult to believe all at once. I'm so strong, it don't seem possible for such a little wound to kill me."

Merry Mercutio's dying words glanced through my memory as he spoke: "'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough." And John would have said the same could he have seen the ominous black holes between his shoulders; he never had; but, seeing the ghastly sights about him, could not believe his own wound more fatal than these, for all the suffering it caused him.

"Shall I write to your mother, now?" I asked, thinking that these sudden tidings might change all plans and purposes. But they did not; for the man received the order of the Divine Commander to march with the same unquestioning obedience with which the soldier had received that of the human one; doubtless, remembering that the first led him to life, and the last to death.

"No, ma'am; to Laurie, just the same; he'll break it to her best, and I'll add a line to her myself when you get done."

So, I wrote the letter which he dictated, finding it better than any I had sent; for, though here and there a little ungrammatical or inelegant, each sentence came to me briefly worded, but most expressive; full of excellent counsel to the boy, tenderly bequeathing "mother and Lizzie" to his care, and bidding him good-by in words the sadder for their simplicity. He added a few lines, with steady hand, and, as I sealed it, said, with a patient sort of sigh, "I hope the answer will come in time for me to see it;" then, turning away his face, laid the flowers against his lips as if to hide some quiver of emotion at the thought of such a sudden sundering of all the dear home ties.

These things had happened two days before; now John was dying, and the letter had not come. I had been summoned to many death-beds in my life, but to none that made my heart ache as it did then, since my mother called me to watch the departure of a spirit akin to this in its gentleness and patient strength. As I went in, John stretched out both hands.

"I knew you'd come! I guess, I'm moving on, ma'am."

He was; and so rapidly that, even while he spoke, over his face I saw the gray veil falling that no human hand can lift. I sat down by him, wiped the drops from his forehead, stirred the air about him with the slow wave of a fan, and waited to help him die. He stood in sore need of help — and I could do so little; for, as the doctor had foretold, the strong body rebelled against death, and fought every inch of the way, forcing him to draw each breath with a spasm, and clench his hands with an imploring look, as if he asked, "How long must I endure this, and be still?" For hours, he suffered dumbly, without a moment's respite, or a moment's murmuring; his limbs grew cold, his face damp, his lips white, and, again and again, he tore the covering off his breast, as if the lightest weight added to his agony; yet, through it all, his eyes never lost their perfect serenity, and the man's soul seemed

to sit therein, undaunted by the ills that vexed his flesh.

One by one, the men woke, and round the room appeared a circle of pale faces and watchful eyes, full of awe and pity; for, though a stranger, John was beloved by all. Each man there had wondered at his patience, respected his piety, admired his fortitude, and now lamented his hard death; for the influence of an upright nature had made itself deeply felt, even in one little week. Presently, the Jonathan who so loved this comely David, came creeping from his bed, for a last look and word. The kind soul was full of trouble, as the choke in his voice, the grasp of his hand betrayed; but there were no tears, and the farewell of the friends was the more touching for its brevity.

"Old boy, how are you?" faltered the one.

"Most through, thank heaven!" whispered the other.

"Can I say or do anything for you anywheres?"

"Take my things home, and tell them that I did my best."

"I will! I will!"

"Good-by, Ned!"

"Good-by, John; good-by!"

They kissed each other, tenderly as women, and so parted, for poor Ned could not stay to see his comrade die. For a little while, there was no sound in the room but the drip of water, from a stump or two, and John's distressful gasps, as he slowly breathed his life away. I thought him nearly gone, and had just laid down the fan, believing its help to be no longer needed, when suddenly he rose up in his bed, and cried out with a bitter cry that broke the silence, sharply startling every one with its agonized appeal,

"For God's sake, give me air!"

It was the only cry pain or death had wrung from him, the only boon he had asked; and none of us could grant it, for all the airs that blew were useless now. Dan flung up the window. The first red streak of dawn was warming the gray east, a herald of the coming sun; John saw it, and with the love of light which lingers in us to the end, seemed to read in it a sign of hope of help; for, over his whole face, there broke that mysterious expression, brighter than any smile, which often comes to eyes that look their last. He laid himself gently down; and, stretching out his strong right arm, as if to grasp and bring the blessed air to his lips in a fuller flow, lapsed into a merciful unconsciousness, which assured us that for him suffering was forever past. He died then; for, though the heavy breaths still tore their way up for a little longer, they were but the waves of an ebbing tide, that beat unfelt against the wreck, which an immortal voyager had deserted with a smile. He never spoke again, but to the end held my hand close, so close, that when he was asleep at last, I could not draw it away. Dan helped me, warning me as he did so, that it was unsafe for dead and living flesh to lie so long together; but though my hand was strangely cold and stiff, and four white marks remained across its back, even when warmth and color had returned elsewhere, I could not but be glad that, through its touch, the presence of human sympathy, perhaps, had lightened that hard hour.

When they made him ready for the grave, John lay in state for half an hour, a thing which seldom happened in that busy place; but a universal sentiment of reverence and affection seemed to fill the hearts of all who had known or heard of him; and when the rumor of his death went through the house, always astir, many came to see him, and I felt a tender sort of pride in my lost patient; for he looked a most heroic figure, lying there stately and still as the statue of some young knight asleep upon his tomb. The lovely expression which so often beautifies dead faces, soon replaced the marks of

pain, and I longed for those who loved him best to see him, when half an hour's acquaintance with Death had made them friends. As we stood looking at him, the ward-master handed me a letter, saying it had been forgotten the night before. It was John's letter, come just an hour too late to gladden the eyes that had longed and looked for it so eagerly. But he had it; for, after I had cut some brown locks for his mother, and taken off the ring to send her, telling how well the talisman had done its work, I kissed this good son for her sake, and laid the letter in his hand, still folded as when I drew my own away, feeling that its place was there, and making myself happy with the thought, that, even in his solitary grave in the "Government Lot," he would not be without some token of the love which makes life beautiful and outlives death. Then I left him, glad to have known so genuine a man, and carrying with me an enduring memory of the brave Virginia blacksmith, as he lay serenely waiting for the dawn of that long day which knows no night. LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

SINCE the foregoing was in type, we have received from the editor, who is seeking in Canada, needed rest and recreation, the CHAT FOR AUGUST.

Our Chat for this month, ought to be written on birch-bark, for every one up here, on the St. Lawrence, has a bark mania just now; and the Indians are kept busy supplying the orders for baskets, little canoes, portfolios, and every imaginable useful or ornamental thing which can be made out of this pretty material.

A visit to the wigwams is "great fun," as the boys say, for men, women, children, dogs, donkeys, cooking-utensils, and tools, are all jumbled together in the most amusing confusion in and about the funny tents. Little brown papooses swing placidly to and fro in their small hammocks; plump squaws, with odd black hats or woollen tippets on their heads, cook, work, and jabber in the open air, unmindful of sun, wind, or rain; tall, lazy-looking men lie smoking on the grass, or go paddling away in their frail canoes to spear the great white porpoises playing in the river.

These relics of the redmen are most unromantic creatures; but they speak a soft-sounding language, and have pretty names for things not always pretty in themselves. One old squaw, as ugly as a witch, was called "Armoola," which they said meant "butterfly;" and canoes are named "war-ma-jar-la," "walkers on the water."

The queen was a fat old lady in a calico jacket, a man's hat, big amulet round her neck, and a pair of silver-bowed spectacles on her flat nose. Sitting on the floor of her wigwam, she chewed tobacco, wove lovely baskets, and thrashed the little dogs who wanted to come in.

Joseph, the richest of the party, had a wooden house, with a bed and stove in it, three chubby babies, and a Canadian wife. He had been hunting all winter, and showed us several bundles of moose-skins, and quantities of porcupine-quill work, for which he hoped to get three or four hundred dollars.

We bought canoes, baskets, bows, and snowshoes, and bespoke all sorts of things, from elk-horns to ear-rings of delicate white moose-hair, shaped into tiny boats, fans, and bells; and came away very glad to have seen the Indians, and very grateful that we were not obliged to live as they did.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

III.

POLLY'S TROUBLES.

POLLY soon found that she was in a new world, a world where the manners and customs were so different from the simple ways at home, that she felt like a stranger in a strange land, and often wished that she had not come. In the first place, she had nothing to do but lounge and gossip, read novels, parade the streets, and dress; and before a week was gone, she was as heartily sick of all this, as a healthy person would be who attempted to live on confectionery. Fanny liked it, because she was used to it, and had never known anything better; but Polly had, and often felt like a little wood-bird shut up in a gilded cage. Nevertheless, she was much impressed by the luxuries all about her, enjoyed them, wished she owned them, and wondered why the Shaws were not a happier family. She was not wise enough to know where the trouble lay; she did not attempt to say which of the two lives was the right one; she only knew which she liked best, and supposed it was merely another of her "old-fashioned" ways.

Fanny's friends did not interest her much; she was rather afraid of them, they seemed so much older and wiser than herself, even those younger in years. They talked about things of which she knew nothing, and when Fanny tried to explain, she didn't find them interesting; indeed, some of them rather shocked and puzzled her; so, the girls let her alone, being civil when they met, but evidently feeling that she was too "odd" to belong to their set. Then she turned to Maud for companionship, for her own little sisters were excellent company, and Polly loved them dearly. But Miss Maud was much absorbed in her own affairs, for she belonged to a "set" also; and these mites of five and six had

their "musicals," their parties, receptions, and promenades, as well as their elders, and the chief idea of their little lives seemed to be to ape the fashionable follies they should have been too innocent to understand. Maud had her tiny card-case, and paid calls, "like mamma and Fan;" her box of dainty gloves, her jewel-drawer, her crimping-pins, as fine and fanciful a wardrobe as a Paris doll, and a French maid to dress her. Polly couldn't get on with her at first, for Maud didn't seem like a child, and often corrected Polly in her conversation and manners, though little mademoiselle's own were anything but perfect. Now and then, when Maud felt poorly, or had a "fwactious" turn, for she had "nerves" as well as mamma, she would go to Polly to be "amoosed," for her gentle ways and kind forbearance soothed the little fine lady, though they were so "old-fashioned." Polly enjoyed these times, and told stories, played games, or went out walking, just as Maud liked, slowly and surely winning the child's heart, and relieving the whole house of the young tyrant who ruled it.

Tom soon got over staring at Polly, and at first did not take much notice of her, for, in his opinion, "girls didn't amount to much, any way;" and, considering the style of girl he knew most about, Polly quite agreed with him. He occasionally refreshed himself by teasing her, to see how she'd stand it, and caused Polly much anguish of spirit, for she never knew where he would take her next. He bounced out at her from behind doors, booed at her in dark entries, clutched her feet as she went upstairs, startled her by shrill whistles right in her ear, or sudden tweaks of the hair as he passed her in the street; and as sure as there was company to dinner, he fixed his round eyes on her, and never took them off till she was reduced to a piteous state of confusion and distress. She used to beg him not to plague her; but he said he did it for her good; she was too shy, and needed toughening like the other girls. In vain she protested that she didn't want to be like the other girls in that respect; he only laughed in her face, stuck his red hair straight up all over his head, and glared at her, till she fled in dismay.

Yet Polly rather liked Tom, for she soon saw that he was neglected, hustled out of the way, and left to get on pretty much by himself. She often wondered why his mother didn't pet him as she did the girls; why his father ordered him about as if he was a born rebel, and took so little interest in his only son. Fanny

considered him a bear, and was ashamed of him, but never tried to polish him up a bit; and Maud and he lived together like a cat and dog who did not belong to a "happy family." Grandma was the only one who stood by poor old Tom; and Polly more than once discovered him doing something kind for madam, and seeming very much ashamed when it was found out. He wasn't respectful at all; he called her "the old lady," and told her he "wouldn't be fussed over;" but when anything was the matter, he always went to "the old lady," and was very grateful for the "fussing." Polly liked him for this, and often wanted to speak of it; but she had a feeling that it wouldn't do, for in praising their affection, she was reproaching others with neglect; so she held her tongue, and thought about it all the more.

Grandma was rather neglected, too, and perhaps that is the reason why Tom and she were such good friends. She was even more old-fashioned than Polly; but people didn't seem to mind it so much in her, as her day was supposed to be over, and nothing was expected of her but to keep out of everybody's way, and to be handsomely dressed when she appeared "before people." Grandma led a quiet, solitary life up in her own rooms, full of old furniture, pictures, books, and relics of a past for which no one cared but herself. Her son went up every evening for a little call, was very kind to her, and saw that she wanted nothing money could buy; but he was a busy man, so intent on making money that he had no time to enjoy what he already possessed. Madam never complained, interfered, or suggested; but there was a sad sort of quietude about her, a mist-look in her faded eyes, as if she wanted something which money could not buy, and when children were near, she hovered about them, evidently longing to cuddle and caress them as only grandmothers can. Polly felt this; and, as she missed the home-petting, gladly showed that she liked to see the quiet old face brighten as she entered the solitary room, where few children came, except the phantoms of little sons and daughters, who, to the motherly heart that loved them, never faded or grew up. Polly wished the children would be kinder to grandma; but it was not for her to tell them so, although it troubled her a good deal, and she could only try to make up for it by being as dutiful and affectionate as if their grandma was her own.

Another thing that disturbed Polly was the want of exercise. To dress up and parade certain streets for an hour every day, to stand talking in doorways, or drive out in a fine carriage, was not

the sort of exercise she liked, and Fan would take no other. Indeed, she was so shocked, when Polly, one day, proposed a run down the mall, that her friend never dared suggest such a thing again. At home, Polly ran and rode, coasted and skated, jumped rope and raked hay, worked in her garden and rowed her boat; so no wonder she longed for something more lively than a daily promenade with a flock of giddy girls, who tilted along in high-heeled boots, and costumes which made Polly ashamed to be seen with some of them. So, she used to slip out alone sometimes, when Fanny was absorbed in novels, company, or millinery, and get fine brisk walks round the park, on the unfashionable side, where the babies took their airings; or, she went inside, to watch the boys coasting, and to wish she could coast, too, as she did at home. She never went far, and always came back rosy and gay.

One afternoon, just before dinner, she felt so tired of doing nothing, that she slipped out for a run. It had been a dull day; but the sun was visible now, setting brightly below the clouds. It was cold but still, and Polly trotted down the smooth, snow-covered mall, humming to herself, and trying not to feel homesick. The coasters were at it with all their might, and she watched them, till her longing to join the fun grew irresistible. On the hill, some little girls were playing with their sleds, — real little girls, in warm hoods and coats, rubber boots and mittens, — and Polly felt drawn toward them in spite of her fear of Fan.

"I want to go down, but I darsn't, it's so steep," said one of these "common children," as Maud called them.

"If you'll lend me your sled and sit in my lap, I'll take you down all nice," answered Polly, in a confidential tone.

The little girls took a look at her, seemed satisfied, and accepted her offer. Polly looked carefully round to see that no fashionable eye beheld the awful deed, and finding all safe, settled her freight, and spun away down the hill, feeling all over the delightsome excitement of swift motion which makes coasting such a favorite pastime with the more sensible portion of the child-world. One after another, she took the little girls down the hill and dragged them up again, while they regarded her in the light of a gray-coated angel, descended for their express benefit. Polly was just finishing off with one delicious go all by herself, when she heard a familiar whistle behind her, and before she could get off, up came Tom, looking as much astonished as if he had found her mounted on an elephant.

"Hullo, Polly! What'll Fan say to you?" was his polished salutation.

"Don't know, and don't care. Coasting is no harm; I like it, and I'm going to do it, now I've got a chance; so, lul-la!" And away went independent Polly, with her hair blowing in the wind, and an expression of genuine enjoyment, which a very red nose didn't damage in the least.

"Good for you, Polly!" And casting himself upon his sled, with the most reckless disregard for his ribs, off whizzed Tom after her, and came alongside just as she reined up "General Grant" on the broad path below. "Oh, won't you get it when we go home?" cried the young gentleman, even before he changed his graceful attitude.

"I shan't, if you don't go and tell; but of course, you will," added Polly, sitting still, while an anxious expression began to steal over her happy face.

"I just won't, then," returned Tom, with the natural perversity of his tribe.

"If they ask me, I shall tell, of course; if they don't ask, I think there's no harm in keeping still. I shouldn't have done it, if I hadn't known my mother was willing; but I don't wish to trouble your mother by telling of it. Do you think it was very dreadful of me?" asked Polly, looking at him.

"I think it was downright jolly; and I won't tell, if you don't want me to. Now, come up, and have another," said Tom, heartily.

"Just one more; the little girls want to go, and this is their sled."

"Let 'em take it, 'tisn't good for much; and you come on mine. Mazeppa's a stunner; you see if he isn't."

So, Polly tucked herself up in front, Tom hung on behind in some mysterious manner, and Mazeppa proved that he fully merited his master's sincere if inelegant praise. They got on capitally now, for Tom was in his proper sphere, and showed his best side, being civil and gay in the bluff boy-fashion that was natural to him; while Polly forgot to be shy, and liked this sort of "toughening" much better than the other. They laughed and talked, and kept taking "just one more," till the sunshine was all gone, and the clocks struck dinner-time.

"We shall be late; let's run," said Polly, as they came into the path after the last coast.

"You just sit still, and I'll get you home in a jiffy;" and before she could unpack herself, Tom trotted off with her at a fine pace.

"Here's a pair of cheeks! I wish you'd get a color like this, Fanny," said Mr. Shaw, as Polly came into the dining-room after smoothing her hair.

"Your nose is as red as that cranberry-sauce," answered Fan, coming out of the big chair where she had been curled up for an hour or two, deep in "Lady Audley's Secret."

"So it is," said Polly, shutting one eye to look at the offending feature. "Never mind; I've had a good time, anyway," she added, giving a little prance in her chair.

"I don't see much fun in these cold runs you are so fond of taking," said Fanny, with a yawn and a shiver.

"Perhaps you would if you tried it;" and Polly laughed as she glanced at Tom.

"Did you go alone, dear?" asked grandma, patting the rosy cheek beside her.

"Yes'm; but I met Tom, and we came home together." Polly's eyes twinkled when she said that, and Tom choked in his soup.

"Thomas, leave the table!" commanded Mr. Shaw, as his incorrigible son gurgled and gasped behind his napkin.

"Please, don't send him away, sir. I made him laugh," said Polly, penitently.

"What's the joke?" asked Fanny, waking up at last.

"I shouldn't think you'd make him laugh, when he's always making you cwy," observed Maud, who had just come in.

"What have you been doing now, sir?" demanded Mr. Shaw, as Tom emerged, red and solemn, from his brief obscurity.

"Nothing but coast," he said, gruffly, for papa was always lecturing him, and letting the girls do just as they liked.

"So's Polly; I saw her. Me and Blanche were coming home, just now, and we saw her and Tom widing down the hill on his sled, and then he dwagged her ever so far!" cried Maud, with her mouth full.

"You didn't?" And Fanny dropped her fork with a scandalized face.

"Yes, I did, and liked it ever so much," answered Polly, looking anxious but resolute.

"*Did* any one see you?" cried Fanny.

"Only some little girls and Tom."

"It was horridly improper; and Tom ought to have told you so,

if you didn't know any better. I should be mortified to death if any of my friends saw you," added Fan, much disturbed.

"Now, don't you scold. It's no harm, and Polly shall coast if she wants to; mayn't she, grandma?" cried Tom, gallantly coming to the rescue, and securing a powerful ally.

"My mother lets me; and if I don't go among the boys, I can't see what harm there is in it," said Polly, before madam could speak.

"People do many things in the country that are not proper here," began Mrs. Shaw, in her reproving tone.

"Let the child do it if she likes, and take Maud with her. I should be glad to have one hearty girl in my house," interrupted Mr. Shaw, and that was the end of it.

"Thank you, sir," said Polly, gratefully, and nodded at Tom, who telegraphed back "All right!" and fell upon his dinner with the appetite of a young wolf.

"Oh, you sly-boots! you're getting up a flirtation with Tom, are you?" whispered Fanny to her friend, as if much amused.

"What!" and Polly looked so surprised and indignant, that Fanny was ashamed of herself, and changed the subject by telling her mother she needed some new gloves.

Polly was very quiet after that, and the minute dinner was over, she left the room to go and have a quiet "think" about the whole matter. Before she got half-way upstairs, she saw Tom coming after, and immediately sat down to guard her feet. He laughed, and said, as he perched himself on the post of the banisters, "I won't grab you, honor bright. I just wanted to say, if you'll come out tomorrow, some time, we'll have a good coast."

"No," said Polly; "I can't come."

"Why not? Are you mad? I didn't tell." And Tom looked amazed at the change which had come over her.

"No; you kept your word, and stood by me like a good boy. I'm not mad, either; but I don't mean to coast any more. Your mother don't like it."

"That isn't the reason, *I* know. You nodded to me after she'd freed her mind, and you meant to go then. Come, now, what is it?"

"I shan't tell you; but I'm not going," was Polly's determined answer.

"Well, I did think you had more sense than most girls; but you haven't, and I wouldn't give a sixpence for you."

"That's polite," said Polly, getting ruffled.

"Well, I hate cowards."

"I ain't a coward."

"Yes, you are. You're afraid of what folks will say; ain't you, now?"

Polly knew she was, and held her peace, though she longed to speak; but how could she?

"Ah, I knew you'd back out." And Tom walked away with an air of scorn that cut Polly to the heart.

"It's too bad! Just as he was growing kind to me, and I was going to have a good time, it's all spoilt by Fan's nonsense. Mrs. Shaw don't like it, nor grandma, either, I dare say. There'll be a fuss if I go, and Fan will plague me; so, I'll give it up, and let Tom think I'm afraid. Oh, dear! I never did see such ridiculous people.

Polly shut her door hard, and felt ready to cry with vexation, that her pleasure should be spoilt by such a silly idea; for, of all the silly freaks of this fast age, that of little people playing at love is about the silliest. Polly had been taught that it was a very serious and sacred thing; and, according to her notions, it was far more improper to flirt with one boy than to coast with a dozen. She had been much amazed, only the day before, to hear Maud say to her mother, "Mamma, must I have a beau? The girls all do, and say I ought to have Fweddy Lovell; but I don't like him as well as Hawry Fiske."

"Oh, yes; I'd have a little sweetheart, dear, it's so cunning," answered Mrs. Shaw. And Maud announced soon after that she was engaged to "Fweddy, 'cause Hawry slapped her" when she proposed the match.

Polly laughed with the rest at the time; but when she thought of it afterward, and wondered what her own mother would have said, if little Minnie had put such a question, she didn't find it cunning or funny, but ridiculous and unnatural. She felt so now about herself; and when her first petulance was over, resolved to give up coasting and everything else, rather than have any nonsense with Tom, who, thanks to his neglected education, was as ignorant as herself of the charms of this new amusement for school-children. So, Polly tried to console herself by jumping rope in the back-yard, and playing tag with Maud in the drying-room, where she likewise gave lessons in "nas-gim-nics," as Maud called it, which did that little person good. Fanny came up some-

times, to teach them a new dancing-step, and more than once was betrayed into a game of romps, for which she was none the worse. But Tom turned a cold shoulder to Polly, and made it evident by his cavalier manner, that he really didn't think her "worth a sixpence."

Another thing that troubled Polly was her clothes, for, though no one said anything, she knew they were very plain; and now and then she wished that her blue and mouse-colored merinos were a little more trimmed, her sashes had bigger bows, and her little ruffles more lace on them; she sighed for a locket, and, for the first time in her life, thought seriously of turning up her pretty curls and putting on a "wad." She kept these discontents to herself, however, after she had written to ask her mother if she might have her best dress altered like Fanny's, and received this reply:

"No, dear; the dress is proper and becoming as it is, and the old fashion of simplicity the best for all of us. I don't want my Polly to be loved for her clothes, but for herself; so, wear the plain frocks mother took such pleasure in making for you, and let the *panniers* go. The least of us have some influence in this big world; and perhaps my little girl can do some good by showing

others that a contented heart and a happy face are better ornaments than any Paris can send us. You want a locket, deary; so I send one that my mother gave me years ago. You will find father's face on one side, mine upon the other; and when things trouble you, just look at your talisman, and I think the sunshine will come back again."

Of course, it did, for the best of all magic was shut up in the quaint little case that Polly wore inside her frock, and kissed so tenderly each night and morning. The thought, that, insignificant as she was, she yet might do some good, made her very careful of her acts and words, and so anxious to keep heart contented and face happy, that she forgot her clothes, and made others do the same. She did not know it, but that good old fashion of simplicity made the plain gowns pretty, and the grace of unconsciousness beautified their little wearer with the charm that makes girlhood sweetest to those who truly love and reverence it. One temptation Polly had already yielded to before the letter came, and repented of heartily afterward.

"Polly, I wish you'd let me call you Marie," said Fanny, one day, as they were shopping together.

"You may call me Mary, if you like; but I won't have any *ie* put on to my name. I'm Polly at home, and I'm fond of being called so; but Marie is Frenchified and silly."

"I spell my own name with an *ie*, and so do all the girls."

"And what a jumble of Netties, Nellies, Hatties, and Sallies there is. How 'Pollie' would look spelt so."

"Well, never mind; that wasn't what I began to say. There's one thing you must have, and that is, bronze boots," said Fan, impressively.

"Why must I, when I've got enough without?"

"Because it's the fashion to have them, and you can't be finished off properly without. I'm going to get a pair, and so must you."

"Don't they cost a great deal?"

"Eight or nine dollars, I believe. I have mine charged; but it don't matter if you haven't got the money. I can lend you some."

"I've got ten dollars to do what I like with; but I meant to get some presents for the children." And Polly took out her purse in an undecided way.

"You can make presents easy enough. Grandma knows all sorts of nice contrivances. They'll do just as well; and then you can get your boots."

"Well; I'll look at them," said Polly, following Fanny into the store, feeling rather rich and important to be shopping in this elegant manner.

"Aren't they lovely? Your foot is perfectly divine in that boot, Polly. Get them for my party; you'll dance like a fairy," whispered Fan.

Polly surveyed the dainty, shining boot with the scalloped top, the jaunty heel, and the delicate toe, thought her foot did look very well in it, and after a little pause, said she would have them. It was all very delightful till she got home, and was alone; then, on looking into her purse, she saw one dollar and the list of things she meant to get for mother and the children. How mean the dollar looked all alone! and how long the list grew when there was nothing to buy the articles with.

"I can't make skates for Willy, nor a desk for Kitty; and those are what they have set their hearts upon. Father's book and mother's collar are impossible now; and I'm a selfish thing to go and spend all my money for myself. How could I do it?" And Polly eyed the new boots reproachfully, as they stood in the first position as if ready for the party. "They *are* lovely; but I don't believe they will feel good, for I shall be thinking about my lost presents all the time," sighed Polly, pushing the enticing boots out of sight. "I'll go and ask grandma what I can do; for if I've got to make something for every one, I must begin right away, or I shan't get done;" and off she bustled, glad to forget her remorse in hard work.

Grandma proved equal to the emergency, and planned something for every one, supplying materials, taste, and skill in the most delightful manner. Polly felt much comforted; but while she began to knit a pretty pair of white bed-socks, to be tied with rose-colored ribbons, for her mother, she thought some very sober thoughts upon the subject of temptation; and if any one had asked her just then what made her sigh, as if something laid heavy on her conscience, she would have answered, "Bronze boots."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

A COAL OF FIRE.

I'LL pay you up for this; see if I don't! Just let me catch you in a good place, and I'll mark your face for you!"

Alvin Reed stood on the doorsteps, alternately shaking his fist and wiping the blood and dust from his face, while he cast wrathful glances at the retreating form of another boy, who was rapidly disappearing around a distant corner.

"Hallo! What's the matter?" cried Uncle Simeon, raising the window by which he sat, and looking out.

"That Jim Moore's been pounding me. He knocked me down before I knew he was round, or he'd got the worst of it," — for Alvin didn't like to own that he had been whipped in a fair fight, — "but I'll pay him up for it; see if I don't!" he continued, shaking his head, and with his determination plainly written on his face.

"So I would," joined in Uncle Simeon; "and I'll tell you the very best thing you can do, and my word for it, it will be the last time he ever attempts to lay rough hands upon you."

Alvin looked up eagerly, for he longed to revenge the insult he had received. He knew his mother would have told him to pass it by, and forget it; but then she couldn't understand the feelings of a boy who had been whipped, and he began to think more of Uncle Simeon than ever, because he could both understand and sympathize with him.

"The very first time you have an opportunity," continued Uncle Simeon, "just drop a coal of fire on his head. The effect will be wonderful, I assure you."

"Oh, you don't mean it, Uncle Sim? Why, I never heard of such a thing!"

"Yes, I do; and when a good time comes, I'll show you how it is done."

The next day, Alvin spied his antagonist coming up the street. His anger began to blaze up afresh, and he ran around to Uncle Simeon's window to tell him the object of their designs was coming, and he wanted to "pay him up right away."

Uncle Simeon looked out attentively a moment; then he said, "This isn't a good time, now. Just wait a little. I'll keep watch, and I think, in a day or two, at least, everything will be favorable for the operation."

Alvin went away much impressed with the profound manner of his uncle. That word "operation" sounded rather ominous. He really did not wish to do his comrade any lasting injury, and began secretly to hope that Uncle Simeon's recommended "operation" wouldn't be very severe, or burn Jim's head so the hair would never grow again.

A few days passed, and late one afternoon, Uncle Simeon came hurriedly up the walk, calling for Alvin. "Now is a capital time for applying that coal of fire," said he. "Jim is down here a little ways, and everything is ready; so, make haste, and we'll have it done right away." And before Alvin could make a sign of retreat, his uncle had hold of his arm, and was dragging him along faster than was really convenient for him to go.

Alvin's home was at the edge of the village and on the bank of a beautiful little stream of water, called, from its white, sparkling appearance, the Silverline. Just below the house, there was an abrupt bend in the course of the stream, and a little farther on a rustic bridge, once very handsome and useful, but now broken down in many places, and, with the exception of a single horizontal beam, scarcely strong enough to bear the weight of a man upon it. As Alvin, hurried rapidly along by Uncle Simeon, came in sight of the little old bridge, he heard a vociferous shouting for help

from some one apparently in great distress and danger, — in great fear, at least.

"There's your man, all ready for the coal," whispered Uncle Simeon. "You see, he is partly under some of the timbers of the bridge that have given way, and is holding back that heavy piece with his hands, to keep it from crushing him. Now, you go carefully along and get at the other end of it; I'll keep at this end, and when we raise it from him, the coal will drop. You'll see his face turn very red, as if it burned pretty bad."

Alvin glanced at his uncle with surprise and satisfaction; then quickly and carefully scaling the one solid beam of the bridge that remained, he lifted the end of the one which his late comrade, whose strength was fast giving out, was holding, back from his body. At the same time, Uncle Simeon raised the opposite end, and the captive was free.

Jim Moore now mounted to the beam where Alvin stood, and when he saw who was his deliverer, as Uncle Simeon had predicted, his face grew very red, far redder than a literal coal of fire on the top of his head would have made it. He stammered something about his thankfulness to be released from such a dangerous situation; and Alvin, who was at heart a kind and generous lad, said he was glad to be of service at such a time.

Jim put his hand in his pocket and drew out a handful of elegant marbles, agates, chinas, etc., and against Alvin's will, thrust them into his hand. "Take 'em. I really didn't mean to hurt you so the other day; and I'll fight any fellow that dares to make a mouth at you now; see if I don't."

Uncle Simeon joined in with some jolly remark, and when Jim turned down the street toward his own home, he pinched his nephew's arm mischievously, and asked him if a benefit in return for an injury "hadn't a burning effect — upon the face at least?"

And Alvin declared he should try the effect of just such a coal upon the heads of a few other boys who had used him somewhat roughly; for he was confident that would be the surest way of ending their "squabbles," and of preventing bloody noses, muddy clothes, and general ill feeling of mind and body.

EMER BIRDSEY.

WITCH-HAZEL.

ONE day, a little girl was walking with her father in the woods; that is, her father was walking. *She* did not take two steps alike, any more than a bird does; and every little while, when she came to something that pleased her, she would straighten back and look up, just as a robin does when he has found a worm. It was November; so, nearly all the green things were tucked in for the winter. She thought it was very generous in the maples and elms, beeches and birches, to strip themselves, that the delicate anemone and hepatica, and all the other little plants which nestle at their feet might sleep snug and warm through the long night of winter. Her father told her about the eider-duck; and related that most affecting true story of the mother who took her cloak from her own shoulders and wrapped it about her little child, and in the morning was found by a traveller, frozen dead, with the baby smiling and warm upon her breast. "But," said he, "trees do not miss their leafy mantles, because they have such tough, thick skins, and their circulation is so good; and in the winter, most of their blood is in their feet underground, and the buds, which contain the materials for next summer's garments, done up in the tightest and tiniest of packages, are each furnished with a complete suit of winter clothing, consisting of a woollen undershirt, a coat-of-mail, and a sort of rubber overcoat of varnish, which shuts out the dampness. Besides, trees, as well as people, like to have an extra blanket or two over their feet in cold weather. How cruel, not to say dishonest (I don't suppose they intend to steal), does it seem for gardeners and other thoughtless persons to strip off this leafy covering, and leave the wood-plants and roots to endure the winter as they may!"

If the child lightly lifted the jagged corners of their brown coverlets now and then, just to see how the wood-children looked in bed, and say good-night, she was very careful to turn them down again, and leave everything as their mother had arranged it for their comfort and safe keeping. This pleased her father well. She had on her dress and sacque of green delaine this afternoon, and as she darted about among the gray tree-trunks, over the brown leaves, she made him think of the clear, green flame he had noticed that morning, playing over the cinders on his anthracite fire; and he thought within himself, "My little girl's singular

beauty is as rare and fascinating as that emerald-colored flame, whose like I never saw before today. How she seems to light up the woods this dull November afternoon." *She* did not find it dull, now nibbling a twig of black-birch, and saying to her father, that it was "good, better than cinnamon;" then trying a bit of spice-bush for a change; anon, kneeling before a patch of checkerberries, as though she had discovered a doll-mine. "Father," said she, "I would like to have the little red Indian berries grow in our garden. Did the little squaws use to eat them in their bread and milk?" Presently, she noticed a flock of little gray birds, noiselessly flitting from bough to bough in the distance; and after watching them a minute or two, she whispered to her father, "They're coming this way, father; let us sit down and keep as still as if we were bushes." So, they sat down on a lichen-covered rock, and waited. Nearer and nearer flitted the little gray birds, from bough to bough, from tree to tree. It really seemed solemn, this mysterious, silent progress through the dusky woods. When they came to where the little girl and her father sat, one bird lit on her wrist, and pecked at the red checkerberries she held, for an instant, then flew along with the rest. It almost seemed as though the child would fly too, she was so filled with gladness, that a wild bird should not be afraid of her. When they had quite disappeared among the trees, she drew a long breath, and nestling close to her father, whispered, "Did you guess what they were, father? I think they were the ghosts of little squaws that used to pick red Indian berries here. That is the reason they were so still, for you know, a ghost hasn't any voice. Oh, I would have liked to give them all my berries. Father, do ghosts eat?" She was very quiet after this, walking along with her hand in her father's, not speaking for at least ten minutes. Then she dreamily said, "I wonder what kind of a little bird I will be when I'm a ghost? How strange it will seem not to ever speak! like being in a dream all the while."

This father did not say, gruffly, "Nonsense, silly child!" but only clasped the little hand closer as they walked on. There was another miracle lying in wait for her in the forest, that child's wonder-garden. On the very edge of the woods, they came to a witch-hazel bush in blossom. She stopped and gazed upon it with such a bewildered countenance, that her father laughed outright. "I should think they had made a pretty large mistake!" she exclaimed at last. "You had better go back again, little yellow

flowers; winter's coming right away. How queer they are; don't look like flowers. But I must pick ever so many to carry home to mother and baby."

So, they broke off a large handful of the crooked blackish twigs, bristling with their lively yellow blossoms; and on the way home, her father told her about the witch-hazel. That a good many years ago, when people were more superstitious than they are now, it is to be hoped, they used to employ certain outlandish men (who were really impostors), to walk over their estates, carrying branches of witch-hazel in their hands; and if there was a spring of clear water, or a vein of gold or silver on the estate, it was pretended that these sensitive clairvoyants from the forest would feel the presence of the treasure, however deeply it might be buried under earth, or even rock, and would dip towards it.

"Father," said the child," after she had taken in this singular story, and walked around it two or three times, as one might say, "I would like to have Witch-Hazel for my name, instead of Little Girl and Birdie."

Doubtless, this might have seemed to a stranger, the most fanciful speech the child had made that afternoon; but her father only looked at her and stroked his chin, with an amused smile rippling about the corners of his mouth. "Why do you like that name, little girl?"

"I don't know, sir; because — because — I like it. Do call me so; won't you, father?"

"What, without asking mother? We'll see what she thinks about it when we get home."

"Oh, she won't like it, I know."

All the way home, her father was in a brown study, as they say. Very likely it was a hazel study, for once in a while he would look at the child and smile to himself as though his thoughts were very entertaining. When they reached home it was almost dark, and so chilly, that she was glad to warm her cold nose on baby's willing cheeks, before the sitting-room fire.

"I wonder if father and you will go roaming about the woods when snow is on the ground?" said her mother.

"Oh, I hope we will," replied the little girl. "Then there will be a white coverlet over the brown one, won't there?"

"What does the child mean?" thought Mrs. Klemm. "Take care! Baby will have those sticks and rubbish scattered all over the carpet."

"Why, mother! those are my acorns and checkerberries and beautiful tree-moss; and look here. Did you ever see these before? Do you know what they are? Witch-hazel blossoms. Aren't they funny?"

Soon supper was ready, and Mr. Klemm came in, rubbing his hands, and looking even more gleeful than usual. "Well, mother; what do you think Birdie has picked up in the woods today?"

"I don't know, I'm sure. You know, I can never guess anything. I hope it isn't another snail for me to crush under the rocker. Ugh!"

He shrugged his shoulders with a laugh, and looked at the child. "Shall I tell her? Well, 'tis a name for our little seven-year-old nameless one. What do you think of Witch-Hazel?"

Keturah, dignified and erect, was just depositing a plate of warm "iron-clads" on the table; but she let them drop as though she had hit her crazy-bone, and almost slammed the door in her hasty exit. "Which-'azel! Now, call the boy Beelzebub, and there will be a pair of 'em for a Christian 'ouse! That comes of letting a child go hunbaptized huntil she's seven years hold and huppards; hand then, as if that worrent sin henough, to go hinto them nasty, damp, Pagin woods, and name 'ur for a bush, wich, if hall's true that's told of it, must 'ave been bewitched by the —— one hi'm not going to mention. Ho, my poor, dear little hinnocent hunfortenet hangel!" And two or three big tears actually rolled down Keturah's red, shining cheeks.

The new name was not very cordially received in the sitting-room, either. Mrs. Klemm did not like it; it sounded outlandish; made her think of Indians, and those horrid witch times. Besides, it was too long. What did Mr. Klemm propose to call her? Witch, or Hazel, or Zell? There; Zell would be quite pretty, and odd enough, surely. But Mr. Klemm did not like nicknames. Why not call her Hazel? That was easy to speak, and very appropriate, too, for her, with her bright hazel eyes.

In the evening, after the children had gone to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Klemm talked a long while sitting by the fire, and most of their conversation was about this naming their little girl; for one must suppose they regarded it as quite an important affair, or they would not have postponed it so long. Years before, Mr. Klemm had said to his wife, "What if we should wait and let the child name herself? That is, wait until her soul-leaves unfold sufficiently to let us know what she is, and then we shall know what to call

her. How absurd it seems to hear a person with a 'touch-me-not' temper answer to the name of Mary or John, Ellen or Lucy or Martha! And what an abuse of parental power it is to brand helpless children with such names as George Washington, Napoleon, Cæsar, Abraham, Cleopatra!" Mrs. Klemm had remonstrated, as any true woman and mother would. She never heard of such a thing as letting a child go without a name until it was half-grown, etc., etc. What *would* Mrs. Solomon say? But she finally came round to her husband's way of thinking, as any true wife does, when she is convinced that he has reason on his side. It was Mr. Klemm's confidence in her respect for his good judgment which made him feel sure of gaining his cause tonight.

"Now, Dolly," — Mrs. Klemm made a quick movement, which resulted in the thrusting of her cambric-needle deep down under her thumb-nail; she almost always winced when suddenly addressed by her Christian name, — "I want to set forth in order my reasons for thinking the name of Witch-Hazel really belongs to our little girl, and you may resolve yourself into an impartial jury of one, and pronounce your verdict. First. She herself appropriates it, giving the true woman's reason — 'Because' — for liking the name. Second. Her eyes are hazel. Third. She is a true child of nature, and never more at home than when in the woods with her brothers and sisters. I would as soon pot a tamarack-tree, or put a hermit-thrush in a cage (if I could catch him), as send her to boarding-school. Fourth. She is our little November blossom, coming after the frost has taken all the summer flowers." There was frost in the father's voice now, and he paused for a moment. Five little grass-grown graves, side by side in the Haddam burying-ground — never to be quite forgotten, even for an instant; on the brightest, gladdest morning, five little shadows, side by side. But the child called the sunny spot on the hillside, where the brothers and sisters she had never seen were buried, the "Angel-garden." "Fifth, and this is the convincing clause of my argument, wherefore it is the final one. Of course, you have read about the witch-hazel divining-rod, as it was called, with which impostors pretended they could discover hid treasures. Now, it seems to me our child's gift, or faculty, as Aunt Ruth calls it, for discovering and drawing out treasures of beauty and goodness where no one else would dream of their existence, is a kind of spiritual divining-rod. Even the owners thereof are taken by surprise, finding themselves so much better off than they had

ever dreamed. Why, I have seen poor Keturah actually almost transfigured, and evidently bewildered with her own amiability, after Birdie has been waving her magic wand about her for awhile. And what do you think old Plato said to me the other day? 'Messer Klemm, dat chile do me more good dan preachin'. When I'se been harkin' to one of dem long 'vivalist sermons, I crawls home, feelin' as ef I was a catapillah dat somebody's done trod on; but when she comes singin' and chipperin' 'roun', I dunno what it is, but I seem as ef de butterfly-wings was breakin' out all ober me, and I kin harly keep down on de groun' noways. Some dem preachers make me feel all burnin' and angry-like inside, as ef dere was an eternal mussard-plasser drawin' dere; but when she talks to me, 'pears like dere was a light in dere, growin' and growin' clearer and brighter, and it's easy to be good den. 'Pears like I'se a *man;* and I stan' up as straight as a pine-tree, and I looks God right in de eye up dere, and says, God, I will do right; and I nebber will feel 'scouraged no more.'"

"How this fire burns one's eyes," said Mrs. Klemm; and she winked until a shining drop fell on her work.

"Old Plato has 'music' in his soul. He says, 'Is'e med'tated dis subjic' in de night-watches, long and long, and dis am de 'clusion I hab arribe to. You know dem magnets, Messer Klemm? Well, dat chile is an angel from hebben, and she 'liebs ebbery-body's got an angel in um, no matter how losome and 'tempible de pusson may seem to oder folks; and when she talk to 'um, or on'y look at 'um her way, she jest draw de angel dat's in 'um to de sufface, no matter how much dere is on top of de angel. 'Pears like he *mus'* come out and 'fer wid dat booful serufim from de skies. An' so dat blessed chile go about de worl', 'tractin' all de good and de booful, jes' like de magnet 'tract what 'longs to him.'

"Why, what is the matter, Dolly? Well, well; my charge to the jury must be more affecting than they usually are."

When Mr. and Mrs. Klemm made their usual visit to the children's trundle-beds, that evening, they found the boy already entered upon his night-long tussle with the bedclothes, and so situated with reference to the four corners of his bed, that one might as well have attempted to square the circle, as to determine where he would emerge in the morning. But little Birdie might have been taken for a marble effigy, were it not for her gentle breathing and the soul-light in her face; for though the starry eyes were

closed, the pure child-soul shone through her whole aspect, as in the old Greek statues, face, and even form, were made to express all that in the living or the pictured countenance beams from the eye. As she lay there, so "phantom fair," with hands lightly crossed upon her breast, and her fair, wavy hair like a floating cloud each side that luminous face, she seemed on the verge of a more ethereal realm than this. They could see the lovely temple, but could only guess what "ministering spirits" might be hovering near the altar, filling the child's little lamp for another happy day, giving her "songs in the night."

"How unlike they are," whispered Mrs. Klemm, as they left the room. "'Tis strange, Birdie should take such a fancy to him at first sight. Still, I've never been sorry we yielded to her entreaties. I love him almost as dearly as though he were my own." But she sighed softly to herself. Ah, the little shadows!

The next morning, it was very easy for the mother to call her little girl by her new name; and she herself wore it with such a happy, unconscious grace, that it became an added charm. To the father, sitting in his library with the door open, this new call, "Hazel! Hazel!" sounding about the house, seemed like the clear ringing of a fairy's bell, bringing the very atmosphere of the woods with it, and he even went to the fire once, to see if there were not a bit of cedar or some other fragrant wood burning there. "Hazel! Little Zell!—Hazel! Fairy Bell!—Little Zell! Zell! Zell!" etc. Yes, it was Mr. Klemm, after all, who first called the child Zell.

M. R. W.

A NIGHT IN THE BUSH.

THE impudent scoundrel! Just look at this, mamma. I should like to see him at it!" exclaimed Sydney Lawson, in great wrath, as he handed his mother a very dirty note which a shepherd had brought home. On coarse, crumpled grocer's paper, these words were written in pencil: — "Master sidney i Want your Mare the chesnit with the white starr soe You Send her to 3 Mile flat first thing Tomorrer Or i Shall Have to cum an Fetch Her. — Warrigal." "Sam says," Sydney went on, in rising rage, "that the fellow had the cheek to give it him just down by the slip-panels. He may well call himself Warrigal, the sneaking dingo! He wouldn't have been game to talk about sticking us up, if he hadn't known father was away. Send him my Venus! Mr. Warrigal must have gone cranky." Sydney Lawson, who made this indignant speech at the tea-table of the Wonga-Wonga station (and almost made the hot potato-cake jump off the table with the thumps he gave it), was a tall, slim lad of fourteen. He and his mother had been left in charge of the station, whilst his father took a drove of cattle overland to Port Phillip. Sydney was very proud of his charge; he thought himself a man now, and was very angry that Warrigal should think he could be frightened "like a baby." This Warrigal was a bushranger, who, with one or two mates, wandered about in that part of New South Wales, doing pretty much as he liked. They stopped the mail; "bailed up" draymen and horsemen on the road by the two and three dozen together; "stuck up" solitary stores and publics and stations, and once had been saucy enough to stick up a whole township. The police couldn't get hold of them.

The note that Sydney had received caused a good deal of excitement at the Wonga-Wonga tea-table. Miss Smith, who helped Mrs. Lawson in the house, and taught Sydney's sisters and his brother Harry, had not long come out from London, and was in a great fright. "Oh, pray, send him the horse, Master Sydney," she cried, "or we shall all be murdered in our beds. You've got so many horses, one can't make any difference."

All the little Lawsons instantly turned on Miss Smith, though she *was* their governess.

"I thought you English people were so brave," said satirical Miss Gertrude; "so you make yourselves out in your history books."

But Sydney, though Miss Smith *had* talked as if Venus was just like any common horse, was very fond of Miss Smith. She was pretty, and only five years older than himself. Besides, he was acting-master of the house, and a little gentleman to boot. So he said, "Be quiet, children; you ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Miss Smith isn't used to the colony. Don't be alarmed, Miss Smith. I will see that you come to no harm."

And then he began to talk to his mother about what they had better do. Just because he was a manly little fellow, he was not ashamed to take his mother's advice.

Now, Mrs. Lawson was as little disposed as Sydney to let Mr. Warrigal do as he liked. She knew that her husband would have run the risk of being "stuck up," if he had been at home, rather than have obeyed the bushranger's orders, and that he would be well pleased if they could manage to defy the rascal. Still, it was a serious matter to provoke Messrs. Warrigal and Co. to pay the house a visit. She felt sure that Sydney would fight, and she meant to fire at the robbers herself if they came; but, would she and Sydney be able to stand against three armed men? Not a shepherd or stockman or horse-breaker about the place was to be depended on; and Ki Li, the Chinaman cook, though a very good kind of fellow, would certainly go to bed in his hut if the robbers came by day, and stay in bed if the robbers came by night. John Jones, the "new chum" ploughman, whose wife was Mrs. Lawson's servant, slept in the house, and he was too honest to band with the bushrangers in any way; "but then, he's such a *sheep*, you know, mamma," said Sydney.

There was time to send word to the police at Jerry's Town; but who was to go? Any of the men, except Ki Li and John Jones, would be as likely as not to go to Warrigal's camping-place instead of to the Jerry's-Town police-barracks; and Ki Li would be afraid to go out in the dark, and John Jones would be afraid to ride anything but one of the plough-horses, and that only at an amble. It wouldn't do for Sydney to leave the place, since he was the only male effective on it; so, what was to be done? But little Harry had heard his mother and brother talking, and, as soon as he made out their difficulty, he looked up, and said, "Why, mamma, *I* can go. Syd, lend me your stock-whip, and let me have Guardsman." Neither mother nor brother had any fear about Harry's horsemanship (up-country Australian boys can ride when they are not much bigger than monkeys), but they scarcely

liked to turn the little fellow out for a long ride by night. However, he knew the way well enough. Three-Mile Flat didn't lie in his road, and if he didn't fall in with any of the Warrigal gang, nobody would harm him; and, finally, there was no one else to go to Jerry's Town, who would or could go in time.

So, Sydney went to the stable and slipped the bridle on Venus, and rode her down to the flat by the creek, to drive up Guardsman. And then he put the saddle and bridle on Guardsman, and brought him round to the garden-gate, where Harry stood flicking about Sydney's stock-whip very impatiently, whilst his mamma kissed him, and tied a comforter round his neck. Sydney gave Harry a leg up, and cantered with him to the slip-panels, to take them down for him. As soon as he was through, Harry shouted "Good-night!" and gave Guardsman his head, and was off like a little wild boy. After one or two failures, that made his face tingle, he managed to crack Sydney's stock-whip almost as cleverly as Sydney could have done. It rang through the still moonlight bush, and when Sydney lost sight of him, Harry, tired of the monotony of flat-riding, was steering Guardsman stem on for a gray log that glistened like frosted silver in the moonshine.

When Sydney had stabled Venus again, and — an unusual precaution — turned the key in the rusty padlock, and when he had given a look about the outbuildings, it was time for him to go in to supper and family prayers. He read the chapter, and Mrs. Lawson read the prayers. She was a brave woman; but, with her little girls about her, and her little boy away, she couldn't keep her voice from trembling a little when she said, "Lighten our darkness, we beseech thee, O Lord; and by thy great mercy defend us from all perils and dangers of this night."

Then the girls kissed their mother and their brother, and said, "Good-night;" and Miss Smith kissed Mrs. Lawson, and said, "Good-night," and said "Good-night" to Sydney without kissing him (though he looked as if he would have liked her to); and John Jones and his wife said "Good-night, ma'am," "Good-night, sir," just as if Sydney had been a grown-up master, and went to bed to snore like pigs, though they *were* dreadfully afraid of bushrangers. Sydney went into his mother's bedroom, and looked at the blunderbuss that stood by the bed-head (Mrs. Lawson had selected the blunderbuss as her weapon, because she thought she "must be sure to hit with that big thing"), and he showed her once more how to pull the trigger. Then he bade her

"Good-night," and went along the veranda to his own little room at one end, where he locked himself in, and drew the charge of his rifle and loaded it again, and looked at the chambers of his revolver, and put the caps on, and laid it down on a chair ready to his hand. When his preparations were completed, he said his prayers, and tumbled into bed with his clothes on.

Harry wasn't expected home until next day. He had been told to sleep at the "Macquarie Arms," in Jerry's Town, when he had left his message at the barracks, and come home at his leisure in the morning. About four miles from Wonga-Wonga, the dreariest part of the road to Jerry's Town, begins a two miles' stretch of dismal scrub. Harry put his heels into Guardman's sides to make him go even faster than he was going, when they got into the scrub, and was pleased to hear a horse's hoofs coming towards him from the other end. He thought it was a neighbor riding home to the next station; but it was Warrigal. As soon as Harry pulled up Guardsman to chat for a minute, Warrigal laid hold of the bridle, and pulled Harry onto the saddle before him. "Let's see; you're one of the Wonga-Wonga kids, ain't you?" said the robber. "And where are you off to, this time of night? Oh, oh! to fetch the traps, I guess; but I'll stop that little game." Just then, Harry gave a *coo-ey*. He couldn't give a very loud one, for he was lying like a sack on the robber's horse; but it made Warrigal very savage. He put the cold muzzle of a pistol against Harry's face, and said, "You screech again, youngster, and you won't do it no more." And then Warrigal took Harry and the horses into the scrub, and gagged Harry with a bit of iron he took out of his pocket, and tied him to a crooked old honeysuckle-tree, with a long piece of rope he carried in his saddle-bags. "Don't frighten yourself; I'll tell your mar where you are, and you'll be back by breakfast," said Warrigal, as he got on Guardsman and rode off, driving his own tired horse before him.

Next morning, just as day was breaking, Warrigal and his two mates, with crape masks on, rode up to Wonga-Wonga. They made as little noise as they could, but the dogs began to bark, and woke Sydney. When he woke, however, Warrigal had got his little window open, and was covering him with a pistol. Sydney put out his hand for his revolver; and though Warrigal shouted, "Throw up your hands, boy, or I'll shoot you through the head!" he jumped out of bed and fired. He missed Warrigal, and Warrigal missed him; but Warrigal's bullet knocked Sydney's revolver

out of his hand, and one of Warrigal's mates made a butt at the bedroom-door and smashed it, and he and Warrigal (were not they heroes?) rushed into the room, and threw Sydney down on the bed, and pinioned his arms with a sheet. The other bushranger was watching the horses. By this time, the whole station was aroused. The men peeped out of their huts, half-frightened and half-amused; not one of them came near the house. John Jones and his wife piled their boxes against their room-door, and then crept under the bed. Miss Smith went into hysterics, and Gertrude and her sisters couldn't help looking as white as their night-dresses, though they tried hard to show Miss Smith how much braver native girls were than English, even if they did not know so much French, and Use of the Globes, and Magnall's Questions. Mrs. Lawson had fired off her blunderbuss; but it had only broken two panes of the parlor-window, and riddled the veranda-posts, so Wonga-Wonga was at the bushrangers' mercy.

They ransacked the house, and took possession of any little plate and jewellery and other portable property they could find. When the robbers had packed up what they called the "swag," and put it on one of their horses, they pulled Ki Li out of bed, and made him light a fire, and cook some chops and boil some tea. (In the Australian bush, the hot water isn't poured on the tea, but the leaves are boiled in the pot.) Then they marched Mrs. Lawson, and Miss Smith, and Sydney, and his sisters, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and Ki Li, into the keeping-room, and sat down to breakfast, with pistols in their belts and pistols laid, like knives and forks, on the table. The bushrangers tried to be funny, and pressed Mrs. Lawson and the other ladies to make themselves at home, and take a good meal. One of the robbers was going to kiss Miss Smith; but Sydney, pinioned as he was, ran at him, and butted him like a ram. He was going to strike Sydney; but Gertrude ran between them, calling out, "Oh, you great coward!" and Warrigal felt ashamed, and told the man to sit down.

"We call him Politeful Bill," Warrigal remarked, in apology; "but he ain't much used to ladies' serciety." When breakfast was over, Warrigal asked Sydney where the mare was.

"Find her yourself," said Sydney.

"Well, there won't be much trouble about that," answered Warrigal. "She's in the stable, I know, and you've locked her in, for I tried the door. I suppose you're too game to give up the key,

my young fighting-cock? But since you're so sarcy, Master Sydney, you shall come and see me take your mare. You might as well ha' sent her, instead of sending for the traps, and then I shouldn't ha' got the bay horse, too;" and he pointed to Guardsman, tied to the veranda.

There was no time to ask what had become of Harry. Warrigal hurried Sydney by the collar to the stable, whilst the other men mounted their horses, and untied Guardsman to be ready for their

captain. Warrigal blew off the padlock with his pistol; but Venus was fractious, and wouldn't let him put on her halter. Whilst he was dodging about in the stable with her, Sydney heard hoofs in the distance. Nearer and nearer came the *tan-ta-ta-tan-ta-ta-tan-ta-ta.* Four bluecoats galloped up to the slip-panels, three troopers and a sergeant, the sergeant with Harry on his saddle-bow. In a second, Harry was down; and in three seconds, the slip-panels were down too. The waiting bushrangers saw the morning sun gleaming on their carbines as the police dashed between the aloes and the prickly pears, and, letting Guardsman go, were off like a shot. Sydney banged to the stable-door, and setting his back against it, shouted for help. His mother and Gertrude, and even John Jones, as the police were close at hand, rushed to his aid; and up galloped the troopers. Warrigal fired a bullet or two through the door, and talked very big about not being taken alive; but he thought better of it, and in an hour's time, he was jogging off to Jerry's Town with handcuffs on, and his legs tied under his horse's belly.

If Warrigal had not tied up little Harry, most likely he would not have been taken; for when Harry had got to Jerry's Town, he would have found all the troopers away except one. In the scrub, however, Harry heard the sergeant and his men returning from a wild-goose chase they had been sent on by the bush telegraphs; and managing at last to spit the gag out of his mouth, he had given a great *co-oo-oo-oo-oo-ey!*

After that night, Miss Smith always called Sydney *Mr.* Sydney, and Sydney let Harry ride Venus as often as he liked.

EDWARD HOWE.

HOLLYWOOD.

VII.

(Conclusion.)

MAY was going fast; the apple-trees were in bloom, the garden was full of flowers, and everything about Hollywood seemed to have awakened to new life. Many of the cocoons which Miss May's class had gathered in the autumn had turned into butterflies and moths, although some of them were waiting until midsummer to unfold their gorgeous wings. The girls watched eagerly for new developments, and each one prided herself upon the creatures which she had carefully pinned upon large sheets of paper, after she had given them a drop of chloroform. The girls had learned much in the natural-history class; they had grown more thoughtful, more observant, and more interested in the wonderful things which are always going on under our eyes, and which we do not see, because we do not know how to look for them. The girls were looking forward to the long vacation, which was to begin on the first of July; the studious ones were working harder than ever, and some of the lazy ones even had caught the earnest spirit of the others, and were trying, by a few weeks' "cramming," to make up for all the time that they had lost during the year.

Cassy was restless and eager for something, she did not know what. She was tired of study, tired of the two daily walks, one in the morning, the other in the afternoon, tired of the girls, and of everything else. She thought of home, and the prairie life which she had loved, and a longing seized her to run away from school, and go home again. "Father won't mind," she said to herself; "he'll be so glad to see me. I'd go in a minute, if I had the money." She was alone in her own room, and going to her bureau, she took out her little pocket-book. "Let's see," she said. "One, two, three dollars; twenty-five, fifty, sixty cents. That isn't enough. Oh

dear! I wonder if Agnes would let me have some of her money, if I didn't tell her what I wanted it for? She has more than I." That night, Cassy asked Agnes if she had five dollars to spare.

"Five dollars, you foolish child?" answered Agnes. "Of course not. What can you do with it?"

"I want it very much," said Cassy.

"You haven't been getting yourself into debt, have you?" asked Agnes, who had a horror of owing money.

"No, indeed; but I want it. Father sent you some money last week."

"That was for our dressmaker."

"But you've paid her."

"I know it. The other money was Aunt Nelly's. She asked me to ask Miss May to go with me some day, and buy her some things."

"But can't you let me have the money?" pleaded Cassy. "It isn't to spend foolishly, and I want it so very much."

"I don't know," said Agnes, "whether I ought or not. I have only five dollars of my own, besides Aunt Nelly's money."

"But it's for me, too, isn't it?" asked Cassy. "Give me half of it."

Agnes did not answer; but in the morning, she said, "If you really want the money, Cassy, you may have half; but I want you to tell me what you are going to do with it."

"I can't tell you, now," answered Cassy; "but you'll know sometime."

If Agnes had been a little older, or a little wiser, she would not have given her rash little sister so much money. Cassy, with six dollars in her possession, felt quite rich, and made plans for going away as soon as possible. On the next Friday, she thought she could leave Hollywood more easily than on any other day. There was no school on Saturdays; and on Friday afternoons, the girls had an hour or two for rambling about the grounds, or amusing themselves in the house. Agnes was going to walk with Miss May on that afternoon, and Cassy knew that the other girls would not be in her way. She waited until she had seen all the girls leave the house, and then she, with her little travelling-bag hidden in the folds of her skirts, ran downstairs, and out at the front-door, meeting no one on her way. She knew that the stage which would take her home left the city twice in the week, on Tuesdays and Fridays; and she knew, also, where to find it. She therefore went

along the road with a light heart, thinking only of home, and not at all of Agnes's feelings, or of the trouble which her disappearance would cause in the school. She reached the stage-office, and stood waiting her turn to pay her fare. Two men were in front of her, one of whom asked how much the fare was to a large town, which Cassy knew was about thirty miles from her home.

"Thirteen dollars," said the man at the desk.

"Oh, dear!" thought Cassy. "What shall I do? I'll go as far as I can, though, and walk the rest of the way, if I can't do any better."

"Where do we stay on Sunday?" asked one of the passengers.

"Just as it happens. We ought to get into O—— by ten o'clock tomorrow night; but we may have to stop at H——, twenty miles this side."

Cassy had not thought of that. When she had come, they had travelled day and night; but now, Sunday would upset all her plans. She hesitated; but when the clerk turned toward her, she said, "How much is the fare to O——?"

"Six dollars, miss."

"All my money," she said to herself; and it will cost something to stay over Sunday. What shall I do? I'll go as far as I can — two dollars' worth, and then I shall have some money left."

Just then, some one paid two dollars to go to a large town which the stage would reach that night; and Cassy, thinking that she would go there too, paid two dollars, and when the stage came to the office-door, seated herself in it, feeling a little uncomfortable and not a little unhappy, but determined to finish the adventure which she had begun.

The stage went on, out of the city, and Cassy began to wish that she were at Hollywood. She had been so excited in the morning that she had eaten but little, and she thought that it must be dinner-time at the school. She tried to play with a baby who was sitting opposite her in its mother's arms; but the child was sleepy, and the old lady in one corner looked at Cassy, as if she thought it strange that so young a girl should be travelling alone. There were no other passengers; and, in the course of an hour, Cassy curled herself up, and tried to go to sleep. It was of no use, though; sleep wouldn't come; and at last, she sat upright again, and looked out of the window. There was nothing on the road which she cared to see; the country was flat, with few trees, and the road was dusty. By and by, she saw houses, and knew that

the stage was approaching a village, and in a few minutes, the driver stopped his horses at a little inn.

Cassy looked out; but before she had fairly seen where she was, she shrank back again into her corner. Some one whom she knew was standing on the steps, and she trembled for fear that she should not go home after all.

To her great dismay, she recognized the face and figure of Miss Eunice Millburn, who stood holding a little travelling-basket, and quietly waiting until there should be a seat for her in the stage. While Cassy sat, not knowing what to do, she saw Katie come out of the house, and speak to her aunt; then they both came into the stage, and saw Cassy, in spite of her efforts to keep hidden in the corner.

"Why, Cassy!" said the old lady, in great astonishment. "What are you doing here? Are you going home all alone?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Cassy, trying to look very brave.

"But where's Agnes?" said Katie. "Wasn't she ready to come, too?"

"No; not quite," replied Cassy, faintly.

"What are you going to do tomorrow?" Katie went on. "Have you any friends on the road?"

"No," sobbed Cassy, who could not keep back her tears.

Miss Eunice, seeing that something was wrong, took the little girl's hand, saying, kindly, "Tell me all about it, Cassy. I hope that you are in no trouble at school."

Cassy, now fairly broken down, could not speak; and Miss Eunice, knowing that it was useless to try to learn anything from her until she should grow calmer, still held her hand and said nothing. The three were quite alone in the stage, which was going very fast over a rough road, toward the village where it was to stay during the night. At last, the driver stopped to water his horses, and putting his head in at the door, said, "Any passengers for Deep Creek?"

"We are going there," answered Miss Eunice. "What shall you do, Cassy?"

"I don't know," said Cassy, more calmly than before. "I don't know anything about it."

"Will you tell us what the matter is, Cassy?" asked Miss Eunice.

"I was homesick," she answered; "and I wanted to go home so, that I didn't know what to do, and I just ran away."

"You poor child!" exclaimed Katie.

"That was very wrong," said Miss Eunice, gravely.

"I know it was," sobbed Cassy, more violently than before; "but I wanted to go home."

"Weren't they kind to you at school?" asked Katie.

"Yes, indeed," said Cassy; "but it wasn't like home."

"Does Agnes know it?" asked both the ladies.

"No," came very faintly from Cassy's lips.

"Then she must feel very badly about you. You must go back with us; don't you think it's best?"

"Do take me back with you," said Cassy, almost cheerfully. "I'm so tired and hungry, and I'm afraid to go on alone. I don't think that they'd like it at home, either."

"Had you enough money for this long journey?" said Miss Eunice.

"No, ma'am."

"What were you going to do, then?"

"Go in the stage as far as I could, and then walk," answered Cassy, with the air of an old traveller.

"You crazy child!" exclaimed Katie. "You couldn't have done that in a fortnight. I don't know what would have become of you."

"Cassy," said Miss Eunice, after a few minutes, "we are going to see one of our friends at Deep Creek, and you shall go with us. A stage goes from there tomorrow morning, and we will see you back to school. Don't you think that is the best way?"

Cassy did not answer; but she looked gratefully into Miss Eunice's face, and when the coach stopped at Deep Creek, she gladly followed her friends. They were going to see an old gentleman, a distant relation, who lived with his sister-in-law on a large farm. He received them very kindly, and after tea, held Cassy on his knee until she fell asleep. "Great girl" though she thought herself, it was pleasant to be a child once more, and she liked the grandfatherly way in which he treated her. After Katie had taken her upstairs to bed, Miss Eunice told her friends Cassy's story.

"Poor child!" said old Mr. Williams; "she'll have a hard time when she goes back. We won't say anything to her about it. How came you to find her?"

"Why, Katie and I went to see the Longleys in the Tuesday stage, and they brought us over to the village today. We were

coming here to stay till Wednesday; but I shan't feel safe now, unless I go back with Cassy. Besides, the child will need somebody to tell her story. She feels thoroughly ashamed of herself, and won't try it again, I think."

Early the next morning, Cassy and her friends said good-by to their kind host and hostess, and went back to the city. Miss Millburn insisted on going to Hollywood, and Cassy made no resistance. When they reached the door, Agnes, who had seen them coming up the drive, flew downstairs, exclaiming, "O Cassy! Cassy! Where have you been? We have been so frightened about you!"

"Come in with us," said Miss Eunice, "and you shall hear all about it."

Some of the girls, who were standing in the hall, seeing Miss Eunice, whom they knew by sight, naturally thought that Cassy had been staying with her; and that she had gone away without leave because the teachers had all been out on the day before. They thought no more about the matter, and thus Cassy was spared their questions and comments. No one in the school, except the teachers and Agnes, ever knew of Cassy's attempted journey home; for Miss Eunice took her directly to the study, where Miss Willbert, the professor, and Miss May were sitting in consultation about her. They looked up when they saw her at the door, and Miss Willbert said, quietly, "What does this mean, Cassy? You know that we never allow the girls to go out without leave."

"I was homesick," answered Cassy. "And I thought that I could go home all alone; but I found Miss Eunice, and she took care of me — and I'm very sorry."

"I don't think that she'll do it again, Miss Willbert," said Miss Eunice. "She will tell you all about it by and by. She knows that she has done wrong, I am sure." And the good old lady went away, leaving the teachers in a very perplexed state of mind.

"Agnes, surely you did not know anything about this?" said the professor, sharply.

"No, ma'am," she answered, with so truthful a look, that the teachers believed her at once.

"I asked her for some money," broke in Cassy; "and at first she thought it wasn't right for me to have it; but I bothered and teased her so, that she gave it me. It was all my fault."

"You may go to your room now," said Miss Willbert; "and I will see you this afternoon."

No one ever knew what happened in that interview; but Cassy was not punished. She was a little more quiet than usual, and more faithful in her school work. Her journey had cured her of her homesickness, that was certain, for she did not try another.

"I am afraid," said Miss Willbert to Miss May, that night, "I am afraid that we do not always know all that we ought about the girls. If we had seen how Cassy felt, this might have been prevented. She was unhappy here, but no one knew it."

"She will be a noble woman, some day," answered Miss May. "But she must have work to do all her life, or she will be in mischief, she has so much power of brain and body. She is like a steam-engine, which must be kept at work, or run to waste."

The end of the school year had come, and had brought great changes at Hollywood. Beside the usual "last day," with its graduates and valedictory, smiles, tears, parting hymns, and all the rest, there was startling news.

The Willberts had sold Hollywood, and were going back to England. An old uncle had just died, leaving them, as the nearest heirs, his property, on which they could live comfortably. Mrs. Willbert wished to see her own country again; and her daughters, dearly as they loved their American home, were not unwilling to live a life of ease, after all their years of hard work. The professor was writing a book, and promised herself ample leisure to finish it, instead of the hurried odd minutes snatched from school-hours; and her sister knew that she could find pleasant and useful work among poor people and village school-children in the old Hollywood across the sea.

Doctor Marsh came for Agnes and Cassy, and he, too, had news to tell. He had recently received a letter from the old physician with whom he had studied, long before he went west. Doctor Sherman was growing old, and would willingly give up his practice to his former pupil. The offer was too great a temptation for Doctor Marsh to resist, and in the autumn, the whole family would go to live at Wearmouth. The girls were sorry to leave their prairie home; but New England had the same charm for them that the old country had for the Willberts; and they were very happy at the thought of living in the old seaport town where their father and mother had grown up, and which had been the home of their ancestors for two hundred years. They would not be entirely separated from their western friends, even though they

were to be so many miles away. Helen and Jessie would write to them, and Mr. Pierce would take care of the two graves in the garden.

"It never rains but it pours;" and other news came, to Cassy's great astonishment. Agnes had guessed it before, though she had said nothing. Miss May was going home, and in the winter, Mr. Millburn was going to New England to marry her. Tad would perhaps go with him, to be placed in a school. He wished to be a doctor, and after awhile would study with his old friend Doctor Marsh. Mr. Millburn had offered to send him to school, and the boy gladly accepted his help as a loan which he might repay at his leisure.

And Nettie? Story-books make selfish people grow generous, and heartless ones grow loving, in a very short time. I have never seen a case of the kind in real life; but I am not prepared to say that she may not become a noble woman, however unpromising her prospects are at present.

BLUE HILLS.

FROM yon Blue Hills
The ocean may be seen;
Fair lie the slopes between,
Whose quiet fills
My heart with rest;
But from yon hills
The ocean may be seen.

It pleases me
To look from this green nook,
On circling hills that look
Upon the sea.

I do not care
To climb them for the view;
Content to know the blue,
Blue sea is there;

Content to gaze
On this far-reaching slope
Of hills that touch the cope
Through veiling haze.

The sailors see
Those landmarks and are glad,
Those Blue Hills, and are sad,
Far out at sea.

Sometimes a mist
Creeps over from the sea,
And softly kisses me,
Glad to be kissed.

Sometimes a breeze
Blows over from beyond, —
A restless, weary sound
Of surging seas.

Why climb and fret,
And strive to look beyond?
Much joy I here have found;
And yet, and yet, —

From yon Blue Hills
The ocean may be seen;
Fair lie the slopes between,
Whose quiet fills
My heart with rest.
But from yon hills
The ocean may be seen.

M. R. W.

PAINTING ON PORCELAIN.

HARRY and Patty had been so much interested in the making of spoons, that Uncle Mark, who was going into the city next day, took them with him to a dealer in china and glass, who imported plain white porcelain, and painted and gilded it in his own warerooms. The children stopped a few minutes in the showroom, to admire the beautiful cups and saucers, the great vases and slender glasses, before they went up the dark, narrow staircase to the workrooms. When they first entered, the room seemed so dark and dingy, and there was such a rubbing and scraping noise, that Patty thought they could not see anything or hear a word. But in a few minutes, they followed Uncle Mark to a large table covered with white china, near a window. Here sat a man who was busily decorating a white dinner-set. Plates, tureens, and vegetable-dishes, were all heaped about him, and he was drawing and painting, and getting the ware ready for the oven. The dishes were of delicate china, and had already been glazed. He was drawing an eagle, with an American flag over his wings. Above the eagle was a motto, and beneath, the monogram of the person for whom the dinner-set was ordered. With a pencil, he drew the outlines of the eagles on the plates, without any pattern, his practised eye and skilful hand making them all so nearly of the same size, that the children could not discover the least difference in them; but for the monograms, he used a little stencil-plate. The wings of the eagles were brown and white, and the flag of the natural colors. Before him were a pile of plates, on which the eagle was painted, but not the flag; and after mixing some new colors on his palette, he began to paint in the red and blue. If any outline or part of the eagle did not suit him, if his quick eye saw any defect in his yesterday's work, he took a knife and scraped away the superfluous paint, or added more.

"Can you do that after it is baked?" asked Patty, whose one idea seemed to be how many mistakes one could make in his work, and have it right when it was done.

"No," said the workman; "that finishes it. It can never be altered after that."

It was very entertaining to Patty, to watch the man putting the stripes into the flag, and brightening the monogram with red; and he was so good-natured, that they were not afraid to ask him any

questions. Near him sat a man, painting a broad band of the most beautiful blue on some cups as delicate as egg-shells. These blue stripes were to be farther ornamented by narrow lines of gilding; but before the gilding could be put on, the cups must be baked, to fix the color. Then he showed them a saucer, which had been once baked, with the lines of gilding on it, ready for the second baking.

"Did you say that was gilding?" asked Harry, looking at the dingy, black lines. "Why, it is not the right color, and does not shine at all!"

"It takes a good deal of hard work to make it shine," said the workman, smiling; "but when the saucer is finished, it will be as bright and fine as any you have seen downstairs. Over in that corner is a boy gilding plates, if you wish to see him."

Harry and Patty turned their steps that way, and saw a boy, who had a pile of dinner-plates before him, around the edges of which was a narrow band of red. This red band had been baked, and he was ornamenting it with something that looked like little black dots. Before him was a palette, covered with what seemed like dirty olive-green paint. Into this, he dipped a camel's-hair paint-brush, and just dotted the line with it.

"What is that," asked Patty, "that you are putting on now?"

"Pure gold," was the answer, which made Patty open her eyes, to think that gold could ever look such color as that.

The gold bands and lines, he told them, were put on with a wheel; but as nobody was at work with that, they could not see how it was done.

Then they went into the baking-room, where they saw the furnace, and the great piles of wood ready for heating it. In this furnace, which was built of brick, the china, when it is painted, is placed on trays, and the fire lighted; for the porcelain must be gradually heated and as slowly cooled, or it would crack. The fire is kept up till the china is red-hot, and then the heat is allowed to die gradually away. When thoroughly cold, they are taken out. Here, on the shelves, were many dishes, which had been taken out of the furnace, but on which, to Patty's astonishment, the gold did not shine.

"It is the burnishing of the gold that makes the noise that you hear," said Uncle Mark; and he carried the children to another table, where sat three girls, each with a gold-banded dish in her lap, rubbing away at it with a stick, which made, as Patty said,

an "awful clatter." One of them showed Patty her stick. It was about as large as her forefinger, and twice as long. About three inches from the bottom, it was cased in some kind of metal, which was bent together till it left an opening about a twelfth of an inch wide, and three-quarters of an inch long. Into these little crevices a piece of bloodstone was fitted. Before each girl was a patch of something which Harry said looked like the redding grandmother put on her hearth, but which the foreman said was emery, which caused Patty to shake her head doubtfully; for she had made two emery-bags that vacation, and her emery did not look in the least like that.

The girls rubbed their sticks in this red stuff, and holding the plates on their edges in their laps, fitted their sticks on the gold bands, and rubbed away with all their strength, and Harry saw how bright the gold grew under the process.

Uncle Mark was enquiring about other methods of decorating china which were not practiced here. And the foreman told him about press-printing, which is used for ordinary printed ware, where a copper-plate engraving is first made for the design, in which the lines are cut very deep to hold the color. The plate is placed upon a stove, and the colors, mixed thick with boiled oil, are laid on. When the lines are all filled, the unnecessary paint is scraped off, and the plate rubbed with leather. A sheet of very thin paper, wet with soap and water, is then carefully laid upon the plate, which is put to press. When the paper is drawn off it brings the color with it, and this is the pattern. From this paper all unnecessary parts are cut away. It is laid upon the ware, and rubbed with flannel with such force, that the color adheres to the surface into which it partially sinks. The plate is then put into the water, and all the paper washed away. The colors, being mixed with oil, are not injured by the water. After that, and before the plate is glazed, it is put into a kiln to remove all the oil. It is afterwards glazed and baked.

After a plate is glazed, it is printed by what is called bat-printing. The engraving for this process is not cut with any deeper lines than the engraving for pictures. The plate is first rubbed with linseed-oil, and then cleaned off, so that the engraved part only is filled with it. A sheet of glue, about a quarter of an inch, is then pressed upon the plate. It is taken up immediately, and brings the oil with it. The glue is then pressed upon the ware, and leaves the design faintly traced in oil. Finely-ground colors are dusted into it with cotton-wool, and the ware is ready to bake.

While Uncle Mark and the foreman were talking, Harry and Patty were examining many beautiful things about the room; and after much consulting together, they asked Uncle Mark to let them buy a plate of clear white china, with grapes and passion-flowers twined around it, for their grandmother, so as to show her what beautiful things were made here, and tell how it was done.

E. C. J.

NESTLINGS.

THROUGH the elm-tree's branches brown
Night's darkest shadows creep;
In the elm-tree's waving crown
Four robins are asleep,—
Children-robins in the nest,
That have not learned to fly;
Hearing through their quiet rest
The wind's low lullaby.

Mother's breast, so warmly spread,
A rosy counterpane;
Mother's wings protect each head
From damp dew and the rain.
Near at hand the father sits,
Good watch and ward to keep,
Seeing no marauder flits
Where his young birdlings sleep.

Oh, but better far than all,
Above the starlit sky,
He who sees the sparrows fall
Looks down with sleepless eye.
Lord of forest wide and field,
Unless thy care doth keep,
Parent robin cannot shield,
Or little robin sleep.

KATHERINE BERTHA.

THERE are now recognized in the solar system one hundred and fourteen planets, of which one hundred and eight have been discovered since the year 1780. In 1781, Sir William Herschel broke through the "flaming walls" of the astronomic universe, as they were known to antiquity, and brought Uranus within the lines of our planetary household. Since that time, astronomers have pushed their explorations with unwearied industry over the boundless spaces, and have been constantly rewarded for their exertions by new discoveries. According to the latest astronomical authorities, twenty-three of the one hundred and seven planets have been discovered by Americans, and nine of them by Professor Watson, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

A FRENCH chemist lately took a pair of stockings imported from England, dyed a brilliant red, extracted the coloring matter, and inserted it under the skin of a dog; in twelve hours, the animal was dead. He then took the coloring-matter out of the dog's body, and with it dyed a skein of silk. He warns every one against the use of "Coraline," the dye used, and proposes the prohibition of the importation of red stockings from England.

FAILURES. — The man who never failed is a myth. Such a one never lived, and is never likely to. [illegible] success is a series of efforts, which, when closely viewed, are seen more or less failures. The mountain is apt to overshadow the hill, but the hill is a reality, nevertheless. If you fail now and then, don't be discouraged. Bear in mind it is only the part and experience of every successful man; and the most successful men often have the most failures, these but inciting them to renewed exertions.

A YOUNG barrister being reproached by his opponent for his extreme youth, said, "It is true that I am young; but my learned friend will find in the course of his trial, that I have read old books."

LITTLE Johnny was being catechised by his brother, who asked him what he was made of. Johnny replied, "You and me and papa are made of dust; and mamma and sister are made of men's wibs."

WOULD you touch a nettle without being stung by it? Take hold of it stoutly. Do the same to other annoyances, and few things will ever trouble you.

WHY is the horse the most humane of all animals? He gives the bit out of his mouth, and listens to every woe.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

225. My first is in cap, but 'tis not in the bow;
My next is in Andrew, but 'tis not in Joe;
My third is in pillow, but not in the bed;
My fourth is in iron, but 'tis not in lead;
My fifth is in fish, though it is not in eel;
My sixth is in otter, but 'tis not in seal;
My seventh is in purple, but 'tis not in blue;
My eighth is in one, but it is not in two;
My ninth is in April, but 'tis not in June;
My tenth is in piano, but 'tis not in tune;
My whole is a place which is very well known,
On the map of America always 'tis shown.
Johnnie Anderson.

correctly answers the greatest number of the July puzzles, and wins his first prize (the heart-puzzle and perpetual almanac).

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226. My first's connected with a fish;
My second I can claim;
My third belongs to every one,
No matter whence he came.
An adjective will give my whole,
And some folks think it nice;
Though others think it troublesome,
And rather too precise.
Pa's Pet.

A VERY EASY ENIGMA.

227. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 1, 8, 11, is a hebrew.
My 7, 5, 6, is a liquor.
My 9, 2, 3, 6, means "thin."
My 4, 10, is a negative.
My whole is the name of a poetess. *Minnie Moss.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

228. Don't select any fashion. *Pa's Pet.*

229. Respect strong. *Z. T. Hedges.*

230. Courageous parrot. *Whist.*

231. Not a piece of furniture. *Ben.*

232. A twisted lamb. *Ned W.*

233. A seed in a figure. *E. W. W.*

234. Elevate a tavern. *Carter.*

235. Transpose an artist into a tree and its product. *Philadelphia.*

236. If two boys had the art of reasoning between their abbreviated names, what science would be alluded to? *Wilks.*

237. Transpose a palace into a mineral. *L. M. Entry.*

238. My first (two syllables) is a title; my second is a title; my third is in New-York State; and my whole is in New-York State. *Philadelphia.*

239. I am composed of 29 letters:
My 12, 9, 16, 19, 27, 21, is a European city.
My 8, 23, 6, 10, 17, is obscure.
My 27, 25, 13, 2, is a scriptural name.
My 24, 14, 5, 26, 7, 19, 20, 11, is a girl's name.
My 1, 18, 22, 15, 28, 3, is a girl's nickname.
My 29, 4, 16, assents.
My whole is a very beautiful place. *Dictator.*

240. Behead a general, and leave a boisterous noise; behead again, and leave an insect. *Comet.*

241. Consider me wholly, I am all; behead me, and I intensify; behead again, transpose, and I am a grain; again, and I am a pronoun; or curtail my whole, and I am always; curtail again, and I am a woman. *Roguish Kate and Oddity.*

242. Behead a fruit, and leave a kind of seed; behead again, and leave an animal; transpose the latter, and leave another seed. *Cousin May.*

ANAGRAMS.

243. Flirtation. *Handy Andy.*

244. Reduces (this is to be resolved into neither "secured" nor "seducer"). *Belle.*

245. Mace rod. *Max.*

246. Am I not a cent? *Zadoc.*

247. Hume screams. *Keystone.*

248. I teach clams. (*See Worcester.*) *Hautboy.*

249. 10500100160. *Belle.*

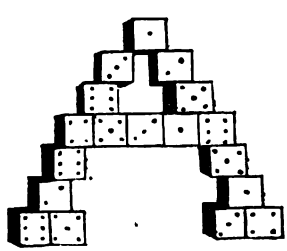
250. 10100200500900400250. *F. R. S.*

251. 1016084250. *J. M.*

252. Square the word "R I C E." *A. S.*

GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

253.

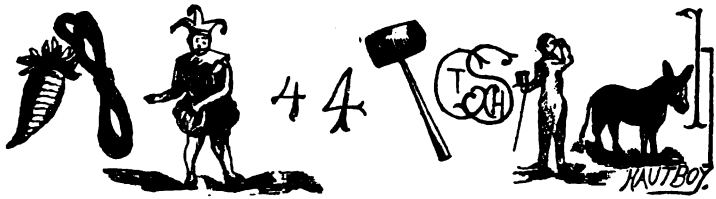


Dictator

254.

Tempest

255.



☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of October. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN JULY NUMBER.

166. Two consonants and three vowels.

167. Guiseppe Garibaldi.

168. Mint.

169. Procure.

170. Catsup.

171. Runaway.

172. Katydid.

173. Viciate.

174. I ate two rolls.

175. Art.

176. Cowslip.

177. Wapper.

178. Weasel, lease.

179. Mariner, marine.

180. Armistice.

181. Chandelier.

182. Mineralogy.

183. Counterfeit.

184. Unite, untie.

185. Birt, brit.

186. March, charm.

187. Need, Eden.

188. Resources, recourses.

189. Illinois.

190. London.

191. Florence.

192. Liverpool.

193. Wheeling.

194. Subscribe for MERRY'S MUSEUM. (To those not familiar with this style of puzzle, let me explain the *modus operandi*. The first three perpendicular lines make an S; but you have to raise the lower end of the page, and depress the top — between you and the light — until you can see it distinctly.)

195. Money invested in government securities is more profitable, and also safer, than 'twould be were it in oil stocks. [M on E Y in vest ed in G over N men T sea cue rye tea Sis mower prophet table & awls O safe earth ant wood-B were (written) oils T ox.]

Of the foregoing Puzzles, —

Audax answers all but 168, 170, 175.

Pinkie answers all but 168, 177, 185, 192.

Ben answers all but 166, 175, 188, 195.

Agnes G. answers all but 177, 180, 185, 188.

Hautboy and Tempest answer all but 168, 170, 175, 185, 188.

Joe Kose answers all but 166, 170, 187, 188, 189,

Max answers all but 170, 171, 175, 188, 192.

Belle answers all but 166, 168, 185, 188, 195.

Ixia answers all but 166, 168, 177, 185, 189, 192.

Hero answers all but 166, 167, 168, 171, 175, 177, 182, 183, 185, 188, 195.

Charlotte answers all but 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 177, 178, 180, 191, 195.

Myron answers all but 166, 167, 168, 174, 180, 183, 185, 186, 188, 189, 195.

Philadelphia answers all but 166, 168, 170, 171, 175, 177, 178, 180, 182, 185, 186, 187, 188, 195.

Freshman answers 167, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 184, 186, 191, 193, 194.

Empire State answers 176, 179, 184, 189, 193, 194.

Daisy answers 171, 172, 176, 186.

Fanny Fern Marble answers 176, 184, 191.

Hopper answers 187, 193, 194.

To Correspondents.

Hyacinth. The word you ask about is in the dictionary; therefore, you may use it. Why didn't you send your list of answers?

Pigeon. Your letters are always three days on the road; so, you must post them before the third of the month, if you want credit for your answers.

Summer Sky rains down upon us a whole shower of puzzles. (Are they all original?) When the poor ones are left out, plenty of good ones remain.

Hopper. The two transpositions you send have unfortunately been used before, though I don't believe you knew it. Your letter was very much to the point, and I didn't "laugh" one bit.

Hautboy. Keystone sends you his respects, and is glad if he succeeds in puzzling you with his enigmas as much as your rebuses puzzle him. I am very glad that the pen suited you so well.

Monsieur sends his love to all the Cousins. I heard of a man whose family was so large, that there wasn't enough measles to go round. I wonder if *Monsieur* knows how much love it will take to "go round" with the Merrys.

Empire State deserves *pun*-ishment. This is what he has perpetrated: "I think, Aunt Sue, that the puzzle department of Merry's is quite Sue-perior to many others; and the Sue-preme success which Sue-thed" (will somebody be kind enough to hand me a fan?) "my Sue-perhuman exertions (I allude to the Sue-table presentation of the 'medil,') has not, you may safely as-Sue-me, diminished my regard. Without believing in anything Sue-pernatural, or being at all Sue-perstitious, I think some of the puzzles in 'M. M.' have received messages (per Franco-American Cable) from

the late Mrs. Sphinx, of Egypt. Further remarks would be Sue-perfluous," etc. Well, I should think so! That individual ought to be Sued on homœopathic principles.

Hero. What do you think *now*, about "Maine?"

Wilks. You have such a manly way of acknowledging an error, that I will just call your attention to the manner in which that "20,000" was *qualified.*

Tempest. I don't find your "fish" in the dictionary. In Sullivan County, N.Y., the "fishermen" call "marshes" "mashes."

Audax. "National Bank," "U. S. Treasury," etc., have been sent me as answers to 168; but the answer should be *only one word*, the same as anagrams. See notice to *W. Thomas*, page 242.

Mollie T. Wheeler (care of W. H. and J. J. Wheeler, Finley, Hancock Co., Ohio), would like to correspond with *Minnie Moss* and *Daisy.*

Tempest. Four hours in the water, and "what do I think of that?" Why, I think if you propose to do that very often, that it would be well for you to take final leave of your friends before you go from the city. Ask your family physician what he thinks of it. Your geographical rebus is perfect.

Agnes G. The Cousin about whom you enquire, went out as assistant surgeon in one of our monitors. He came to see me the night before he sailed. I had only seen him once before, but I had heard much of him from those who knew him well. He was nineteen years old, and just as good as gold. He remarked, "if the vessel goes down, it is all 'up' with those on board." My heart was very tender about those days towards our sailor and soldier boys, and when he bade me good-by, I longed to "kiss him for his mother," but for various reasons I refrained. When I heard that the vessel and all on board had gone down, I wished I had kissed him good-by. You were right about "the initials."

Thanks for enigmas, etc., to Rustic, Philadelphia, Summer Sky, Wilks, Agatha Pearl, Tempest, Hero, Monsieur, Myron, Empire State, Audax, Ben, Pinkie, and Freshman.

Remarks.

Will those who make and send us hieroglyphic rebuses, first read the "remarks" on page 242? The picture of a girl does not stand for "her," any more than the picture of a rhinoceros would stand for "it."

I have a book in which I am preserving the signatures of my Merry correspondents. Will those who write to me in future, sign their names neatly, in a small compass, and in such a position that I can conveniently cut them out?

Now, children, Attention!

The following misspelled words have been sent to me, and I want the owners to reclaim and correct them: — "Discription — vegiteble — unctious — compleate — asortement — ocupation — consearning — untill — truely — wich — reseive" and "neice." If some of the puzzlers only knew what a story they tell when they hope their puzzles will be "excepted" (instead of "accepted"), I think they would be astonished.

Concerning the Prize Puzzle.

1. "Can we use words that are in use, but not in the dictionary?"

No.

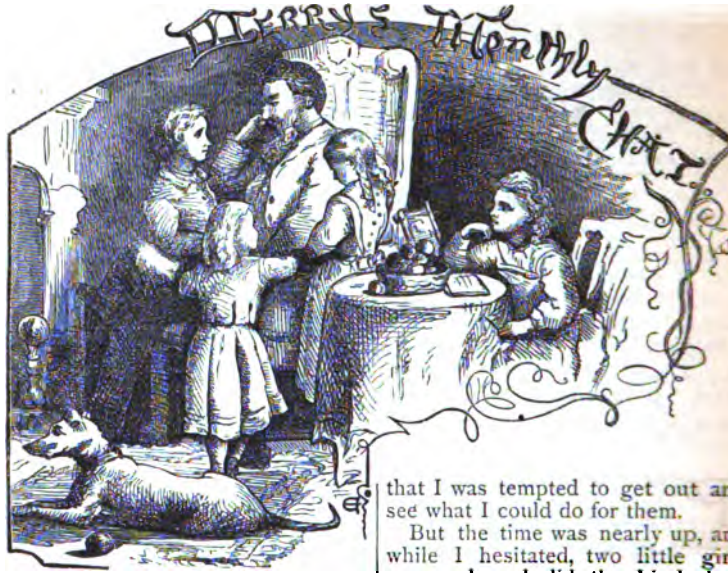
2. "Can we use the nicknames of boys and girls?"

Not unless they are in Worcester's or Webster's Dictionary.

3. "Must the geographical names be found in the dictionary?"

Yes; there are enough there for all practical purposes.

The lists for competition must reach me by the 15th of November. No additions or alterations can be made to any list after that date.



ONE of the pleasant things we saw on our late journey was a glimpse of two little Sisters of Charity.

Somewhere above Fitchburg, as we stopped for twenty minutes at a station, I amused myself by looking out of window at a pretty waterfall which came tumbling over the rocks, and spread into a wide pool that flowed up to the railway. Close by stood a cattle-train, and the mournful sounds that came from it, touched my heart. Full in the hot sun stood the cars, and every crevice of room between the bars across the doorways was filled with pathetic noses, sniffing eagerly at the sultry gusts that blew by, with now and then a fresher breath from the pool that lay dimpling before them. How they must have suffered, in sight of water, with the cool dash of the fall tantalizing them, and not a drop to wet their poor parched mouths. The cows lowed dismally, and the sheep tumbled one over the other, in their frantic attempts to reach the blessed air, bleating so plaintively the while, that I was tempted to get out and see what I could do for them.

But the time was nearly up, and while I hesitated, two little girls appeared, and did the kind deed much better than I could have done it.

I couldn't hear what they said; but their friendly little faces grew quite lovely to me, in spite of the tan, the old hats, the bare feet, and shabby gowns, as they worked away so heartily. One pulled off her apron, spread it on the grass, and emptying the berries from her pail upon it, ran to the pool and returned with it dripping, to hold it up to the suffering sheep, who stretched their hot tongues gratefully to meet it, and lapped the precious water with an eagerness that made little Barefoot's task a hard one. But to and fro she ran, never tired, though the small pail was so soon empty; and her friend meantime, pulled great handfuls of clover and grass for the cows, and having no pail, filled her "picking-dish" with water to throw on the poor dusty noses appealing to her through the bars.

I wish I could have told those tender-hearted children how beautiful their compassion made that hot, noisy place, and what a sweet picture I took away with me of those two little Sisters of Charity.

"It would have been a triumphant descent, if a big dog had not bounced suddenly through one of the openings."

DRAWN BY HARLEY.] [See "An Old-Fashioned Girl," p. 444.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

IV.

MAKING SUNSHINE.

"IT'S so wainy, I can't go out, and evwybody is so cwoss they won't play with me," said Maud, when Polly found her fretting on the stairs, and paused to ask the cause of her wails.

"I'll play with you; only, don't scream and wake your mother. What shall we play?"

"I don't know; I'm tired of evwything, 'cause my toys are all bwoken, and my dolls are all sick but Clawa," moaned Maud, giving a jerk to the Paris doll which she held upside-down by one leg in the most unmaternal manner.

"I'm going to dress a dolly for my little sister; wouldn't you like to see me do it?" asked Polly, persuasively, hoping to beguile the cross child and finish her own work at the same time.

"No, I shouldn't, 'cause she'll look nicer than my Clawa. Her clothes won't come off; and Tom spoilt 'em playing ball with her in the yard."

"Wouldn't you like to rip these clothes off, and have me show you how to make some new ones, so you can dress and undress Clara as much as you like?"

"Yes; I love to cut." And Maud's face brightened; for destructiveness is one of the earliest traits of childhood, and ripping was Maud's delight.

Establishing themselves on the rug in the deserted dining-room, the children fell to work; and, when Fanny discovered them, Maud was laughing with all her heart at poor Clara, who, denuded of her finery, was cutting up all sorts of capers in the hands of her merry little mistress.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to play with dolls, Polly. I haven't touched one this ever so long," said Fanny, looking down with a superior air.

"I ain't ashamed, for it keeps Maud happy, and will please my sister Minnie; and I think sewing is better than prinking or reading silly novels, so, now." And Polly stitched away with a resolute air, for she and Fanny had had a little tiff, because Polly wouldn't let her friend do up her hair "like other folks," and bore her ears.

"Don't be cross, dear, but come and do something nice, it's so dull today," said Fanny, anxious to be friends again, for it was doubly dull without Polly.

"Can't; I'm busy."

"You always *are* busy. I never saw such a girl. What in the world do you find to do all the time?" asked Fanny, watching with interest the set of the little red merino frock Polly was putting on to her doll.

"Lots of things; but I like to be lazy sometimes as much as you do; just lie on the sofa, and read fairy stories, or think about nothing. Would you have a white-muslin apron or a black silk?" added Polly, surveying her work with satisfaction.

"Muslin, with pockets and tiny blue bows. I'll show you how." And forgetting her late contempt for dolls, down went Fanny, soon getting as much absorbed as either of the others.

The dull day brightened wonderfully after that, and the time flew pleasantly, as tongues and needles went together. Grandma peeped in, and smiled at the busy group, saying, "I've found my little girls again. Sew away, my dears; dollies are safe companions, and needlework an accomplishment that's sadly neglected nowadays. Small stitches, Maud; neat buttonholes, Fan; cut carefully, Polly, and don't waste your cloth. Take pains; and the best needlewoman shall have a pretty bit of white satin for a doll's bonnet."

Fanny exerted herself, and won the prize, for Polly helped Maud, and neglected her own work; but she didn't care much, for Mr. Shaw said, looking at the three bright faces at the tea-table, "I guess Polly has been making sunshine for you, today."

"No, indeed, sir. I haven't done anything, only dress Maud's doll."

And Polly didn't think she *had* done much; but it was one of the little things which are always waiting to be done in this world of ours, where rainy days come so often, where spirits get out of tune, and duty won't go hand in hand with pleasure. Little things of this sort are especially good work for little people; a kind little thought, an unselfish little act, a cheery little word, are so sweet

and comfortable, that no one can fail to feel their beauty and love the giver, no matter how small they are. Mothers do a deal of this sort of thing, unseen, unthanked, but felt and remembered long afterward, and never lost, for this is the simple magic that binds hearts together, and keeps home happy. Polly had learned this secret. She loved to do the "little things" that others did not see, or were too busy to stop for; and while doing them, without a thought of thanks, she made sunshine for herself as well as others. There was so much love in her own home, that she quickly felt the want of it in Fanny's home, and puzzled herself to find out why these people were not kind and patient to one another. She did not try to settle the question, but did her best to love and serve and bear with each; and the good will, the gentle heart, the helpful ways and simple manners of our Polly made her dear to every one, for these virtues, even in a little child, are lovely and attractive.

Mr. Shaw was very kind to her, for he liked her modest, respectful manners; and Polly was so grateful for his many favors, that she soon forgot her fear, and showed her affection in all sorts of confiding little ways, which pleased him extremely. She used to walk across the park with him when he went to his office in the morning, talking busily all the way, and saying "Good-by," with a nod and a smile when they parted at the great gate. At first, Mr. Shaw did not care much about it; but soon he missed her if she didn't come, and found that something fresh and pleasant seemed to brighten all his day, if a small, gray-coated figure, with an intelligent face, a merry voice, and a little hand slipped confidingly into his, went with him through the wintry park. Coming home late, he liked to see a curly, brown head watching at the window; to find his slippers ready, his paper in its place, and a pair of willing feet, eager to wait upon him. "I wish my Fanny was more like her," he often said to himself, as he watched the girls, while they thought him deep in politics or the state of the money-market. Poor Mr. Shaw had been so busy getting rich, that he had not found time to teach his children to love him; he was more at leisure now, and as his boy and girls grew up, he missed something. Polly was unconsciously showing him what it was, and making child-love so sweet, that he felt he could not do without it any more, yet didn't quite know how to win the confidence of the children, who had always found him busy, indifferent, and absent-minded.

As the girls were going to bed, one night, Polly kissed grandma, as usual, and Fanny laughed at her, saying, "What a baby you are! We are too old for such things now."

"I don't think people *ever* are too old to kiss their fathers and mothers," was the quick answer.

"Right, my little Polly;" and Mr. Shaw stretched out his hand to her with such a kindly look, that Fanny stared surprised, and then said, shyly, "I thought you didn't care about it, father."

"I do, my dear." And Mr. Shaw put out the other hand to Fanny, who gave him a daughterly kiss, quite forgetting everything but the tender feeling that sprung up in her heart at the renewal of the childish custom which we never need outgrow.

Mrs. Shaw was a nervous, fussy invalid, who wanted something every five minutes; so, Polly found plenty of small things to do for her, and did them so cheerfully, that the poor lady loved to have the quiet, helpful little soul near her, to wait upon her, read to her, run errands, or hand the seven different shawls which were continually being put on or off.

Grandma too, was glad to find willing hands and feet to serve her; and Polly passed many happy hours in the quaint rooms, learning all sorts of pretty arts, and listening to pleasant chat, never dreaming how much sunshine she brought to the solitary old lady.

Tom was Polly's rock ahead for a long time, because he was always breaking out in a new place, and one never knew where to have him. He tormented yet amused her; was kind one day, and a bear the next; at times, she fancied he was never going to be bad again, and the next thing she knew, he was deep in mischief, and hooted at the idea of repentance and reformation. Polly gave him up as a hard case; but was so in the habit of helping any one who seemed in trouble, that she was good to him simply because she couldn't help it.

"What's the matter? Is your lesson too hard for you?" she asked, one evening, as a groan made her look across the table to where Tom sat scowling over a pile of dilapidated books, with his hands in his hair, as if his head was in danger of flying asunder with the tremendous effort he was making.

"Hard! Guess it is. What in thunder do I care about the old Carthagenians? Regulus wasn't bad; but I'm sick of him!" And Tom dealt "Harkness's Latin Reader" a thump, which expressed his feelings better than words.

"I like Latin, and used to get on well when I studied it with Jimmy. Perhaps I can help you a little bit," said Polly, as Tom wiped his hot face and refreshed himself with a peanut.

"You? Pooh! girls' Latin don't amount to much, any way," was the grateful reply.

But Polly was used to him now, and nothing daunted, took a look at the grimy page in the middle of which Tom had stuck. She read it so well, that the young gentleman stopped munching to regard her with respectful astonishment, and when she stopped, he said, suspiciously, "You are a sly one, Polly, to study up so you can show off before me. But it won't do, ma'am; turn over a dozen pages, and try again."

Polly obeyed, and did even better than before, saying, as she looked up, with a laugh, "I've been through the whole book; so you won't catch me that way, Tom."

"I say, how came you to know such a lot?" asked Tom, much impressed.

"I studied with Jimmy, and kept up with him, for father let us be together in all our lessons. It was so nice, and we learned so fast!"

"Tell about Jimmy. He's your brother, isn't he?"

"Yes; but he's dead, you know. I'll tell about him some other time; you ought to study now, and perhaps I can help you," said Polly, with a little quiver of the lips.

"Shouldn't wonder if you could." And Tom spread the book between them with a grave and businesslike air, for he felt that Polly had got the better of him, and it behooved him to do his best for the honor of his sex. He went at the lesson with a will, and soon floundered out of his difficulties, for Polly gave him a lift here and there, and they went on swimmingly, till they came to some rules to be learned. Polly had forgotten them, so they both committed them to memory;—Tom, with hands in his pockets, rocked to and fro, muttering rapidly, while Polly twisted the little curl on her forehead and stared at the wall, gabbling with all her might.

"Done!" cried Tom, presently.

"Done!" echoed Polly; and then they heard each other recite till both were perfect.

"That's pretty good fun," said Tom, joyfully, tossing poor Harkness away, and feeling that the pleasant excitement of companionship could lend a charm even to Latin Grammar.

"Now, ma'am, we'll take a turn at algi*bb*era. I like that as much as I hate Latin."

Polly accepted the invitation, and soon owned that Tom could beat her here. This fact restored his equanimity; but he didn't crow over her, far from it; for he helped her with a paternal patience that made her eyes twinkle with suppressed fun, as he soberly explained and illustrated, unconsciously imitating Dominie Birch, till Polly found it difficult to keep from laughing in his face.

"You may have another go at it any time you like," generously remarked Tom, as he shied the Algebra after the Latin Reader.

"I'll come every evening, then. I'd like to, for I haven't studied a bit since I came. You shall try and make me like algebra, and I'll try and make you like Latin; will you?"

"Oh, I'd like it well enough, if there was any one to explain it to me. Old Birch puts us through double-quick, and don't give a fellow time to ask questions when we read."

"Ask your father; he knows."

"Don't believe he does; shouldn't dare to bother him if he did."

"Why not?"

"He'd pull my ears, and call me 'a stupid,' or tell me not to worry him."

"I don't think he would. He's very kind to me, and I ask lots of questions."

"He likes you better than he does me."

"Now, Tom!—it's wrong of you to say so. Of course, he loves you ever so much more than he does me," cried Polly, reprovingly.

"Why don't he show it, then?" muttered Tom, with a half-wistful, half-defiant glance toward the library-door, which stood ajar.

"You act so, how can he?" asked Polly, after a pause in which she put Tom's question to herself, and could find no better reply than the one she gave him.

"Why don't he give me my velocipede? He said, if I did well at school for a month, I should have it; and I've been pegging away like fury for most six weeks, and he don't do a thing about it. The girls get their duds, because they tease. I won't do that, any way; but you don't catch me studying myself to death, and no pay for it."

"It is too bad; but you ought to do it because it's right, and never mind being paid," began Polly, trying to be moral, but secretly sympathizing heartily with poor Tom.

"Don't you preach, Polly. If the governor took any notice of me, and cared how I got on, I wouldn't mind the presents so much; but he don't care a hang, and never even asked if I did well last declamation-day, when I'd gone and learned 'The Battle of Lake Regillus,' because he said he liked it."

"O Tom! Did you say that? It's splendid! Jim and I used to say Horatius together, and it was *such* fun. Do speak your piece to me, I do so like 'Macaulay's Lays.'"

"It's dreadful long," began Tom; but his face brightened, for Polly's interest soothed his injured feelings, and he was glad to prove his elocutionary powers. He began without much spirit; but soon the martial ring of the lines fired him, and before he knew it, he was on his legs thundering away in grand style, while Polly listened with kindling face and absorbed attention. Tom did declaim well, for he quite forgot himself, and delivered the stirring ballad with an energy that made Polly flush and tingle with admiration and delight, and quite electrified a second listener, who had heard all that went on, and watched the little scene from behind his newspaper.

As Tom paused, breathless, and Polly clapped her hands enthusiastically, the sound was loudly echoed from behind him. Both whirled round, and there was Mr. Shaw, standing in the doorway, applauding with all his might.

Tom looked much abashed, and said not a word; but Polly ran to Mr. Shaw, and danced before him, saying, eagerly, "Wasn't it splendid? Didn't he do it well? Mayn't he have his velocipede now?"

"Capital, Tom; you'll be an orator yet. Learn another piece like that, and I'll come and hear you speak it. Are you ready for your velocipede, hey?"

Polly was right; and Tom owned that "the governor" *was* kind, did like him, and hadn't entirely forgotten his promise. The boy turned red with pleasure, and picked at the buttons on his jacket, while listening to this unexpected praise; but when he spoke, he looked straight up in his father's face, while his own shone with pleasure, as he answered, all in one breath, "Thanky, sir. I'll do it, sir. Guess I am, sir!"

"Very good; then look out for your new horse, tomorrow, sir."

And Mr. Shaw stroked the fuzzy red head with a kind hand, feeling a fatherly pleasure in the conviction that there *was* something in his boy after all.

Tom got his velocipede next day, named it Black Auster, in memory of the horse in "The Battle of Lake Regillus," and came to grief as soon as he began to ride his new steed.

"Come out and see me go it," whispered Tom to Polly, after three days' practice in the street, for he had already learned to ride in the rink.

Polly and Maud willingly went, and watched his struggles with deep interest, till he got an upset, which nearly put an end to his velocipeding forever.

"Hi, there! Auster's coming!" shouted Tom, as he came rattling down the long, steep street outside the park.

They stepped aside, and he whizzed by, arms and legs going like mad, and the general appearance of a runaway engine. It would have been a triumphant descent, if a big dog had not bounced suddenly through one of the openings, and sent the whole concern helter-skelter into the gutter. Polly laughed as she ran to view the ruin, for Tom lay flat on his back with the velocipede atop of him, while the big dog barked wildly, and his master scolded him for his awkwardness. But when she saw Tom's face Polly was frightened, for the color had all gone out of it, his eyes looked strange and dizzy, and drops of blood began to trickle from a great cut on his forehead. The man saw it, too, and had him up in a minute; but couldn't stand, and stared about him in a dazed sort of way, as he sat on the curbstone, while Polly held her handkerchief to his forehead, and pathetically begged to know if he was killed.

"Don't scare mother — I'm all right. Got upset, didn't I?" he asked, presently, eyeing the prostrate velocipede with more anxiety about its damages than his own.

"I knew you'd hurt yourself with that horrid thing. Just let it be, and come home, for your head bleeds dreadfully, and everybody is looking at us," whispered Polly, trying to tie the little handkerchief over the ugly cut.

"Come on, then. Jove! how queer my head feels! Give us a boost, please. Stop howling, Maud, and come home. You bring the machine, and I'll pay you, Pat." As he spoke, Tom slowly picked himself up, and steadying himself by Polly's shoulder, issued his commands, and the procession fell into line. First,

the big dog, barking at intervals; then the good-natured Irishman, trundling "that divil of a whirligig," as he disrespectfully called the idolized velocipede; then the wounded hero, supported by the faithful Polly; and Maud brought up the rear in tears, bearing Tom's cap.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Shaw was out driving with grandma, and Fanny was making calls; so, that there was no one but Polly to stand by poor Tom, for the parlormaid turned faint at the sight of blood, and the chambermaid lost her wits in the flurry. It was a bad cut, and must be sewed up at once, the doctor said, as soon as he came. "Somebody must hold his head," added the doctor, as he threaded his queer little needle.

"I'll keep still; but if anybody must hold me, let Polly. You ain't afraid, are you?" asked Tom, with an imploring look, for he didn't like the idea of being sewed a bit.

Polly was just going to shrink away, saying, "Oh, I can't!" when she remembered that Tom once called her a coward. Here was a chance to prove that she wasn't; besides, poor Tom had no one else to help him; so she came up to the sofa where he lay, and nodded reassuringly, as she put a soft little hand on either side of the damaged head.

"You are a trump, Polly," whispered Tom; then he set his teeth, clenched his hands, lay quite still, and bore it like a man. It was all over in a minute or two, and when he had had a glass of wine, and was nicely settled on his bed, he felt pretty comfortable, in spite of the pain in his head; and being ordered to keep quiet, he said, "Thank you ever so much, Polly," and watched her with a grateful face as she crept away. He had to keep the house for a week, and laid about looking very interesting with a great black patch on his forehead. Every one petted him; for the doctor said, that if the blow had been an inch nearer the temple, it would have been fatal, and the thought of losing him so suddenly made bluff old Tom very precious all at once. His father asked him how he was a dozen times a day; his mother talked continually of "that dear boy's narrow escape;" grandma cockered him up with every delicacy she could invent; and the girls waited on him like devoted slaves. This new treatment had an excellent effect; for, when neglected Tom got over his first amazement at this change of base, he blossomed out delightfully, as sick people do sometimes, and surprised his family by being unexpectedly patient, grateful, and amiable. Nobody ever knew how much good it did

him; for boys seldom have confidences of this sort, except with their mothers, and Mrs. Shaw had never found the key to her son's heart. But a little seed was sowed then that took root, and though it grew very slowly, it came to something in the end. Perhaps Polly helped it a little. Evening was his hardest time, for want of exercise made him as restless and nervous as it was possible for a hearty lad to be on such a short notice. He couldn't sleep, so the girls amused him;—Fanny played and read aloud; Polly sung, and told stories; and did the latter so well, that it got to be a regular thing for her to begin as soon as twilight came, and Tom was settled in his favorite place on grandma's sofa.

"Fire away, Polly," said the young sultan, one evening, as his little Scheherazade sat down in her low chair, after stirring up the fire till the room was bright with its ruddy glow.

"I don't feel like stories tonight, Tom. I've told all I know, and can't make up any more," answered Polly, leaning her head on her hand with a sorrowful look that Tom had never seen before. He watched her a minute, and then asked, curiously, "What were you thinking about, just now, when you sat staring at the fire, and getting soberer and soberer every minute?"

"I was thinking about Jim."

"Would you mind telling about him? You know, you said you would some time; but don't, if you'd rather not," said Tom, lowering his rough voice respectfully.

"I like to talk about him; but there isn't much to tell," began Polly, grateful for his interest. "Sitting here with you reminded me of the way I used to sit with him when he was sick. We used to have such happy times, and it's so pleasant to think about them now."

"He was awfully good, wasn't he?"

"No, he wasn't; but he tried to be, and mother says, that is half the battle. We used to get tired of trying; but we kept making resolutions, and working hard to keep 'em. I don't think I got on much; but Jim did, and every one loved him."

"Didn't you ever squabble, as we do?"

"Yes, indeed, sometimes; but we couldn't stay mad, and always made it up again as soon as we could. Jim used to come round first, and say, 'All serene, Polly,' so kind and jolly, that I couldn't help laughing and being friends right away."

"Did he know a lot?"

"Yes; I think he did, for he liked to study, and wanted to get

on, so he could help father. People used to call him a fine boy, and I felt so proud to hear it; but they didn't know half how wise he was, because he didn't show off a bit. I suppose sisters always are grand of their brothers; but I don't believe many girls had as much right to be as I had."

"Most girls don't care two pins about their brothers; so, that shows you don't know much about it."

"Well, they ought to, if they don't; and they would, if the boys were as good to them as Jimmy was to me."

"Why, what did he do?"

"Loved me dearly, and wasn't ashamed to show it," cried Polly, with a sob in her voice, that made her answer very eloquent.

"What made him die, Polly?" asked Tom, soberly, after a little pause.

"He got hurt coasting, last winter; but he never told which boy did it, and he only lived a week. I helped take care of him; and he was so patient, I used to wonder at him, for he was in dreadful pain all the time. He gave me his books, and his dog, and his speckled hens, and his big knife, and said, 'Good-by, Polly,' — and kissed me the last thing — and then — O Jimmy! Jimmy! If he only could come back!"

Poor Polly's eyes had been getting fuller and fuller, her lips trembling more and more, as she went on; and when she came to that "good-by," she couldn't get any farther, but covered up her face, and cried as if her heart would break. Tom was full of sympathy, but didn't know how to show it; so he sat shaking up the camphor-bottle, and trying to think of something proper and comfortable to say, when Fanny came to the rescue, and cuddled Polly in her arms, with soothing little pats and whispers and kisses, till the tears stopped, and Polly said, she "didn't mean to, and wouldn't any more. I've been thinking about my dear boy all the evening, for Tom reminds me of him," she added, with a sigh.

"Me? How can I, when I ain't a bit like him?" cried Tom, amazed.

"But you are in some ways."

"Wish I was; but I can't be, for he was good, you know."

"So are you, when you choose. Hasn't he been good and patient, and don't we all like to pet him when he's clever, Fan?" said Polly, whose heart was still aching for her brother, and ready for his sake to find virtues even in tormenting Tom.

"Yes; I don't know the boy lately; but he'll be as bad as ever when he's well," returned Fanny, who hadn't much faith in sick-bed repentances.

"Much you know about it," growled Tom, lying down again, for he had sat bolt upright when Polly made the astounding declaration that *he* was like the well-beloved Jimmy. That simple little history had made a deep impression on Tom, and the tearful ending touched the tender spot that most boys hide so carefully. It is very pleasant to be loved and admired, very sweet to think we shall be missed and mourned when we go; and Tom was seized with a sudden desire to imitate this boy, who hadn't done anything wonderful, yet was so dear to his sister, that she cried for him a whole year after he was dead; so studious and clever, that people called him "a fine fellow;" and so anxious to be good, that he kept on trying, till he was better even than Polly, whom Tom privately considered a model of virtue, as girls go.

"I just wish I had a sister like you," he broke out, all of a sudden.

"And I just wish I had a brother like Jim," cried Fanny, for she felt the reproach in Tom's words, and knew she deserved it.

"I shouldn't think you'd envy anybody, for you've got one another," said Polly, with such a wistful look, that it suddenly set Tom and Fanny to wondering why they didn't have better times together, and enjoy themselves, as Polly and Jim did.

"Fan don't care for anybody but herself," said Tom.

"Tom is such a bear," retorted Fanny.

"I wouldn't say such things, for if anything should happen to either of you, the other one would feel so sorry. Every cross word I ever said to Jimmy comes back now, and makes me wish I hadn't."

Two great tears rolled down Polly's cheeks, and were quietly wiped away; but I think they watered that sweet sentiment, called fraternal love, which till now had been neglected in the hearts of this brother and sister. They didn't say anything then, or make any plans, or confess any faults; but when they parted for the night, Fanny gave the wounded head a gentle pat (Tom never would have forgiven her if she had kissed him), and said, in a whisper, "I hope you'll have a good sleep, Tommy, dear."

And Tom nodded back at her, with a hearty "Same to you, Fan."

That was all; but it meant a good deal, for the voices were

kind, and the eyes met full of that affection which makes words of little consequence. Polly saw it; and though she didn't know that she had made the sunshine, it shone back upon her so pleasantly, that she fell happily asleep, though her Jimmy wasn't there to say "Good-night." L. M. ALCOTT.

THE SONG OF THE WILD FLOWER.

I.

IN the great wood, all stately, dark, and deep,
Safe from the piercing blasts of the cold North;
Where ferns spread wide, and velvet mosses creep,
I breathe my little life of perfume forth.

II.

I love the dew, I love the happy sun,
My life is sweet in this old forest's shade;
I love to hear the little breezes run,
That, gossip-laden, travel down the glade.

III.

I sleep so sweetly when the evening comes,
And the cool dew, with soft refreshing stream;
My lullaby the wakeful cricket hums,
And fragrant night-winds rock me as I dream.

IV.

I dream of clouds, whose shadows o'er me pass,
And of the glorious birds that sing and soar;
The little creeping insects in the grass,
So busy gathering up their winter store.

V.

For, in the day, I often hear them talk,
Forever hurrying in their strange unrest;
Sometimes they swiftly climb my slender stalk,
And whisper secrets in my folded breast.

VI.

'Twas yesterday, a flitting wildwood bird
Stooped towards me, on his blue and burnished wing.
Ah, me! how my whole soul within me stirred,
To see him lightly bend and hear him sing!

VII.

A little forest brook beside me flows,
That glances in and out of sun and shade;
He ever sings and babbles as he goes
Upon his dancing way a-down the glade.

VIII.

He often tells me of his mountain home,
And of the glorious ocean far away;
Of mighty ships, and snow-white tossing foam
Which he will see some happy future day.

IX.

My life will end, and I shall one day fall,
And seek my friends and sisters on the ground;
And yet, I cannot think that this is all,
That I shall never more on earth be found.

X.

I think the sun will rouse me from my sleep;
The little brook will miss me, — he will call;
Methinks, that, were my slumbers e'er so deep,
I'd wake, when on my ear his voice should fall.

XI.

Ah! then in garments fresh and bright and new,
From the dark earth I'll spring and bloom again;
In gladness drink once more the evening dew,
And flutter in the breezes of the glen.

MARY BEDFORD.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE BUSH.

SOON after his adventures with Warrigal, Harry Lawson had a tutor to teach him instead of Miss Smith, and when Harry was twelve, his cousin, Donald McIntyre, who was about his own age, came to live at Wonga Wonga to share the tutor's instructions. Harry considered this a very jolly arrangement. Like most Australian boys, he was a very quick little fellow, but he was inclined to be rather lazy over his lessons; and Donald helped him in his Latin and French exercises, and made his sums come right for him, and was just as ready for a frolic out of school as Harry was. Donald, too, had been born in the colony, and so the two boys got on famously together.

One Christmas, the tutor had gone down to spend his holidays in Sydney, and Harry and Donald could do just as they liked. The papers were full of some traces of Leichhardt, the brave Australian explorer, that had recently been discovered, and the boys, of course, had read "Robinson Crusoe" also; and so they resolved to set out on a secret exploring expedition. They determined to go by water, because that would be both more like Robinson Crusoe, and more of a change for them. They were very fond of riding, but still they were as used to riding as English boys are to playing at "foot it," and they had been only once or twice in the "cot" which a North-of-Ireland man, who had come to the station as a bush-carpenter, had finished the week before, that the station people might be able to cross the creek in time of flood, when no horse could swim it or ford it.

One broiling December day — there is no frost or snow, you know, in Australia at Christmas-time — Harry and Donald slipped down to the cot directly after breakfast. They had a gun with them, and caps, and powder, and shot, and colonial matches in brown-paper boxes, and some tea, and sugar, and flour, and three parts of a huge damper (that's a great flat round cake of bread without any yeast in it), and a box of sardines and a can of preserved salmon, that Sydney had given them out of the store, and some salt, and two pannikins, and a Jack Shea (that's a great pot) to boil their tea in, and a blanket to cover them by night, and to hoist now and then as a sail by day. The cot had no mast, but they meant to use one of the oars for that, and they had cut a tea-tree pole to serve for a yard.

They were going up the creek, not down. They knew that the creek ran into the Kakadua at Jerry's Town that way, and, of course, as explorers, they wanted to go where they had not been before. So they shipped their stores, and untied the painter — it was twisted round an old gum-tree on the creek-side — and pushed off from the bank, and began to try to pull up stream. But they could not row nearly so well as they could ride, and at first they made the 'cot spin round like a cockchafer on a pin. They were sharp little fellows, however, and soon got under way, only catching crabs when they tried to feather.

By the time they got abreast of Three-Mile Flat, though, their arms ached; and Harry stopped pulling, as he made out, to tell Donald again about Warrigal, and Donald stopped pulling, as *he* made out, to listen to Harry, although he knew the story by heart. Then they gave a spurt, and then they stopped pulling again, and hoisted their blanket on one oar, and tried to steer with the other; but it was a long time before they could manage this properly. The sail was for ever flapping against the mast — taken aback, as the sailors say — or else the cot was poking her nose into the tea-tree scrub on one side of the creek or the other, as if she wanted to get out of the hot sunlight into the moist shade. Still, it would have been very pleasant if there had not been quite so many mosquitoes; but they hummed over the water in restless clouds like fountain-spray. However, there were native vines, with grapes like yellow currants, twining round the lanky tea-trees, and lacing them together; and the bell-birds kept on dropping down into the scrub, and flying up into the gum-trees, and calling *ting-ting, ting-ting*. It sounded like a dinner-bell, and the boys determined to take an early dinner. They ate up almost all their damper, and all their sardines, and picked their dessert off the wild vines. Then, on they went again; but they had not gone far before they came to what is called in Australia a "chain of ponds." The creek had partly dried up, and they had to pull and push the cot from one pond to another. This was hard work, and not very pleasant work either, for the sand-flies got into the corners of their eyes as if they wanted to give them the blight, and the leeches crawled up their trousers and turned their white socks red with blood. Their heads throbbed so that they could hardly bear to hear the locusts — thousands of them — clattering on the trees like iron-shipwrights hammering, and they felt quite angry when the long-tailed, brown coach-whip bird flew by, making a noise

just like a slave-driver cracking his lash. At last, however, they got into clear water again — clear except for the gray snags and sawyers — and paddled lazily along; listening to the twittering wood-swallows as they dipped their blue wings into the water, and the great, black, sharp-winged swifts screaming for joy as they tacked high overhead. Harry and Donald could not help wishing that the cot (which they had christened the *Endeavor*, in honor of Captain Cook) would dart along of herself like the swifts. It had taken such a time to get her through the chain of ponds, that evening was coming on. Great flocks of cockatoos were circling round their roosting-trees like English rooks, and parrots and lories — their fine green, and red, and blue, and yellow feathers beginning to look very dull and ragged, because moulting-time was near — were taking their evening bath in the shallow water by the banks, splashing it over their heads and wings, and chattering as if they were saying, "Isn't this prime fun?" Presently, the cockatoos lighted on the dark trees, and made them look as if a hundred or two of ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs had been hung out to dry on them; and then the boys thought it was time to find a roosting-place themselves. They pushed the cot into a little bay in the bank, and fastened her to an old black stump, and then they scooped a hole in the ground for a fireplace, and gathered sticks, and lighted a fire. But when they were going to cook their supper, they found that they had lost their flour, and that their sugar-bag had got so wet that there was only a little sweet mud left in it. But that did not matter nearly so much as the loss of the flour. They boiled their tea, and sweetened it with the mud, and after a good deal of trouble they got the salmon-tin open. Harry, who was very hungry, was for finishing the salmon, and what was left of the damper; but Donald said, "No; we must go on allowance — we'll keep half for tomorrow's breakfast, because, perhaps, we shan't be able to shoot anything tonight — that's how explorers manage."

When supper was over, the moon had risen, and the boys went down with their gun, to the creek to see if they could shoot a duck. The dark water was plated in patches with ribbed and circling silver, and, just in the middle of one of the patches, up came a black something like a bottle. "Hush, it's a water-mole," whispered Harry; but before he could point his gun at it, the queer duck-billed thing had gone under again. The boys found no ducks, and did not go very far to look for them. They were tired,

and had had their supper, and were sure of a breakfast. So they soon went back to their fire, piled more sticks on it, and then, snuggling under their blanket, fell asleep. They said their prayers before they fell asleep, beneath the bright moon and stars, and, as they said them, they thought for the first time that they had not done quite right in leaving Wonga Wonga without letting any one there know that they were going.

When they woke in the morning, the sun was up, and the glossy magpies were hopping about the logs, and everything looked cheerful. The boys took a dip in the creek, and boiled their tea, and had their breakfast, and then away they went again in high spirits, although, now they had no food except what they might shoot or catch. The kingfishers in their blue coats and yellow waistcoats were darting backwards and forwards over the water, and the fussy little sedge-warblers were dodging about the reeds, and twittering a little bit of every bird's song they could think of; but they were not worth powder and shot. By noon — they could tell the time pretty well by the sun — both Harry and Donald felt very hungry, for they had a very early breakfast. They began to wish that they had saved some of the salmon for their dinner, but just then the *Endeavor* was gliding between banks that had no tree or scrub, but only tufts of dry coarse grass on them, and Donald saw a bandicoot run out of one of the tufts. Up went the gun to his shoulder, and in a second Mr. Bandicoot had rolled over dead upon his back. A bandicoot is a very big brown kind of rat — nicer to eat than any rabbit. The boys soon made a fire, and baked the bandicoot in the ashes, in his skin; and they relished him ten times more than the preserved salmon. Rat, and tea without sugar or milk, may not seem a very inviting bill of fare, but you know the Delectus says that hunger is the best sauce, and besides, baked bandicoot anybody might like.

Harry and Donald had some more shooting that day. About a mile from the place where they had taken their dinner, they found a break in the creek-bank, filled up with tall rusty bulrushes. They got out of the cot, and pushed their way through the rushes, looking out very carefully for snakes, and sometimes sinking into the slush below the baked upper earth, just as if their feet had gone through a pie-crust, and on the other side they found a lagoon full of water-fowl. Then they forced the *Endeavor* through the rushes — she made a great black steaming furrow in the yellow ground — and launched her down the dry border of the lagoon,

and pulled about in her, popping away in turns, and fancying themselves in Fairy Land. There were two or three black swans cruising proudly backwards and forwards, and fleets of piebald geese, and gray geese, and sooty ducks, and silvery ducks, and chestnut ducks with emerald necks, and musk ducks with double chins and all their bodies under water. It was very funny to see their heads and necks moving about, as if they had lost their bodies and were looking for them. There were coots, too, on the banks of the lagoon, and purple herons and white herons holding up one leg as if they were trying how long they could do it for a wager; and ibises, with untidy tufts of feathers on their breasts, that looked like costermongers' dirty cravats dangling out of their waistcoats; and native companions, great light-blue cranes, lifting their legs out of the mud, and trumpeting, "Look out!" to one another, when the *Endeavor* was coming their way. There were beautiful water-lilies on the lagoon, also, with broad round leaves like shields of malachite, and great blossoms of alabaster, and blue and rose-colored china. The boys, however, were too busy with the water-fowl to look at the water-flowers. They kept on popping away until the moon had been up for some time, and the bitterns were booming in the swamps all round, and the nankeen cranes were stalking about, nodding their white crest-plumes like Life Guardsmen, and croaking, "Now we'll make a night of it."

When Harry and Donald left off shooting, they found that they had fired away all their powder and shot except two charges, and that they had got three little ducks. They made a very merry supper off one, baking it on the lagoon bank, as they had baked the bandicoot, and then they went to sleep by their fire. Early in the morning, just as the laughing jackass was hooting before day-break, Donald woke. The moon had gone down, and so had the fire, and Donald, though it was summer, felt very chilly.

He got up to stamp his feet and stir up the fire. What do you think he saw? An iguana — that's a great lean lizard — sneaking off with the two ducks that were to serve for breakfast and dinner. Donald flung a hot log at him, but it only made the lizard run the faster. Plenty of red sparks were scattered about, but the two ducklings were not dropped.

"Hech, weel," said Donald (he had picked up a little Scotch from his father), "it's nae guid greetin' ower spilt milk;" and he lay down again and slept like a top, until Harry woke him, asking whatever could have become of the ducks? They had to break-

fast on tea alone that morning. They tried to shoot a duck; but they had made the birds wild, and they were very anxious not to waste their precious powder, and so they did not succeed.

When they had hauled the cot into the creek again, they were half inclined to go back to Wonga Wonga, but they determined to go on for one day more.

They looked about eagerly for something to shoot; but everything except insects seemed to have vanished from the creek. On

both sides there were stony ridges with scarcely a blade of grass on them. One landrail ran along the bank, calling out "ship, ship," as if it was hailing the *Endeavor*, but Donald missed it when he fired at it. Harry took the gun then, and said he would try to shoot a fish. He saw something black wriggling about in the water, which he thought was an eel, and he fired and hit it; but it was a snake, and it bit itself before it died. So they were obliged to leave it in the water, instead of cooking it on shore, and getting a dinner as white and delicate as a roast chicken. Still, however, the boys determined not to turn back until next day; and late in the afternoon, they got more fish than they could eat. They came upon a black-fellow's "fish-trap,"—a kind of little mud-hut, thatched with dry grass — and out of it they scooped up a score or two of black-fish, and what they call trout in Australia. They were not very tasty, but the boys enjoyed the little fellows greatly when they had grilled them, though they had no soy. When they had finished their dinner, they rowed on to find the black-fellows' camp, which they knew could not be very far off. The moon had come up again, however, before they reached it. The creek, fringed with shea-oaks with dark, long leaves like lanky tassels, wriggled about there like a snake. Long before the boys got to the camp, they heard the measured tramp of feet and fierce shouts, and when they got there, they saw ever so many black fellows, streaked with ochre, dancing and brandishing their boomerangs and waddies, whilst the "gins" (that's the women) in their 'possum cloaks and blankets, squatted on the ground beating time. Harry and Donald, however, were not a bit afraid of black-fellows. They were generally very friendly in those parts, and often came to Wonga Wonga. But it happened that these black fellows were in a very savage mood. They had been doing a little sheep-stealing, and an overseer had fired at them, and killed one of them; and so they had made up their minds to kill the first white fellow they came across, in revenge. As soon as they saw the cot, they rushed down to the creek, shouting out, "Wah! wah! wah!" and they pulled the boys on shore, and burnt the cot on the great fire they had lighted to keep the "debil debil" away. Then they jabbered for a long time, disputing which of the boys they should kill; and Harry and Donald, brave little fellows though they were, most heartily wished themselves back at Wonga Wonga. All of a sudden, however, a black-fellow held up his finger, and then a dozen of them

put their ears to the ground. It was horses' hoofs they heard in the distance. Then they jabbered again, and all the blacks ran into the scrub, leaving the boys, but carrying off their gun. In a few minutes, up galloped Mr. Lawson and Sydney and a stockman. The boys had been hunted for far and wide; but it was only that day that the cot had been missed, and so a clue found to their whereabouts. Mr. Lawson, having heard that the up-creek blacks were "in a scot," and fearing that the youngsters might fall into their hands, had then started with his little party in pursuit. Of course, he could not help feeling very angry with the young truants, but there was no time to tell them so then. Boomerangs and spears began to whiz out of the scrub, and there was no good in three men stopping to fight with a hundred whom they could not see. So Mr. Lawson pulled Donald on to his horse, and the stockman pulled Harry, and off they galloped; whilst Sydney brought up the rear, firing his revolver right and left into the scrub as he rode away. EDWARD HOWE.

STORIES OF RETRIBUTION.

"Sorrow follows wrong,
As echo follows song,
On, on, forever."

HAVE you ever heard the story of the "Wild Huntsman?" It is a common tale in Germany, and Norway, and Sweden. An honest, but hasty-tempered peasant had a son, who loved hunting above everything. He rose early to hunt, chasing through forests and fields, fording rivers, and climbing the hills. He hunted holidays and holy days; his heart and soul seemed to be absorbed in hunting. When his father became sick, and all hope of his recovery was past, he sent for his son, to gain for himself sympathy and comfort during his last moments on earth, and to give his beloved child his blessing. Instead of coming,—nay, flying to his old father, as a loving and good son would have done, he whistled to his dogs, and started off hunting. The old man, irritated to savageness, weak with illness, and wrung with despair, uttered these dreadful words: "Hunt, then, forever! aye, *forever!*" and expired. This appalling and terrible curse

(so says the legend), clings to the son forever. Through storm and sunshine, by night and day, summer and winter, on, on, the Wild Huntsman must go; often misleading travellers with a glimpse of his phantom horse, or the yelp of his goblin hounds. On, on, forever; no possibility of stopping for a moment; galloping most furiously during violent storms and howling tempests, the curse of his father impelling him on. Sometimes a screech-owl flies before him; but at all times, wanderers fear to meet him, and if overtaken by him, throw themselves flat on the ground, and let him ride over them.

Another legend, of the same nature with the "Wild Huntsman," is called "The Flying Dutchman." Hans Vanderdecken was a good seaman, and an honest fellow, but obstinate and self-willed in all his ways. He was captain of a first-rate vessel, had made a handsome fortune, and when he had completed his present voyage, was intending to settle himself quietly with his family in Amsterdam. He was nearing the Cape, and trying to double Table Bay. The wind was strong against him, and he was swearing most strongly against the wind. When a vessel spoke him, as goes the sea-phrase, and asked him if he meant to weather the cape that night, Vanderdecken, angry beyond all control of himself, swore a terrible oath, adding, "No! though I beat about here till the day of judgment!" And the legend says, he is still beating about on the ocean, and will forever. He is never to double that bay; but goes sailing on, ever against the wind, always anxious to hail every vessel, and ask if only it will carry some letters home for him to Dutchland. Whenever his vessel is seen, a terrible tempest is raging; and the sailors dread to meet it, for the curse which followed Vanderdecken's sin, they think will bring harm and discomfiture to them. There is an account, that, long years after his vessel was supposed to be lost, he begged a ship to take a letter to his sister, with a bank-note enclosed, to buy, as he said, some Brussels lace to make her a high head-dress; and another for his wife, with bank-notes enough to line his house with looking-glasses, that when he returned, she might see forty and more Vanderdeckens, instead of one. And all this happened long years after the notes on the banking-house of "Vanbruchen and Company" had gone the way of all banks in course of time. And yet, he is still sailing on, still longing for the home he will never reach, still begging to send letters to those whose bodies have mouldered away centuries since. On one occasion, it is

said, letters were actually left on board, the captain and crew and chaplain alike afraid to touch them; but, though placed under an enormous piece of iron, a sudden lurch of the vessel in the frightful storm gave it such a pitch, that the very iron slid off, and away flew the letters, like so many Mother Carey's chickens. Soon after, the weather cleared up, and the vessel was on its cheerful way again.

And now, having told these wild legends, let me tell one true story. A clergyman, on coming to a new parish, was appointed secretary to a temperance society. He was earnest to do good, although not intemperate in his way of doing it. Nevertheless, he, with others, offended some of the worst men of the town. These men assaulted in the dusk one clergyman; they put vile placards on the doors and gates of another. But how did one of them show his malignant revenge upon the new-comer? By brutally beating his cow, once, twice, thrice, at intervals of deliberate cruelty. The first, nay, the second time she was hurt, no suspicion was entertained of such wickedness. It was supposed she had injured herself in some unaccountable way. The third time, the poor creature was so disabled in her shoulder, that she could not get up. The clergyman's wife told me she should never forget the almost human look in the poor animal's eyes when she went to carry her gruel. She had scarcely been able to eat anything for some days. It seemed as if the poor creature wished to tell her sad story to those whom she knew were her friends; to those who had always petted and cared for her; to the little children, who had brought her apples and fresh grass, when grass was a rarity; to the little frolicsome girl, who loved dearly to give the good creature a slice of bread or a doughnut; who, once, when a little afraid to approach too nearly, held forth her offering, and drew back suddenly, when Moolly popped her head up as quickly, and tore the rim of the little straw hat entirely off, leaving the crown only on the little one's head, and the straw ring on the horn of the astonished animal. Such a shout of laughter rose from that merry group! But, ah! such a wail of sorrow, when, a few weeks after, the same group found the poor creature dying, and they totally unable to help or comfort her! Though not in the least of the sentimental order, the shocking nature of the murder caused "tears in the voice," when the sad account of her misery and death was given. The market-value of that poor cow was cheerfully made up to the clergyman by right-minded individuals;

but no money, no sympathy could ever atone for the brutal act. But mark the most unexpected sequel. A few weeks after the cow's death, the perpetrator of this cruel deed was seized with fever, and died, and the agonized ravings which escaped him continually, were his cruel actions to that defenceless animal. Previously, he had been scarcely suspected; would probably never have been openly pointed out as the guilty one. But retribution followed close upon his footsteps.

There is a justice which will be satisfied. Let us all strive to remember what a wonderful and beautiful thing is conscience, — the voice of our Heavenly Father in our souls! Had we no other proof of the existence of the All-Holy, this would suffice.

ELIZABETH A. THURSTON.

THE GOLDEN SPIKE!

OUR eagle's pinions are outspread, not folded like the French,
But flies Pacific's railroad through to its remotest trench;
'Twas talked about, and now 'tis finished even ere we say so;
At Great Salt Lake, the brakeman calls — "Change cars for Valparaiso!"

That "laurel tie and golden spike" secure for all the ages
A passway never dreamed about in the romancer's pages;
And brain and bread are hurrying there, when, at the Rocky Mountains,
The brakeman cries — "For Santa Fe and Colorado's Fountains!"

Has Plymouth Rock's Atlantic bed become at last elastic,
And sprung across the continent to mould Sierras plastic?
Its underlying thought *has* leaped; its outgrowth gave this fit way;
And brakemen at Nevada shout — "Change cars to go to Sitka!"

Where shall we stop? How far the end? There is no end for us
Till all the corners of the earth descry our omnibus!
At San Francisco steam may blow; but, onward, passage seeking,
The brakeman calls — "All ready, now, the daily line to Pekin!"

F. V. BULFINCH.

A MARINE MERRY-MAKING.

ARE you going to Mrs. Turtle's, this evening?" asked a gay young Periwinkle of his friend Cockle, as they met on the sands.

"Well, I don't know; what is to be done, and who will be there?" replied Cockle, rather languidly, for it had been a very gay season, and he was decidedly "used up."

"There will be no dancing, for the alderman doesn't approve of it; but there is to be singing, tableaux, and a supper, of course. It's the last night of the season; and, as they are having a farewell hop up at the hotel, we thought we would get up some sort of fun among ourselves. Lovely Lily Crab will be there; the Lobsters, Barnacles, Horse-shoes, and Sea-snails, besides the Mosquitoes, Fireflies, and Water-beetles. I hear there are also to be strangers of distinction, a Flying-fish, a Water-shrew, and Mother Carey's Chickens."

"Hum, ha, well; maybe I'll look in for an hour. I rather fancy Lily Crab; and the alderman gives capital suppers. I'm going to enjoy a weed; so, ta-ta, till this evening."

Young Cockle didn't mean a cigar, but a nap under the sea-weed. Periwinkle took a weed also; and both were so much refreshed, that they were among the first at the party.

The Turtles were a very aristocratic family, for they were both ancient and honorable. Their coat-of-arms was a globe resting on a turtle's back; and so many of their ancestors had been aldermen, it was vain to try and count them. Even their diseases were aristocratic, for they always died of apoplexy or gout. Some people said it was because they were such high livers; but the Turtles insisted that it was hereditary, and couldn't be helped. They were very slow, and rather heavy, but intensely dignified and well-bred. They lived elegantly, gave fine parties, and had one son, who was considered a very eligible young Turtle. It was thought that he would marry the beautiful Lily Crab, the belle of the bay; but she flirted sadly with Oceanicus Lobster, and no one could tell which she would take.

The Turtles had chosen a fine, smooth place on the beach, with a pretty pool near by, for such of the guests as could not remain long out of water. A flat rock at one end was set apart as a stage for the tableaux; and at the other end, the supper was spread.

The alderman waddled importantly about before the company arrived, looking very portly and imposing; while his wife, in black velvet and gold ornaments, sat tranquilly by, and took a little rest before the labors of the evening began. Columbus, the son, was elegantly got up in a new suit of black, with a white tie, and a flower in his button-hole. The moon served for a chandelier; and a party of fireflies had promised to act as footlights when they were needed. The tide was coming in; and instead of carriages, wave after wave rolled up and left its load at the Turtles' door.

The Barnacles and Mussels came first, for they seldom left home, and always got back again at an early hour. Miss Mosquito arrived, full of scandal and gossip, and kept up a perpetual hum in some one's ear, though everybody disliked, and tried to get rid of her. She was a vixenish spinster, thin, satirical, sharp-tongued, and so bad-tempered, that people said her name, which was Xantippe, suited her excellently. A modest little Water-shrew, in Quaker drab, came with the Beetles, who took their places near the pool, being unused to crowds. The Lobsters, always a peculiar family, came straggling in, one by one, in their usual awkward way, and were soon followed by the Periwinkles and Cockles. A party of Petrels came marching in with the Flying-fish, who looked, and doubtless felt, entirely out of his element. The bustle caused by the arrival of the distinguished strangers had just subsided, when Columbus Turtle and Oceanicus Lobster were seen to rush toward the door; young Cockle put his glass in his eye, and Periwinkle sighed. There was a stir among the ladies, and Miss Mosquito spitefully remarked to her Cousin Firefly, "Dear me! what a fuss they do make about those vulgar people!"

"Commodore Crab, Mrs. Crab, and Miss Crab!" announced the servant, and in they came. The commodore had taken part in many sea-fights, and was famous for never letting go when once he had grappled with a foe. But he was rather shy in company, and so was madame; and often, when any one approached to speak to them, they both precipitately retreated backward, so retiring were the dispositions of this excellent couple. The commodore wore his orange uniform, and limped, having lost a leg in battle. Mrs. C. was elegantly attired in green, with red ornaments. But Miss Crab — how shall I paint that lovely creature? She was in snowy white from head to foot, a perfect blond, and car-

ried in her hand an exquisite bouquet of rosy seaweed, the sight of which caused young Turtle to glare at young Lobster, for both had sent bouquets, and Lily had chosen his rival's. Now, her parents wished the young lady to accept Columbus, for he was rich; but she loved him not, for she had given her heart to Oceanicus, who was poor. Still, having been fashionably brought up, she felt it was her duty to secure a fine establishment; and so she tried to like dull Columbus, while she flirted with sprightly Oceanicus. Matters had reached a crisis, and it was evident that something would be decided that very night, for both gentlemen haunted the fair Lily's steps, and scowled at one another tragically.

"I always thought there would be mischief there, for that girl's behavior is scandalous. There was a case very much like this at the hotel last year, and it ended in an elopement and a suicide," buzzed Miss Mosquito in the ear of Madam Turtle, who drew herself up, as she replied, in her most dignified tone, glancing at her son,

"I have no fears in that quarter; such affairs are conducted with propriety in our first families. Excuse me; I have a word for Mrs. Crab."

"If that is a sample of the manners of 'our first families,' I'm glad I don't belong to 'em," scolded Miss Mosquito to herself. "Ah, if I had my way, I'd soon spoil your beauty, miss," she muttered, looking at Lily Crab. And so she would; for this spiteful creature used to delight in stinging the pretty girls up at the hotel, especially their poor dear noses, till they weren't fit to be seen.

The Snails came late, as they always did; and one of them, on being introduced to the Shrew-mouse, began to complain of her servants, as fashionable ladies are apt to do when they get together.

"There never was such a perfect slave to a house as I am to mine," she said. "We see a great deal of company, and things must be in order; but they never are, though we keep ten servants. How do you manage, ma'am? You look quite plump and serene; and here am I worn to the bone, with my worries and cares."

"I come from the brook over the hill, and we country people live much more simply than you city folks. I keep no servants at all, but do everything myself, and bring up my eight children without help," answered the Shrew-mouse, settling the folds of her white shawl with a tranquil air.

"Dear me! how remarkable! But, you see, an active life doesn't

suit me. You have always been used to that sort of thing, I dare say, and so, get on very well. *I* was brought up differently." And with a cool stare, the handsome violet Snail moved slowly away, while the Shrew-mouse and the Beetles laughed among themselves.

"Pray, how came a person who does her own work, to get into our set?" asked Madam Snail of a testy old Horse-shoe whom she much respected.

"Because she is a very charming person, and I advised Turtle to invite her," replied the Horse-shoe, in a tone as sharp as his tail.

"Dear me! what are we coming to?" sighed the Snail, who, being very conservative, disliked progress of all kinds.

"My dear sir, I assure you, it's a splendid investment; perfectly safe, and very desirable," said old Lobster to the alderman, whom he held by the button-hole in a corner.

"Are you the president of the bank?" asked old Turtle, with a shy twinkle of the eye.

"No, sir, not even a director; but I take an interest in it, and if I had your means, I'd invest there, for the safest bank I know is that of my friends Oyster, Mussel, and Company," replied Lobster, who was as deep an old party as ever swam.

"I'll think of it, and make inquiries, and if it's all satisfactory, I'll take your advice, for I value your opinion, and have confidence in your judgment," said Turtle, who considered Lobster an unprincipled speculator.

"Praise from you, sir, may well make me proud. You will certainly be re-elected, and remain an alderman to the day of your death, if the influence and vote of A. Lobster can keep you in place," answered the other, who looked upon Turtle as a thick-headed, easy-going old gentleman, whom it would not be difficult to defraud of his money in some strictly businesslike way.

"It's all right; he'll nibble, and we shall float in spite of fate," whispered Lobster to his friend Hercules Mussel, in a tone of exultation, for the fact was, the bank of Oyster, Mussel, and Company was in a very desperate state, though few suspected it.

Meantime, Miss Lily was driving her lovers to despair, by being extremely amiable to both. She sat on a sea-green sofa, fanning herself with a tiny coral fan, while the two gentlemen stood before her, trying to annoy each other and amuse her.

"Sad affair, that of Bessie Barnacle and young Cockle, wasn't it?" said Columbus, in his slow way, thinking it would please Lily to pity or condemn her former rival.

"What was it? I've been shut up for a week with a sad cold, and have heard nothing," replied the young lady, fixing her large eyes on Columbus in a way that confused him dreadfully in his story.

"Why, you know, she was all but engaged to Phillip Periwinkle, cousin to Tom who is here tonight; but just as the thing was considered settled, Charley Cockle cut in, and they eloped. Her family insist that she was torn away; but I doubt it."

"So do I. Any girl of sense would prefer a fine fellow like Charley, without a cent, to a noodle worth half a million, like Phil Periwinkle," said Oceanicus, in a tone that made the blood of Columbus boil.

"It was a most improper and ungentlemanly thing to do, and no one but a low-born puppy would have done it," he answered, grimly.

"Well, I should say Phil was the puppy, to take a beating so quietly. I consider it a spirited thing on Charley's part, and I fancy Miss Lily agrees with me," returned Oceanicus, with an insinuating smile and bow.

"You oughtn't to ask me such naughty questions," simpered Lily behind her fan. "It was dreadfully improper, and all that sort of thing, I know; but then it was so romantic, and I adore romance; don't you. Mr. Turtle?"

"Decidedly, not that style of it. In good families, such things are not allowed; but it is no more than I should expect of a Cockle," remarked Columbus, with scorn.

"Now, really, my dear fellow;" you ought not to be so severe, when your Cousin Theresa did the same thing, you know."

As Oceanicus said this, he looked straight at young Turtle in the most impertinent manner. But for once Columbus was his match, for he said, coolly, "Old Barnacle vows he will have Cockle imprisoned, if he can find a fit place for such a young rascal, and I advised him to try a lobster-pot."

Now, that was a direct insult, for Oceanicus had been caught in one not long ago, on his way home from a frolic, and would have been boiled if his friends had not gone to the rescue. It was considered a sad disgrace to die by boiling, or to be caught in any way; so the Lobster family hushed it up as carefully as the Turtles did Theresa's runaway match. Oceanicus gave Columbus a look which he long remembered, but said nothing to him; and turning to Miss Crab, as if they were alone, he murmured, regretfully, "My

dear Lily, it must be dreadfully dull for you with no dancing. Won't you let me bring you something to eat? I see they have begun supper at last."

"I was about to take Miss Crab down myself," said young Turtle, haughtily.

"Now, don't quarrel and be absurd about me. I am going to stay here, and you may each bring me something. I could fancy a shrimp, and a glass of briny," said Miss Lily, hoping to soothe the angry gentlemen.

Both rushed away; but Oceanicus, who was always brisk, got back first, and whispered, as he handed the glass, "Remember, after the tableaux."

"Oh, dear, no; I couldn't think of it!" cried Miss Lily, with a little scream. "Now, you may hold my things, while I eat. Be careful not to break that, for I value it very much," she added, as she handed Turtle the fan he had given her. "How sweet they are! I do *so* love flowers," she went on, taking a long sniff at her bouquet before she gave it to Lobster to hold. Then taking off her gloves, she coquettishly sipped her wine; and holding the shrimp in one delicate claw, she daintily picked off its legs, putting them bit by bit into her mouth, till nothing but the tail remained, which Turtle kept as a love-token.

"My dear creature, how miserably you are looking; I'm afraid this gay season has been too much for you. People at your time of life should be careful of themselves," said Miss Mosquito to Fanny Firefly, who was a universal favorite, being a bright, merry little lady.

"I'm very well, thank you, dear, and none the worse for my gayeties. If you can stand a dissipated season, I guess I can, for you are older than me, you know," returned Miss Fanny sweetly, as she walked away with Tom Periwinkle, who shunned "Miss Skeet," as he called her, as if she had been a walking pest, — a flying one she certainly was.

"Poor girl; I'm sorry she is losing her good looks so fast, and getting so sharp and sour. She used to be rather pretty and amiable, but she is quite spoilt, and having neither money nor accomplishments, she will soon be quite forgotten," said Xantippe, with a sigh that said plainly, "If she was like me, now, she'd be everything that was good and charming."

"How are the Horse-shoes getting on, Miss Mosquito?" asked Mrs. Turtle.

"I don't see much of them, they are not in my set, you know. People who rose from mud, and still have relations living there, are not the sort of persons with whom I care to associate," replied Xantippe, with a scornful perk of her long nose.

Now, both the Turtles and Lobsters had connections in Mudville, and so of course were offended by that speech. Old Mrs. Lobster turned as red as if she had been boiled; but Mrs. Turtle never forgot herself, and changed the subject by saying politely, "We are going to have supper early on account of the tableaux; as you are going to act, won't you step down with me and have some refreshment before the rush begins?"

"Thank you, I'm going to supper at the hotel by and by. I'm rather delicate, you know, and I find the things I get there agree with me better than common suppers. I see Mrs. Barnacle is expecting me to come and amuse her, so I must fly." Pray take care and not excite yourself, my dear lady, for you know apoplexy is sadly fatal to your family. You, Mrs. Lobster, are happy in being free from that aristocratic complaint." And with these farewell stings, Miss Mosquito buzzed away, leaving the two old ladies to exclaim angrily, as they settled their cap-ribbons, "Xantippe gets quite unbearable. She is regularly blood-thirsty, and stabs right and left with her cruel tongue. Let us go and have a comfortable dish of tea, my dear; I'm sure we need it."

It was very amusing to see the company at supper; the alderman trying to think of his guests before himself; the young ladies delicately picking at their food, and pretending to have no appetite after taking a hearty tea at home; the young men eating everything they could lay their hands on, and drinking more than was good for them. The old ladies were rather neglected, but made the best of it, and slipped a few trifles into their pockets for the dears at home; while their stout husbands stuffed till they were speechless.

After supper, there was singing, and the Petrels came out splendidly, for they were a glee club, and sung all sorts of sea-songs in fine style, particularly "A Life on the Ocean Wave," and "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep." Miss Mosquito, in a shrill small voice, sang Tennyson's "Blow, Bugle, Blow;" and Mrs. Shrewmouse gave a lullaby very sweetly. Old Lobster, who was a gay fellow, still warbled, "I know a bank," which made Old Turtle laugh till they thought he would certainly go off in a fit; and to Lily's delight, young Lobster's serenade entirely eclipsed young

Turtle's *barcarolle*. After this, the Flying-fish performed some wonderful feats in the pool; and the Beetles were allowed as a special favor to show the young people the new Grasshopper-step which was all the rage.

Then came the tableaux. A row of fireflies made capital footlights; a thick cobweb was the curtain, and two spiders were engaged to work it. Monsieur Hyla, a tree-frog, piped sweetly between the pictures, and everything went smoothly. The first was a scene from "The Tempest." A venerable Horse-shoe was Prospero, and his stiff tail was very effective as the magic wand. Lily Crab was Miranda, and looked lovely as she gazed admiringly at Oceanicus, who played Ferdinand. A Hedgehog did Caliban; a Firefly was Ariel; and the picture was a great success everybody said, but Columbus Turtle.

The alderman himself consented to appear in the next as the Ancient Mariner, telling his story to the wedding guest. His face was wanting in expression, and he was rather stout for the haunted man; but as several members of his family had led seafaring lives, and died at fabulously great ages, he felt it was an appropriate part for him. Young Lobster was the detained guest, and was really fine in the longing look he gave at the bridal train just passing by. Columbus was the bridegroom, and Lily the bride, and very sweet she looked under her veil; while Turtle was absolutely brilliant with momentary excitement.

The "Three Fishers" followed, and was the gem of the whole, for one of the Petrels chanted the words as the scenes were shown. First, the fishers were seen "sailing out into the west" on the pool in large shells. A Jelly-fish, young Cockle, and Tom Periwinkle were the fishers, and the ladies applauded violently, as they rowed gallantly away. Then the three wives appeared up in the lighthouse tower, which was made by collecting the fireflies on the top of the rock, while the Shrew-mouse, Miss Beetle, and Miss Snail, as the wives, looked anxiously out for the boats "that would never come back to the land." The gentlemen quite brought down the house at this, but the ladies thought it "just a trifle flat." The last scene was really thrilling, for the "three corpses lay out on the shining sands," and "the women were weeping and wringing their hands" most tragically. Young Jelly-fish was very ghostly, and the anguish of Mrs. Shrew-mouse so capitally acted, it was evident she had known sorrow. "The Lily Maid of Astolat" followed, for that and the "Fishers" are always favorites at the sea-side. Of course,

Lily Crab was the maid, laid on a bed of splendid sea-weeds in the great rosy-lipped shell which was the boat. In the prow sat a toad, as the faithful old dwarf who steered her down to Camelot, and his ugliness made her beauty more dazzling. On the shore of the pool stood the handsomest Petrel, as King Arthur; another was Lancelot; and a pretty Miss Periwinkle was Guenivere. A good many of the company had not read "Idyls of the King," and hadn't the least idea what it all meant, but they took care to look as if they did, and patted their hands with an approving "very sweet," "quite exquisite." "Really, it does the young people a vast deal of credit." "Altogether *commy la faut*," as old Mrs. Lobster said, trying to be elegant, though she was a very ordinary woman, who could do nothing but make salads, for her father kept a restaurant years ago.

The last one was the "Corsair's Bride." Columbus was the stern papa, and Lily the lovely daughter, both in the Greek costume, and it is easy for one to imagine how becoming it must have been.

This was an acted tableau, for as Haidee lay listlessly on her divan, thinking of the gallant being who had sung under her window one moonlight night, the same gallant being magnificently got up as a corsair burst into the room, followed by his band. Oceanicus looked as dark, fierce, and melodramatic as half a dozen Byrons, and quite electrified the audience by knocking down the stately Papa, exclaiming, "Tyrant, I defy thee! Ha! ha! she is mine!" and rushing from the stage with Lily on his arm.

This thrilling display of tragic power produced round after round of tumultuous applause, and cries of "Lob! Lob!" from all parts of the house. The curtain rose, but no one appeared except Columbus, still on the ground, having been half stunned and wholly bewildered by the attack, that not having been planned before hand. He lay staring blankly, and looking so forlorn, that the wags who had pulled up the curtain, dropped it, and raised him instead. Everybody laughed at him, and praised Oceanicus. The Lobsters quite glowed with pride; the young ladies declared it was "perfectly thrilling;" and the young gentlemen vowed that "Lob outdid himself, by Jove."

By the time the excitement subsided, people began to wonder why the "stars" didn't appear, to receive their honors. But nowhere could they be found, and Mrs. Crab began to look anxious. Some one suggested that they might be strolling on the beach to

cool and compose themselves. A careful search was made, but no trace of them was discovered, till an old Jelly-fish who was lying on the sand informed them that a young couple had sailed away not long before, and that he heard them say, there would be just time to stop at the Reverend Dr. Cod's before they caught the outward-bound steamer.

When this dreadful intelligence was carried back to the party, Mrs. Crab fainted dead away, and the Commodore stamped about, using very strong language. Miss Mosquito triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so;" and every one was much excited

The party broke up at once, and as the last wave left the door, Mrs. Turtle said with a long sigh, "For my part, I'm glad the season's over, that we are done with fashion and frivolity, and can go back to our simple, sensible ways, and live like respectable creatures."

L. M. ALCOTT.

THE COUSINS.

IN the name of goodness, what next? My dainty cousins, who are always so afraid of soiling finger-tips or boot-toes, turned clerks and housemaids!" exclaimed Belle Danforth, coming in upon the two girls busy at work.

No wonder that Belle was surprised, for her cousins were dainty and nice, as she said, and perhaps had never been so employed before. There was a slight expression of contempt, too, on Belle's face as she stood pointing her parasol at Nettie's simple dress and white apron, while she was dressed entirely *a la mode*, from the, few braids of straw and dangling curl upon her head, to the stylish boots upon her feet.

"Why," said Nettie sadly, without noticing Belle's look, "you know, papa has failed, and everything is to be sold; and I begged him to let me help him, and he said, nothing would help him half as much as for me to make a catalogue of these books. Grace wanted to help too, so she is dusting them, that they may be in nice order for the sale."

"La! I shouldn't think he'd trust you to do it, and I'm sure I don't see why he should part with them."

"He knows I shall be careful; and though he didn't tell me so, I know it would have grieved him very much to make out this catalogue. Next to us, I believe he loves his books. Only think, Belle, he began to collect this library when he was sixteen years old, and he has added to it every year as he has grown older and richer; and see what it is now! All these standard works of prose and poetry, and beautifully illustrated volumes of natural history and scientific works; and oh, almost everything. It makes me cry, to think of giving them up."

"Well, you *are* just the oddest people in the world. Father says, he's glad mother isn't like your father, such nonsensical scruples as he has, giving up everything to his creditors before he goes into bankruptcy, or some such horrid thing."

"Why, father says, this is all he can do, and he never could face his creditors again if he didn't give up everything. They will lose a good deal as it is, though mamma says it's not one bit papa's fault, but Mr. Lawton's, who has been speculating."

"Every goose knows it isn't your father's fault, and that is another reason why he shouldn't make a beggar of himself. Father said he would help him manage it."

"But papa don't want anybody to help him manage it. He is going to be honest, he says, and that's all he can do now."

"Well, I do suppose it will be just as my mother says. You'll have to take a flat in the city, or else move into the country; live in a small house, with only one poor drudge of a girl; have cold meat or else these miserable hashed-up dinners half the time; wear cheap clothes, and have red rough hands. Then all the girls in our set 'll give you up. People ain't cared for now-a-days, if they're poor. Mother says money is a necessity, unless one wants to lose position in society."

"My mamma says," said Nettie, roused by her cousin's cool statement of what she could not help feeling was partly a fact, "that our true friends will never desert us, and that we must learn not to care for the notice of those who valued us only for papa's money."

"Well, wait and see how you'll like it all; no stylish-looking dresses, glancing complacently at her new walking-suit fresh from Madame De Vaux' fashionable establishment; no ornaments, no more ten and fifteen dollar boots, — and all because your father will hold on to that old-fashioned notion of giving up everything because he has failed. One must move on with the world, unless one

wants to stick by the way, father says ; and your father always was dreadfully old-fashioned in his notions."

"Cousin Belle," said Grace, who had hitherto been a listener to the talk going on, "was Jesus *very* old-fashioned indeed?"

"Why, you odd child, what do you mean?"

"Because, you know, *he* cared for the poor and suffering, and he taught us to love our neighbors as ourselves. You don't think our old friends will do either, and you want my papa to keep back money from those he owes. So, as you said the other day, 'our set was in the top of the fashion,' I couldn't help thinking that Jesus and those who follow him must be old-fashioned."

"Hear, hear," cried Belle, excessively amused at her young cousin's answer. "So you are to have a strong-minded woman in your family, Nettie, for surely Grace will be all ready to preach by the time she is old enough. Well, I must go now, for I see it's no use asking you, Nettie, to go with me to Madame Bland's, to look at hats. When your work is done, come and see me, and tell me what you are going to do. Good-by; and good-by, Rev. Miss Blake;" and giving her curl a toss with one hand, and her parasol a little flirt with the other, she left the sisters.

Grace vouchsafed no answer to her cousin; but Nettie said "Good-by, Belle, dear," in a tone sad enough to have touched the feelings of one less selfish and worldly than Belle Godfrey. For Nettie felt that though they might meet again and again, it was a real good-by she had said, — a good-by to common tastes and pursuits, a good-by to old habits of intimacy and companionship. One week had made as great a change in Nettie's ideas of life and her duties in it, as it had made in her father's circumstances. Although naturally kind-hearted and unselfish, she had yet heretofore accepted her lot in life as a matter of course, without very much thought of those around her in different circumstances, or if she thought at all, it was with a mixed feeling of pity and wonder how people could live and be happy with hard work to do, plain fare, and common clothing. Now she had discovered that there was something far more important to happiness than outside show and luxury, and her father's distress at the thought of being, however innocently, the cause of loss to others, made her feel that if only once out of that trouble, nothing else would matter much. She had a call upon her energies, too, in her mother's state, who had been entirely prostrated by this sudden change in their fortunes. Still, Belle's words were not without their depressing effect.

Very sadly and slowly she went on with her work, thinking if Belle was so changed by their misfortunes, how it would be with others; while Grace, on the contrary, dusted the books with renewed energy and vigor, and presently broke out with, "I don't like Cousin Belle one bit. I mean to sell the gold cross she gave me last Christmas, and give the money to papa, and put out dolly Floy's eyes, that are just like her's — big, staring black things."

"O Gracie! don't talk so."

"I will, and *do* so, too; she made me boil all up, and now I'm running over, calling me Rev. Miss Blake, when she knows what a little spitfire I am, and that I'm no more fit to preach, or shouldn't be, if I was a man, than our dog Peppercorn. Oh, she's spiteful!"

"You do resemble Peppercorn now, Gracie, I must confess; but we have something better to think of than Belle. O Mr. Graham! I am glad to see you. Papa said this morning he longed to see one person who would tell him that he was doing just right; he has had a perfect shower-bath of remonstrances and regrets for his course, and if he isn't chilled by it, I am;" and Nettie shivered even while greeting the friend of the family, a man as "old-fashioned" in his notions as Mr. Blake.

"Yes, I hurried back from Washington as soon as I heard of your father's trouble, for it is trouble, dears," said Mr. Graham, with his arm around each girl, and Gracie's flushed cheek pressed upon his strong kind hand. "It *is* trouble, and I am glad to see you helping him. Where's mamma?"

"Oh, she's sick; this bad news quite upset her; she's never strong, you know."

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Graham, thinking that the strength that was wanting in Mrs. Graham was more mental than physical. "I am glad she has brave little daughters. You are little to me still, despite your teens."

"O Mr. Graham! this book business is the saddest of the whole; how will father bear parting with them? He almost cried when he told me how to make out the catalogue."

Mr. Graham thought a moment, and then said, "I came back to help your father in some way. Can you keep a secret, Gracie, dear?"

"Wild horses shouldn't get one out of me, not even if I was bound on one like Mazeppa in that dreadful picture," said Gracie, impetuously.

What the secret was time will show, but it evidently gave the sisters great pleasure, for they went on with their work with renewed vigor and cheerfulness. They kept up courage and spirits too, when the trying day came for the sale. Mrs. Graham had gone with her youngest child, a fine boy of three, to her sister in the country, but the girls begged so hard to stay by papa till all was over, they were allowed to do so, and astonished him by their cheerfulness through the whole of that trying day. The books had been bought in at a fair valuation previous to the sale by Mr. Carleton, one of the principal creditors, so Mr. Blake was spared the trial of seeing these dear friends of his mind and heart knocked off to the careless bid of strangers.

Many articles of value, from association and use, were purchased

by friends and given to Mrs. Graham and the children, among which were Nettie's small piano, one large and two low bookcases, a pretty lounge and easy-chair, and some small choice pictures and engravings.

"Come, Nettie," said Gracie, who was, as Belle had called her, an odd child in some of her ideas and expressions. "Come, the funeral is over, all our grandeur is buried; we have died out of 'our set,' and I want to get papa away to the country. I'm *very* happy considering other people look so mournful, and considering the red hands and poor clothes that we are to have. I never was made for a fine lady. I shall enjoy life in the country, and not being chilled as to my positions, or being obliged to listen to Belle's everlasting, '*they* don't do so and so.' When *is* that — nobody hears, so I must say, JOLLY — secret to come out?"

"Whenever we are fairly settled at Woodbank."

A few weeks later found them quite at home at Woodbank, in a small neatly furnished house, with but little except the gifts of their friends to remind them of former wealth and luxury. Mr. Blake was cheerful in the consciousness of having done all in his power towards discharging his debts, and in the prospect of business for the future, which in time would enable him to become once more a free man in his own conscience, as he already was in law. Even Mrs. Blake could not be very dull or miserable in the atmosphere of hope and cheer which surrounded her, and with the elevated aid and attentions of her young daughters and the merry prattle of her boy.

"I've met my fate, papa," said Grace, holding up her hands, which did look as if they had seen hard service, one night after his return from the city. "Isn't it dreadful? What would Belle say?"

"But what is the matter?"

"Nothing bad, my dear; but kindness is sometimes as overpowering as misfortune. Nettie, dear, read this aloud," and he handed his daughter a letter from Mr. Graham, expressed in the kindest manner, asking his acceptance of the whole of his valuable library from friends who wished to give them some indication of their appreciation in his noble and honorable conduct. Mr. Carleton's name headed the list, and it was followed by more than twenty of the principal merchants in the city.

Nettie's voice faltered when she came to that part of the letter in which Mr. Graham said, that Mr. Blake must thank his brave girls for the gift, as but for his interview with them in the library,

his friends would not perhaps have thought of returning to him his books, and that in addition, they wished to gratify them in making their father happy, as they had plainly shown that their thought was for him, and not for themselves.

"O papa!" said Gracie, when Nettie had read the signatures of the men who had styled themselves, "with great respect and friendship, unalterably yours." "O papa! I'm so glad, there are so many old-fashioned people in the world, you won't be left quite alone, after all Belle's croaking."

In answer to her father's enquiring look, Nettie gave an account of Belle's visit to them in the library.

"I didn't believe everybody was so wicked and heartless," said Grace; "but I felt very angry indeed."

"Never lose faith in your fellow-creatures, my dear children," said Mr. Blake, "for one of the ephemeral kind like your Cousin Belle, to whom fashion and glitter is life; you will find many like these true friends of your father who have gladdened our hearts by their generosity. But do not make a hero of me. I have done simply my duty. Right is right, and wrong is wrong; and no ridicule or sneers can undermine the eternal foundation of the one, as no amount of plausible and fallacious reasoning can gloss over or conceal the rottenness of the other. For the rest, my so-called misfortunes have already shown to my girls the difference between money as a means of self-indulgence, and money as an aid to others, and an instrument of noble deeds."

F. W. A. P.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

256. Write me with letters three, I am of man
The chief support; I help him earn his bread;
Spell me, and then, believe it if you can,
I'm no use to him till the man is dead.
Whist.

257. I am a word of seven letters: in me may be found (1) a contest, (2) to rave, (3) uncooked, (4) a sticky substance, (5) to turn brown, (6) a small excrescence, (7) a marble, (8) an animal, (9) a preposition, (10) to wish for, (11) pale, (12) a lake, (13) a nickname, (14) an article, (15) walked hastily, (16) dexterity, (17) the stem of a plant, and (18) to caution. (Give the items.)
Rubie Linden.

wins the prize for the August puzzles. Remarks on the award will be found on another page.

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

258. The ——— continually while he builds. (Five letters.)
Keystone.

259. A — caught a — where the sea used to —. *Myron.*

260. I am composed of 18 letters:
My 2, 3, 4, 6, is an animal.
My 13, 14, 16, is a number.
My 8, 9, 10, 12, most boys are fond of.
My 5, 17, 15, is part of the body.
My 1, 13, 11, 8, 7, 16, is what each one of us must be some time or other.
My 18, 6, 15, 3, 5, is kingly.
My own name composes my whole. ——— ——— ———.

261. I am composed of 11 letters:
My 8, 6, 11, 3, 2, is a girl's name.
My 4, 5, 7, 10, is a girl's name.
My 9, 8, 1, is a girl's name.
My whole is a well-read man.
Daisy.

262. My first is an animal; my second is a noise; my third is a verb; and my whole are natives of Africa. *Keystone.*

FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE ITALICISED WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

263. *Burly Pat* came in ———. *J. M.*

264. Cæsar! *Run, bite* the editor of the ——. *Cricket.*

265. I spent my *nice dime* for this ———. *Carter.*

266. *Romans, I deem* you guilty of a ———. *F. F.*

267. *Red nuts and gin* cannot be said to have ———. *Bruce H.*

268. With his customary ——— *Miller sends in a bed.* *F. F.*

269. My first is in April, but not in December;
My second in June, though 'tis not in November;
My third is in January, not in September;
My fourth is in August, but not in December;
My fifth's in September, but not in November;
My sixth is in June, but 'tis not in December;
My seventh's in February, not in September;
My whole is a name that you long will remember. *Wilks.*

270. I rode in my first, one day,
My second to get at the bank;
I stopped at my whole on the way,
And some of my third I drank. *Philadelphia.*

DOUBLE ACROSTIC, IN WHICH THE INITIALS AND FINALS FORM TWO KINDS OF WATER: —

271. 1. A landlady.
2. In time past.
3. A sudden check.
4. To run away. *Wilks.*

272. My first prohibits; my second and third are each articles; my whole is a fruit. *Hautboy.*

273. My first is an animal; my second is a company; and my whole is a portion of land. *Sylvan Grove.*

274. Square the word "F E A R." *Max.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

275. A solemn-looking particle. *Audax.*

276. Order a young lady to favor you with a cavatina. *Z. T. Hedges.*

277. 10, 10, 10. *Hautboy.*

278. Command a joint to expand. *Joe Kose.*

279. 95500200. *Wolverine.*

280. Divide a boat, and leave a myth and a carpenter's tool. *Tempy.*

281. Divide something that partners do, and leave a tradesman, and a heathen goddess. *Neptune.*

☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of November. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

☞ Don't forget that the lists for the prize puzzle close on the 15th of November.

Title of a Book.

282.

283.

284.

Geographical Rebus.

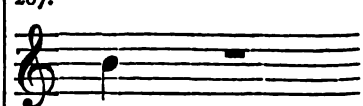
285.

Geographical Rebuses.

286.

Wilks.

287.



Monsieur.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

196. It is never too late to mend.

197. John Dryden.

198. Napoleon Bonaparte.

199. Thomas Erskine.

200. Behemoth.

201. Elegant.

202. Mayne Reid (May nereid).

203. Rant, cant, pant, want.

204. Nightingale.

205. Varlet.

206. *IIII, VIII.*

207. Nettle.

208. Synonymous (sin on a mouse).

209. Hammock.

210. Simulate.

211. Mastodon.

212. Marten.

213. Hippopotamus.

214. Livery.

215. Teutons — sent out.

216. Sauce, cause.

217. Edict cited.

218. Heaps shape.

219. Items, Times, emits, smite.

220. Yawn.

221. Tentative.

222. Cape Ann.

223. Montauk.

224. Learning, not money, will make a man a scholar.

Of the above Puzzles, —

Ixia answers all but 202.

Tempest answers all but 199, 217.

Hautboy answers all but 199, 217.

Audax answers all but 199, 216, 217.

Carter answers all but 209, 216, 217.

Hyacinth answers all but 202, 215, 221.

Tempy answers all but 208, 214, 221.

Pinkie answers all but 202, 207, 212.

Ben answers all but 199, 212, 217.

C. W. J. answers all but 202, 207, 212, 215.

Hero answers all but 202, 212, 217, 222.

Joe Kose answers all but 196, 202, 207, 212, 216.

Chester answers all but 196, 202, 207, 216, 221.

Keystone answers all but 199, 202, 212, 215, 216, 217.

L. M. Entry answers all but 199, 202, 203, 205, 207, 208, 209, 212, 216, 217.

Wilks answers all but 196, 199, 200, 202, 205, 208, 209, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 221.

Daisy answers all but 199, 200, 202, 203, 207, 208, 210, 211, 214, 215, 216, 217, 221.

Cincinnatus answers all but 196, 199, 202, 203, 205, 207, 208, 209, 210, 215, 217, 218, 219, 221.

Hopper answers 197, 198, 200, 204, 206, 211, 212, 213, 214, 216, 220, 222, 223, 224.

Parabola answers 196, 197, 198, 203, 204, 206, 207, 208, 209, 211, 213, 214, 218, 222.

Beckie C. B. answers 197, 198, 199, 200, 203, 204, 207, 208, 209, 211, 213, 214, 216, 222.

Empire State answers 200, 201, 203, 204, 207, 210, 211, 213, 214, 222, 223, 224.

Freshman answers 197, 198, 199, 201, 204, 206, 211, 220, 222.

Pigeon answers 198, 200, 202, 203, 206, 214, 220.

To Correspondents.

Sylvan Grove says: — "A few days ago, I bought the July number of your magazine, and, of course, I saw *my name* in it. I assure you that all the puzzles I sent you were original. I never copy puzzles out of 'Merryman's Monthly;' if I did, I wouldn't be afraid to say so. I think you were a little too personal in answering my letter. Why didn't you publish the whole of it? Yours, etc., Sylvan Grove." I fail to see how I could have "noticed" you, *without* being "personal;" neither do I see why I should have published "the whole of it." Thanks for puzzles received; they are very good.

Hero. I sympathize with you in your struggles. Your answer to 212 ("Camel"), was very nearly right; but you would hardly call a small l "a number." You will be more "mad," I am afraid, when you see the simple solution to 222, and will give a different version of the oft-quoted "O! 'K.'"

Cincinnatus. Walk right in, and make yourself at home; don't wait for introductions. Your puzzles are all good, your letter modest and manly. And I do not say that because you write, "I have read the 'Young Folks,' Optic's,' and others, and thought they were very good; but since I have seen and read Merry's, I will acknowledge that nothing can beat it;" although, of course, I appreciate the compliment.

Allyn. A young lady in Michigan invites you to go there to make maple sugar.

Hyacinth. Your prettily-written list and letter were quite refreshing, and did justice to your name.

Parabola. The girl you describe is just the kind I like. May I have your address?

Rob Roy. The Puzzle-Drawer is open to all. You are welcome.

C. W. J. You cannot leave us yet, you see. In your answer to 207, you have the cart before the horse. I will use it for a new puzzle.

Tempest. In answering words enigmatically expressed, — *e.g.*, 170, — "eat" is in the present tense, and cannot fairly be answered by "ate." Your rebuses are very good (all but "tea-man" for "the"), and are accepted, with thanks. I shall be anxious to hear if you approve of my decision with regard to the prize.

Hautboy. Your generous pleasure at the fact that *Audax* had won a prize, together with many other evidences of unselfishness, make me quite certain of your approval.

Terre. The *idea* of your charade is good; but the metre is shocking.

Agatha Pearl. You have the first name right, but not the last.

Tempy. Thanks for the puzzles; but won't you be kind enough to make a memorandum of the puzzles you send, so that you may not send them the second time? I don't want to run the risk of publishing the same thing twice (as I did in the September number, although the same puzzle had different authors).

C. T. W. Thank you for the newspaper containing the notice of "the most talented scholar of the graduating class." No wonder she won our three prizes.

Fanny Fern Marble. I am very glad to get your letters, and the longer they are, the better I like them. I quite agree with your father in the matter of "twenty or twenty-five." I hope little Hiram is quite well again.

Empire State assures me that he has abandoned the list trial (of the prize puzzles), and rings such changes on the word "list," that I should think he would be "listless" for the rest of his natural life. Thanks for your rebus, *E. S.;* but I am sorry to inform you, that the same thing was already in the hands of the engraver (in a little different form) when yours arrived.

Wilks. Your many favors are fully appreciated. Your first and last geographical rebuses are very good; the second is neither one thing nor another, — neither correct in sound nor spelling. The "Miss" would be proper enough, but very unnecessary. That man must have been crazy, and therefore not responsible.

Geo. H. Wheeler, Findlay (the post-mark said "Finley"), *Hancock Co., Ohio,* wishes to correspond with *Joe Kose, Ben, Hautboy, Eddie, Monsieur,* and *Grasshopper.*

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to Freshman, Chester, Wilks, Magnolia, Pinkie, Hautboy, Empire State, Hopper, Buckeye, Switzerland, Tempy, Hyacinth, Audax, Keystone, Tempest, and Cincinnatus.

Remarks Concerning the Prize for August Puzzles.

I have been hoping some one would send me a complete list of answers, to get me out of the embarrassing position of deciding between the almost equal merits of four competitors; namely, *Ixia, Tempest, Hautboy,* and *Audax.* I have at length awarded the prize to *Ixia.* I will show you the difference in the answers, and let you judge if my decision be a fair one.

Ixia.

199. Thomas Erskine. (Correct.)
202. Everett Angeloni. (Incorrect.)
215. Persians, — spears in. (Unobjectionable.)
226. Sauce, cause. (Correct.)
217. Fiend, fined. (Relevant.)

Tempest.

199. Sir Thomas Keen. (An imaginary person.)
202. Mayne Reid. (Correct.)
215. Teutons sent out. (Correct.)
216. Tar art, broths throbs, gins sign, soup opus. (Only passable.)
217. Cider cried, death hated, adder dared. (Not so relevant as Ixia's answer.)

Hautboy's answers are exactly the same as *Tempest's, minus* "soup opus" and "adder dared."

Audax answers 216 with "gins sign," and 217 with "adder dared." The remainder of the list is the same as *Hautboy's* and *Tempest's.*

I hope the young gentlemen will think my decision just. Were the lists exactly equal in merit, I do not believe they would allow the matter to be decided by drawing lots; their gallantry would be equal to the emergency.

WE have room only for a part of "Blue Bird's" account of a visit to the seaside.

Our destination was reached at last, a *village* of small, rough board houses, situated on a high bank, overlooking the beach. Directly in front is a large rock, one-third of a mile out to sea, and at low tide twenty feet above water. It is much larger and of a lighter color than the surrounding rocks; hence its name, "Old White Horse." Far away to the right is Manomet Point, and on the left hand, is another smaller point; beyond that is the "Gurnet," near where the "French Cable" was landed. On our arrival, "Croquet" was soon put in a flourishing condition; and I do wish "Aunt Sue" had been there to keep "tally," and settle the disputes, for we sadly needed an "umpire."

We enjoyed a beautiful sail, though the boat did rock with no gentle motion; and we were brought ashore in the captain's arms, who feigned letting the young ladies fall into the water, that he might enjoy their little screams, I suppose.

The "ice-cream man" was an important personage to all, and I saw a *gallon* of delicious compound disappear with astonishing rapidity. Vocal music and the game of "Authors" had a fair share of attention during the evenings; but much as all enjoyed themselves, the time soon came when we bade adieu to old Neptune's vast domains, and I returned home, thinking of what my little cousin said, "When I'm a man, I guess I shall live down at the shore."

"M. E." writes to ask, if Tom marries Polly? No; there is no marrying in the story, for the "Old-Fashioned Girl" doesn't believe in nonsense of that sort for children, and they don't grow up. "M. E." does not understand why the story was written, if she thinks it "would be nice to have Polly flirt with Tom;" and we fancy it may do one little reader good if she stops to think, as she turns the pages of what she calls her "dear old MERRY."

IT may be well to acknowledge here the many kind notes from young friends, which we have not leisure to answer separately. We are much flattered by the commendations bestowed, and grateful for the kind wishes expressed. The friendly little letters are not forgotten, and in time will receive a more agreeable reply, perhaps, than the post could bring them.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

V.

SCRAPES.

AFTER being unusually good, children are apt to turn short round and refresh themselves by acting like Sancho. For a week after Tom's mishap, the young folks were quite angelic, so much so, that grandma said she was afraid "something was going to happen to them." The dear old lady needn't have felt anxious, for such excessive virtue doesn't last long enough to lead to translation, except with little prigs in some story-books; and no sooner was Tom on his legs again, when the whole party went astray, and much tribulation was the consequence.

It all began with "Polly's stupidity," as Fan said afterward. Just as Polly ran down to meet Mr. Shaw, one evening, and was helping him off with his coat, the bell rang, and a fine bouquet of hothouse flowers was left in Polly's hands, for she never could learn city ways, and opened the door herself.

"Hey! what's this? My little Polly is beginning early, after all," said Mr. Shaw, laughing, as he watched the girl's face dimple and flush, as she smelt the lovely nosegay, and glanced at a note half hidden in the heliotrope.

Now, if Polly hadn't been "stupid," as Fan said, she would have had her wits about her, and let it pass; but, you see, Polly was an honest little soul, and it never occurred to her that there was any need of concealment, so she answered in her straightforward way, "Oh, they ain't for me, sir; they are for Fan; from Mr. Frank, I guess. She'll be so pleased."

"That puppy sends her things of this sort, does he?" And Mr. Shaw looked far from pleased as he pulled out the note, and coolly opened it.

Polly had her doubts about Fan's approval of that "sort of

thing," but dared not say a word, and stood thinking how she used to show her father the funny valentines the boys sent her, and how they laughed over them together. But Mr. Shaw did not laugh when he had read the sentimental verses accompanying the bouquet, and his face quite scared Polly, as he asked, angrily, "How long has this nonsense been going on?"

"Indeed, sir, I don't know. Fan doesn't mean any harm. I wish I hadn't said anything!" stammered Polly, remembering the promise given to Fanny the day of the concert. She had forgotten all about it, and had become accustomed to see the "big boys," as she called Mr. Frank and his friends, with the girls on all occasions. Now, it suddenly occurred to her that Mr. Shaw didn't like such amusements, and had forbidden Fan to indulge in them. "Oh, dear! how mad she will be. Well, I can't help it. Girls shouldn't have secrets from their fathers, then there wouldn't be any fuss," thought Polly, as she watched Mr. Shaw twist up the pink note and poke it back among the flowers which he took from her, saying, shortly, "Send Fanny to me in the library."

"Now, you've done it, you stupid thing!" cried Fanny, both angry and dismayed, when Polly delivered the message.

"Why, what else *could* I do?" asked Polly, much disturbed.

"Let him think the bouquet was for you; then there'd have been no trouble."

"But that would be doing a lie, which is most as bad as telling one."

"Don't be a goose. You've got me into a scrape, and you ought to help me out."

"I will, if I can; but I won't tell lies for anybody!" cried Polly, getting excited.

"Nobody wants you to. Just hold your tongue, and let me manage."

"Then I'd better not go down," began Polly, when a stern voice from below called, like Bluebeard, "Girls, are you coming down?"

"Yes, sir," answered a meek voice; and Fanny clutched Polly, whispering, "You *must* come; I'm frightened out of my wits when he speaks like that. Stand by me, Polly; there's a dear."

"I will," whispered "sister Ann;" and down they went with fluttering hearts.

Mr. Shaw stood on the rug, looking rather grim; the bouquet lay on the table, and beside it a note, directed to "Frank Moore, Esq.," in a very decided hand, with a fierce-looking flourish after

the "Esq." Pointing to this impressive epistle, Mr. Shaw said, knitting his black eyebrows as he looked at Fanny, "I'm going to put a stop to this nonsense at once; and if I see any more of it, I'll send you to school in a Canadian convent."

This awful threat quite took Polly's breath away; but Fanny had heard it before, and having a temper of her own, said, pertly, "I'm sure, I haven't done anything so very dreadful. I can't help it if the boys send me philopena presents, as they do to the other girls."

"There was nothing about philopenas in the note. But that's not the question. I forbid you to have anything to do with this Moore. He's not a boy, but a fast fellow, and I won't have him about. You knew this, and yet disobeyed me."

"I hardly ever see him," began Fanny.

"Is that true?" asked Mr. Shaw, turning suddenly to Polly.

"Oh, please, sir, don't ask me. I promised I wouldn't — that is — Fanny will tell you," cried Polly, quite red with distress at the predicament she was in.

"No matter about your promise; tell me all you know of this absurd affair. It will do Fanny more good than harm." And Mr. Shaw sat down looking more amiable, for Polly's face touched him.

"May I?" she whispered to Fanny.

"I don't care," answered Fan, looking both angry and ashamed, as she stood sullenly tying knots in her handkerchief.

So, Polly told, with much reluctance and much questioning, all she knew of the walks, the lunches, the meetings, and the notes. It wasn't much, and evidently less serious than Mr. Shaw expected; for, as he listened, his eyebrows smoothed themselves out, and more than once his lips twitched as if he wanted to laugh, for, after all, it *was* rather comical to see how the young people aped their elders, playing the new-fashioned game, quite unconscious of its real beauty, power, and sacredness.

"Oh, please, sir, don't blame Fan much, for she truly isn't half as silly as Trix and the other girls. She wouldn't go sleigh-riding, though Mr. Frank teased, and she wanted to ever so much. She's sorry, I know, and won't forget what you say any more, if you'll forgive her this once," cried Polly, very earnestly, when the foolish little story was all told.

"I don't see how I can help it, when you plead so well for her. Come here, Fan, and mind this one thing; drop all this nonsense, and attend to your books, or off you go; and Canada is no joke in winter-time, let me tell you."

As he spoke, Mr. Shaw stroked his sulky daughter's cheek, hoping to see some sign of regret; but Fanny felt injured, and wouldn't show that she was sorry, so she only said, pettishly, "I suppose I can have my flowers, now the fuss is over."

"They are going straight back where they came from, with a line from me, which will keep that puppy from ever sending you any more." Ringing the bell, Mr. Shaw despatched the unfortunate posy, and then turned to Polly, saying, kindly, but gravely, "Set this silly child of mine a good example, and do your best for her; won't you?"

"Me? What can I do, sir?" asked Polly, looking ready, but quite ignorant how to begin.

"Make her as like yourself as possible, my dear; nothing would please me better. Now go, and let us hear no more of this folly."

They went without a word, and Mr. Shaw heard no more of the affair; but poor Polly did, for Fan scolded her, till Polly thought seriously of packing up and going home next day. I really haven't the heart to relate the dreadful lectures she got, the snubs she suffered, or the cold shoulders turned upon her for several days after this. Polly's heart was full, but she told no one, and bore her trouble silently, feeling her friend's ingratitude and injustice deeply.

Tom found out what the matter was, and sided with Polly, which proceeding led to scrape number two.

"Where's Fan?' asked the young gentleman, strolling into his sister's room, where Polly lay on the sofa, trying to forget her troubles in an interesting book.

"Downstairs, seeing company."

"Why didn't you go, too?"

"I don't like Trix, and I don't know her fine New-York friends."

"Don't want to, neither, why don't you say?"

"Not polite."

"Who cares? I say, Polly, come and have some fun."

"I'd rather read."

"That isn't polite."

Polly laughed, and turned a page. Tom whistled a minute, then sighed deeply, and put his hand to his forehead, which the black plaster still adorned.

"Does your head ache?" asked Polly.

"Awfully."

"Better lie down then."

"Can't; I'm fidgetty, and want to be 'amoosed,' as Pug says."

"Just wait till I finish my chapter, and then I'll come," said pitiful Polly.

"All right," returned the perjured boy, who had discovered that a broken head was sometimes more useful than a whole one, and exulting in his base stratagem, he roved about the room, till Fan's bureau arrested him. It was covered with all sorts of finery, for she had dressed in a hurry, and left everything topsy-turvy. A well-conducted boy would have let things alone, or a moral brother would have put things to rights; being neither, Tom rummaged to his heart's content, till Fan's drawers looked as if some one had been making hay in them. He tried the effect of earrings, ribbons, and collars; wound up the watch, though it wasn't time; burnt his inquisitive nose with smelling-salts; deluged his grimy handkerchief with Fan's best cologne; anointed his curly crop with her hair-oil; powdered his face with her violet-powder; and finished off by pinning on a bunch of false ringlets, which Fanny tried to keep a profound secret. The ravages committed by this bad boy are beyond the power of language to describe, as he revelled in the interesting drawers, boxes, and cases, which held his sister's treasures.

When the curls had been put on, with much pricking of fingers, and a blue ribbon added, *a la* Fan, he surveyed himself with satisfaction, and considered the effect so fine, that he was inspired to try a still greater metamorphosis. The dress Fan had taken off lay on a chair, and into it got Tom, chuckling with suppressed laughter, for Polly was absorbed, and the bed-curtains hid his iniquity. Fan's best velvet jacket and hat, ermine muff, and a sofa-pillow for pannier, finished off the costume, and tipping along with elbows out, Tom appeared before the amazed Polly just as the chapter ended. She enjoyed the joke so heartily, that Tom forgot consequences, and proposed going down to the parlor to surprise the girls.

"Goodness, no! Fanny never would forgive us if you showed her curls and things to those people. There are gentlemen among them, and it wouldn't be proper," said Polly, alarmed at the idea.

"All the more fun. Fan hasn't treated you well, and it will serve her right if you introduce me as your dear friend, Miss Shaw. Come on; it will be a jolly lark."

"I wouldn't for the world; it would be so mean. Take 'em off, Tom, and I'll play anything else you like."

"I ain't going to dress up for nothing; I look so lovely, some one must admire me. Take me down, Polly, and see if they don't call me 'a sweet creature.'"

Tom looked so unutterably ridiculous as he tossed his curls and pranced, that Polly went off into another gale of merriment; but even while she laughed, she resolved not to let him mortify his sister.

"Now, then, get out of the way if you won't come; I'm going down," said Tom.

"No, you're not."

"How will you help it, Miss Prim?"

"So." And Polly locked the door, put the key in her pocket, and nodded at him defiantly.

Tom was a pepper-pot as to temper, and anything like opposition always had a bad effect. Forgetting his costume, he strode up to Polly, saying, with a threatening wag of the head, "None of that. I won't stand it."

"Promise not to plague Fan, and I'll let you out."

"Won't promise anything. Give me that key, or I'll make you."

"Now, Tom, don't be savage. I only want to keep you out of a scrape, for Fan will be raging if you go. Take off her things, and I'll give up."

Tom vouchsafed no reply, but marched to the other door, which was fast, as Polly knew, looked out of the three-story window, and finding no escape possible, came back with a wrathful face. "Will you give me that key?"

"No, I won't," said Polly, valiantly.

"I'm stronger than you are; so, you'd better hand over."

"I know you are; but it's cowardly for a great boy like you to rob a girl."

"I don't want to hurt you; but, by George! I won't stand this!"

Tom paused as Polly spoke, evidently ashamed of himself; but his temper was up, and he wouldn't give in. If Polly had cried a little just here, he would have yielded; unfortunately, she giggled, for Tom's fierce attitude was such a funny contrast to his dress that she couldn't help it. That settled the matter. No girl that ever lived should giggle at him, much less lock him up like a small child. Without a word, he made a grab at Polly's arm, for the hand holding the key was still in her pocket. With her other

hand she clutched her frock, and for a minute held on stoutly. But Tom's strong fingers were irresistible; rip went the pocket, out come the hand, and with a cry of pain from Polly, the key fell on the floor.

"It's your own fault if you're hurt. I didn't mean to," muttered Tom, as he hastily departed, leaving Polly to sob over her sprained wrist. He went down, but not into the parlor, for somehow the joke seemed to have lost its relish; so he made the girls in the kitchen laugh, and then crept up the back way, hoping to make it all right with Polly. But she had gone to grandma's room, for, though the old lady was out, it seemed a refuge. He had just time to get things in order, when Fanny came up, crosser than ever; for Trix had been telling her of all sorts of fun in which she might have had a share, if Polly had held her tongue.

"Where is she?" asked Fan, wishing to vent her vexation on her friend.

"Moping in her room, I suppose," replied Tom, who was discovered reading studiously.

Now, while this had been happening, Maud had been getting into hot water also; for when her maid left her, to see a friend below, Miss Maud paraded into Polly's room, and solaced herself with mischief. In an evil hour, Polly had let her play boat in her big trunk which stood empty. Since then, Polly had stored some of her most private treasures in the upper tray, so that she might feel sure they were safe from all eyes. She had forgotten to lock the trunk, and when Maud raised the lid to begin her voyage, several objects of interest met her eyes. She was deep in her researches when Fan came in and looked over her shoulder, feeling too cross with Polly to chide Maud.

As Polly had no money for presents, she had exerted her ingenuity to devise all sorts of gifts, hoping by quantity to atone for any shortcomings in quality. Some of her attempts were successful, others were failures; but she kept them all, fine or funny, knowing the children at home would enjoy anything new. Some of Maud's cast-off toys had been neatly mended for Minnie; some of Fan's old ribbons and laces were converted into doll's finery; and Tom's little figures, whittled out of wood in idle minutes, were laid away to show Will what could be done with a knife.

"What rubbish!" said Fanny.

"Queer girl, isn't she?" added Tom, who had followed to see what was up.

"Don't you laugh at Polly's things. She makes nicer dolls than you, Fan; and she can wite and dwar ever so much better than Tom," cried Maud.

"How do you know? I never saw her draw," said Tom.

"Here's a book with lots of pictures in it. I can't wead the witing; but the pictures are so funny."

Eager to display her friend's accomplishments, Maud pulled out a fat little book, marked "Polly's Journal," and spread it in her lap.

"Only the pictures; no harm in taking a look at 'em," said Tom.

"Just one peep," answered Fanny; and the next minute, both were laughing at a droll sketch of Tom in the gutter, with the big dog howling over him, and the velocipede running away. Very rough and faulty, but so funny, that it was evident Polly's sense of humor was strong. A few pages further back, came Fanny and Mr. Frank, caricatured; then grandma, carefully done; Tom, reciting his battle-piece; Mr. Shaw and Polly in the park; Maud being lugged away by Kitty; and all the schoolgirls turned into ridicule with an unsparing hand.

"Sly little puss, to make fun of us behind our backs," said Fan, rather nettled by Polly's quiet retaliation for many slights from herself and friends.

"She does draw well," said Tom, looking critically at the sketch of a boy with a pleasant face, round whom Polly had drawn rays like the sun, and under which was written, "My dear Jimmy."

"You wouldn't admire her, if you knew what she wrote here about you," said Fanny, whose eyes had strayed to the written page opposite, and lingered there long enough to read something that excited her curiosity.

"What is it?" asked Tom, forgetting his honorable resolves for a minute.

"She says, 'I try to like Tom, and when he is pleasant we do very well; but he don't stay so long. He gets cross and rough, and disrespectful to his father and mother, and plagues us girls, and is so horrid I almost hate him. It's very wrong, but I can't help it.' How do you like that?" asked Fanny.

"Go ahead, and see how she comes down on you, ma'am," retorted Tom, who had read on a bit.

"Does she?" And Fanny continued, rapidly, "As for Fan, I don't think we can be friends any more; for she told her father a

lie, and won't forgive me for not doing so too. I used to think her a very fine girl; but I don't now. If she would be as she was when I first knew her, I should love her just the same; but she isn't kind to me; and though she is always talking about politeness, I don't think it *is* polite to treat company as she does me. She thinks I am odd and countrified, and I dare say I am; but I shouldn't laugh at a girl's clothes because she was poor, or keep her out of the way because she didn't do just as other girls do here. I see her make fun of me, and I can't feel as I did; and I'd go home, only it would seem ungrateful to Mr. Shaw and grandma, and I do love them dearly."

"I say, Fan, you've got it now. Shut the book and come away," cried Tom, enjoying this broadside immensely, but feeling guilty, as well he might.

"Just one bit more," whispered Fanny, turning on a page or two, and stopping at a leaf that was blurred here and there, as if tears had dropped on it.

"Sunday morning early. Nobody is up to spoil my quiet time, and I must write my journal, for I've been so bad lately, I couldn't bear to do it. I'm glad my visit is most done, for things worry

me here, and there isn't any one to help me get right when I get wrong. I used to envy Fanny; but I don't now, for her father and mother don't take care of her as mine do of me. She is afraid of her father, and makes her mother do as she likes. I'm glad I came, though, for I see money don't give people everything; but I'd like a little all the same, for it is *so* comfortable to buy nice things. I read over my journal just now, and I'm afraid it's not a good one; for I have said all sorts of things about the people here, and it isn't kind. I should tear it out, only I promised to keep my diary, and I want to talk over things that puzzle me with mother. I see now that it is my fault a good deal; for I haven't been half as patient and pleasant as I ought to be. I will truly try for the rest of the time, and be as good and grateful as I can; for I want them to like me, though I am only 'an old-fashioned country-girl.'"

That last sentence made Fanny shut the book, with a face full of self-reproach; for she had said those words herself, in a fit of petulance, and Polly had made no answer, though her eyes filled and her cheeks burned. Fan opened her lips to say something; but not a sound followed, for there stood Polly looking at them with an expression they had never seen before.

"What are you doing with my things?" she demanded, in a low tone, while her eyes kindled and her color changed.

"Maud showed us a book she found, and we were just looking at the pictures," began Fanny, dropping it as if it burnt her fingers.

"And reading my journal, and laughing at my presents, and then putting the blame on Maud. It's the meanest thing I ever saw; and I'll never forgive you as long as I live!"

Polly said this all in one indignant breath, caught up her outraged book, and ran out of the room with such a look of mingled contempt, grief, and anger, that the three culprits stood dumb with shame. Tom hadn't even a whistle at his command; Maud was so scared at gentle Polly's outbreak, that she sat as still as a mouse; while Fanny, conscience-stricken, laid back the poor little presents with a respectful hand, for somehow the thought of Polly's poverty came over her as it never had done before; and these odds and ends, so carefully treasured up for those at home, touched Fanny, and grew beautiful in her eyes. As she laid by the little book, the confessions in it reproached her more sharply than any words Polly could have spoken; for she had laughed at

her friend, had slighted her sometimes, and been unforgiving for an innocent offence. The last page, where Polly took the blame on herself, and promised to truly try to be more kind and patient, went to Fanny's heart, and melting all the coldness away, she could only lay her head on the trunk, sobbing, "It wasn't Polly's fault; it was all mine."

Tom, still red with shame at being caught in such a scrape, left Fanny to her tears, and went manfully away to find the injured Polly, and confess his manifold transgressions. But Polly couldn't be found. He searched high and low in every room, yet no sign of the girl appeared, and Tom began to get anxious. "She can't have run away home, can she?" he said to himself, as he paused before the hat-tree. There was the little round hat, and Tom gave it a remorseful smooth, remembering how many times he had tweaked it half off, or poked it over poor Polly's eyes. "Maybe she's gone down to the office, to tell pa. 'Tisn't a bit like her, though. Any way, I'll take a look round the corner."

Eager to get his boots, Tom pulled open the door of a dark closet under the stairs, and nearly tumbled over backward with surprise; for there, on the floor, with her head pillowed on a pair of rubbers, lay Polly in an attitude of despair. This mournful spectacle sent Tom's penitent speech straight out of his head, and with an astonished "Hullo!" he stood and stared in impressive silence. Polly wasn't crying, and lay so still, that Tom began to think she might be in a fit or a faint, and bent anxiously down to inspect the pathetic bunch. A glimpse of wet eyelashes, a round cheek redder than usual, and lips parted by quick breathing, relieved his mind upon that point; so, taking courage, he sat down on the boot-jack, and begged pardon like a man.

Now, Polly was very angry, and I think she had a right to be; but she was not resentful, and after the first flash was over, she soon began to feel better about it. It wasn't easy to forgive; but, as she listened to Tom's honest voice, getting gruff with remorse now and then, she couldn't harden her heart against him, or refuse to make up when he so frankly owned that it "was confounded mean to read her book that way." She liked his coming and begging pardon at once; it was a handsome thing to do; she appreciated it, and forgave him in her heart some time before she did with her lips; for, to tell the truth, Polly had a spice of girlish malice, and rather liked to see domineering Tom eat humble-pie, just enough to do him good, you know. She felt that atonement

was proper, and considered it no more than just that Fan should drench a handkerchief or two with repentant tears, and that Tom should sit on a very uncomfortable seat and call himself hard names for five or ten minutes before she relented.

"Come, now, do say a word to a fellow. I'm getting the worst of it, any way; for there's Fan, crying her eyes out upstairs, and here are you stowed away in a dark closet as dumb as a fish, and nobody but me to bring you both round. I'd have cut over to the Smythes and got ma home to fix things, only it looked like backing out of the scrape; so I didn't," said Tom, as a last appeal.

Polly was glad to hear that Fan was crying; it would do her good; but she couldn't help softening to Tom, who did seem in a predicament between two weeping damsels. A little smile began to dimple the cheek that wasn't hidden, and then a hand came slowly out from under the curly head, and was stretched toward him silently. Tom was just going to give it a hearty shake, when he saw a red mark on the wrist, and knew what made it. His face changed, and he took the chubby hand so gently, that Polly peeped to see what it meant.

"Will you forgive that, too?" he asked, in a whisper, stroking the red wrist.

"Yes; it don't hurt much now." And Polly drew her hand away, sorry he had seen it.

"I was a beast, that's what I was!" said Tom, in a tone of great disgust; and just at that awkward minute down tumbled his father's old beaver over his head and face, putting a comical quencher on his self-reproaches.

Of course, neither could help laughing at that; and when he emerged Polly was sitting up, looking as much better for her shower, as he did for his momentary eclipse.

"Fan feels dreadfully. Will you kiss and be friends, if I trot her down?" asked Tom, remembering his fellow-sinner.

"I'll go to her." And Polly whisked out of the closet as suddenly as she had whisked in, leaving Tom sitting on the boot-jack, with a radiant countenance.

How the girls made it up no one ever knew; but after much talking and crying, kissing and laughing, the breach was healed, and peace declared. A slight haze still lingered in the air after the storm, for Fanny was very humble and tender that evening; Tom a trifle pensive, but distressingly polite, and Polly magnanimously friendly to every one; for generous natures love to forgive, and

Polly enjoyed the petting after the insult like a very human girl.

As she was brushing her hair at bedtime there came a tap on her door, and, opening it, she beheld nothing but a tall black bottle, with a strip of red flannel tied round it like a cravat, and a cocked-hat note on the cork. Inside were these lines, written in a sprawling hand with very black ink: —

"DEAR POLLY, — Opydilldock is first-rate for sprains. You put a lot on the flannel and do up your wrist, and I guess it will be all right in the morning. Will you come a sleigh-ride tomorrow? I'm awful sorry I hurt you. TOM."

LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

THE LEGEND OF HERMAN.

THROUGH the mists of many a year,
A story of child-faith shineth clear,
And as yesterday seemeth near.

Herman's mother was poor; but she
Taught her young son right piously,
Thinking, "Who knows what he may be?"

She sent him to school; and every day,
As to the cloister he took his way,
At the Church of the Virgin he went to pray.

When he came to the shrine, where, carved in wood,
Holding the Christ-child, her image stood,
He knelt before it in reverent mood.

As the monks had taught him, in whispered tone
He said, "Pray for me, Mother!" then words of his own,
Simple and broken, went up to the throne.

"For the sake of the dear child on thy knee,
Wilt thou kindly look upon me,
And help me each day a good child to be?"

One day, the poor boy's mother said,
"My child, I have neither meat nor bread;
This apple your dinner must be instead."

That morning, when Herman knelt at the shrine,
He said, "Dear Mother, this apple of mine,
For the love thou hast shown me, shall be thine."

He held it up; and, with visage mild,
The image stretched out her hand, and smiled,
And gave the apple to the Holy Child.

The boy a holy father grew;
But all his life kept his child-faith true,
And gave his all. What more could he do?

CAROLINE M. HEWINS.

PICTURES FROM FRENCH HISTORY.

II. — MARIE ANTOINETTE.

THE QUEEN.

(*Continued from p.* 356.)

"THE queen forgets the quarrels of the dauphiness," said Marie Antoinette to a certain marquis, who, having formerly offended her, now felt that he should not be welcome at court.

"Call me neither king nor your majesty," said Louis to his brothers. "I should lose too much in exchanging for such empty titles the dearer name of brother." Such was the magnanimity of these youthful sovereigns. It seemed as if the queen wanted every one to share her happiness. In the stormy nights of winter she would steal away with Louis from the merry company at the palace, and go secretly to visit the cottages of the poor, to whom they sent fuel and food.

Sleighing was a favorite amusement in Paris at that time, and every day there dashed through the streets a gay procession of the nobility in their richly-decorated sleighs, which were often of the most fanciful shapes. One would represent a lion, another a

swan, while that of the queen was a beautiful basket of flowers. But what delighted her most in all this brilliant scene was the snow statues erected in her honor at the corners of the streets, by the poor whom she had relieved, and who showered blessings on her as she passed.

Marie Antoinette was very fond of nature. To gratify her taste in this respect, Louis gave her Trianon, with its beautiful brooks and flowers and trees, and she made of it a perfect paradise.

Unaffected and affable in their manners, the requirements of etiquette and the cares of state were irksome to Louis and Marie Antoinette. At Trianon these were laid aside, and all met on an equality. It was a rule, that none should rise or leave off their games or embroidery on their entrance. While some were at billiards, the king played backgammon with one friend, the queen, who was the finest amateur musician in Paris, was playing duets from her beloved Gluck with another; or Louis put on a dusty miller's frock, and ground corn for the court ladies, who played peasant; or Marie Antoinette acted, in her inimitable way, the part of *soubrette* in some popular comedy. In short, at Trianon all was happiness and freedom, without compromising in the least the respect due to the king and queen. Yet, both could be grand and stately when court solemnities required it; and I doubt not, that our own Boston-born Ben Franklin, then our ambassador in France, found in them no lack of dignity when he was presented at court. What a strange contrast this venerable man, with his straight white hair, and his broad-brimmed hat and brown cloth coat must have presented to the bejewelled lords about him. I imagine the staunch old democrat saw more than enough of court formality then, and that he was as glad when the day was ended as Marie Antoinette herself, whom I can fancy at last escaping from the tedious ceremonial, and throwing herself into the arms of her beloved friend, Julie de Polignac, with the exclamation, "Now, I am myself again."

Young, beautiful, impulsive, and frank, she was idolized in those days; but the time was not far distant when the joyous conduct of a happy girl was reckoned as a crime to the queen. Frenchmen, with French arms and ships, helped win freedom for America; and money that they could ill afford was drained by taxation from the already exhausted people.

Meantime, Lafayette and his companions, "who went away

Frenchmen, came back Americans," and became unconsciously a power against the king, for "liberty" and "the rights of the people," are dangerous themes to whisper in the ears of men reduced to starvation by the exactions of an aristocracy. Never was there more need of a firm hand and keen judgment at the head of affairs. Louis had neither. Sacrificing the virtuous Turgot to the will of the nobility, he became the victim of a succession of incompetent or unprincipled ministers, who, from private ambition or petty jealousy of each other, plunged the kingdom deeper and deeper into debt, culminating in Calonne, who, in his desire to please, deluded everybody into the belief that all was going well, and for four years, successfully concealed the bankruptcy of the nation.

The queen was not extravagant. Her costume and the furniture of her apartments were more tasteful than costly. During the war, the court jeweller, having selected the finest diamonds in the market, set them in a necklace, hoping to find in her a purchaser. But, as she and Louis were constantly reducing their personal expenses, in order to relieve the financial pressure, she refused to buy the diamonds, and forbade her jeweller to speak to her again on the subject. Representing that the queen was anxious to possess the necklace, the jeweller then addressed himself to Louis, who, always thinking first of her happiness, urged her to accept it as a gift from himself. But she nobly refused, saying, "Sire, we have diamonds enough; buy a ship with the money."

When Controller Calonne found the leak gaining on him, and that no more money could be pumped from the people, he had to announce the incredible, and till then unsuspected deficit of one hundred and forty millions in the revenue. Then were heard the first mutterings of the tempest. Squalid want in the cellars of Paris, all too greedily devouring the lies with which it is fed by such demagogues as Marat, forms itself into clubs, hisses its vile slanders at the queen. Standing idly at the street-corners, where of late they had cheered her, they glowered at her as she passed, muttering, "There goes Madame Deficit. It is she who has squandered the money. She borrowed money to buy diamonds, when we had not a sou to buy bread, and then denied it, and let the noble cardinal go to prison; but her turn will come." "Did you see her flaunting in the garden last Sunday, with her children all dressed in white pique? Do you know why she wears it? It is to help the trade of the Hollanders, while the silk weavers

of France are starving for her patronage. Long live D'Orleans! She shut him out of Trianon, pretending he was not good enough to associate with her and the Polignac. D'Orleans is the friend of the people, not the Austrian. Let her take care, or we will make D'Orleans king."

Marie Antoinette lost all her gayety at this time. Her face bore frequent traces of tears, and those who had been absent from court some time, scarcely recognized her on their return. When it appeared that the nobility would not abate one jot of their privileges for the relief of the nation, the king was called upon to convoke the states-general in the hope that an assembly representing the three orders of society would be able to propose a remedy.

About the first of May, 1789, the deputies from all parts of the kingdom began to arrive at Versailles. They went at once to pay their respects to the queen, assuring her of their devotion to her service. "Do not think of me," said she; "only see to it, I beg you, that the respect due to your king be not weakened." So stately a procession never filed through the streets of Paris as on that fifth of May, 1789, when the fourteen hundred, met to deliberate on the affairs of France, assembled in the grand hall prepared for them by the king. When the king entered in an ermine robe, and wearing the crown diamonds, the whole audience shouted, "Long live the king!" Not a voice was raised for the queen. In that vast assembly, one man, of thoughtful air and tranquil manner, in plain citizen's dress, was noticeable. This was Controller Neckar, the most popular man in Paris at that moment, for whom *vivats* rent the air as he entered. The manner of the king was gentle and conciliatory. His words were full of love and kindness, but they fell upon deaf ears, as far as the Third Estate was concerned. Their hearts were too full of jealousy and bitterness to listen. So, when Louis, in finishing, placed his hat upon his head, the Third Estate, who, by an old custom, out of respect for their sovereign should have remained uncovered, slouched their hats down over their eyes with a sullen air, which said, plainer than words, "the people are better than their rulers." "Hats off!" shrieked the nobility. "Hats on!" growled the commons; and so, in jealous strife, the day ended.

A month was wasted in angry disputes for precedence. There was lack of firmness in the king; lack of foresight, if not of honesty in the minister; and lack of harmony between the nobility

and clergy. Quite in vain was Louis's assurance, "All orders of the state have an equal claim on my bounty." It was clear, that the commons meant to make themselves independent of royal protection; and on the seventeenth of June, they assumed the sovereignty of the nation, arrogating to themselves the title of the National Assembly, and inviting the other orders to join them in the administration of the government. The base D'Orleans needed no second invitation; but, alas! men of higher virtue followed, among them Lafayette, little dreaming that liberty in France, unlike liberty in America, meant license, rapine, murder. While these things were passing, the heart of the queen was torn with a deeper anguish. The dauphin was suddenly attacked with a disease of the spine. He was a beautiful and precocious boy, and passionately fond of his mother.

One day, when, with the impatience of a sick child, he had been teasing for *pates de guimauves*, she sent him some in a box with a picture of herself on the cover. "Ah, here is a portrait of mamma!" he cried with delight, seizing the box in his little thin fingers, and took no notice of the *bonbons*.

In the midst of his agony, which was terrible to witness, he would pull her sad face down to his, and whisper, "Mamma, I only suffer when I see you weep." Her heart was broken by his death. Though only thirty-four years old, her hair was changed to silver white by the grief and anxiety of this time. "Her misfortunes have bleached it," she wrote on a portrait of herself.

The more the king conceded, the more the mob demanded. Secret spies hinted everywhere their doubts of his sincerity. One by one, the queen was forced to banish the friends whom she loved best. To her relatives, who begged her to come to them till the storm had passed, she said, calmly, "My duty is to stand firmly at the post where Providence has placed me, and to oppose my body, if necessary, to the daggers of the assassins who strike at the king." Fuel is added to the flames by the appearance of the regiment of Flanders at Versailles.

On the morning of the fifth of October, a crowd of women ran up and down the streets of Paris, shrieking, "Bread! give us bread! There is no bread at the bakers!" "There is bread at Versailles," a voice replied. "Yes, yes; to Versailles. The Austrian and her brats have bread enough, while we are starving. If she will not give it to us, we will tear out her heart, and eat it."

MARCH ON VERSAILLES.

The mayor cannot disperse them. Their numbers increase to hundreds. At noon, out through the gates towards Versailles poured this horrible tide of humanity. Women, with haggard faces, bareheaded, and with naked arms frantically gesticulating; girls mad with excitement, wildly beating drums, which they snatched from the soldiers; fish-wives, with dishevelled hair streaming from under their dirty white caps, fiercely brandishing long knives, and shrieking, "Bread or Blood!" Arm in arm with them, workmen in red caps and ragged blouses, bearing pikes and clubs and rusty firelocks. Many of the National Guard in uniform and a rabble soldiery from the people, with two cannon, give a show of order to the march.

Rumor reaches the queen that all Paris is marching on Versailles. Calm and self-possessed, she sends for Louis, who is hunting at Mendon, hurries her women with her children to the innermost rooms for safety, puts the king's body-guard, and all the troops at her command under arms, and quietly awaits the approach of the mob. It is late in the afternoon. It rains, and the leaves rustle sadly in the October gale. Between the rows of noble elms that deck the avenue, the bedraggled host pours in three columns. The wind, moaning sadly through the naked branches, bears to her ears their blasphemous songs. An ocean of demoniac faces surges up to the palace gates. Brawny hands shake at the gratings for entrance. "Yield no more, my husband," says Marie Antoinette. "Let us rather die today, than live another hour subject to these furies." "We must not irritate the people," was the reply of the too gentle monarch; and orders were given to the guard not to touch finger to sabre or pistol.

"Give us speech with the king!" shriek the women; and five are admitted to his presence. Kind words, and a promise of redress, they report as the result of the audience. "No more words. Let him give us bread, or we will have blood!" Darkness settles down. Torches gleam, and bonfires are lighted, round which, in fiendish glee, these demons dance. In the palace, there is momentary talk of flight; but Marie Antoinette will not desert her husband. Will no help come? Yes; even now, Lafayette, forced to follow when he might have led, is on the road, with thirty thousand of the National Guard. At midnight he arrives, and is admitted. The qeeen "alone, among all women and all men, wore a face of lofty calmness and resolve." "Can we rely upon your troops?" she inquires, for Louis is dumb. "I will answer with my life for your safety, and that of the king," he replies. Guards are set, all is quiet, the queen sleeps. But at dawn another rush is made to the gratings. They give way. Two sentries fall murdered at the foot of the grand staircase, up which the brutes, bloodthirsty as tigers, spring, trailing their pikes and muskets behind them. Women with axes break in the doors. At the door of the queen's anteroom, the brave guards are beaten down, and left for dead, but not till they have shouted, through the key-hole, "Save the queen!" Faithful Campan hears it, throws a petticoat without tying it about her mistress, and together they escape to the king's chamber. Lafayette, now roused, rallies the troops, and holds the brigands in check.

When the tricolor is waved from the palace window, and the king, appearing with Lafayette upon the balcony, promises to go to Paris, there is a great rejoicing. "Let us see the queen!" screams a woman. Without a moment's hesitation, Marie Antoinette steps upon the balcony, holding her two children by the hand. "No children; the queen alone," a voice demands. Letting go their little hands she gently pushes them back. "No, not alone," entreated Louis. "If they kill me I will do it," said the queen, firmly; and with her hands crossed upon her breast, her face wearing a sublime expression, she stood alone above "the roaring sea of human heads," that threatened every instant to engulf her. Blasphemous lips opening to curse her, bloody hands clutching at pike and cutlass, were struck dumb and paralyzed by her courage; and, as Lafayette, dropping on his knee, kissed the queen's hand, they shouted, "Bravo! Long live the queen!"

At one o'clock, in a drizzling rain, the return to Paris begun. At the head of the procession, the ghastly heads of the murdered sentries, placed on pikes twelve feet high, are borne aloft; then follow the troops, each bayonet tipped with a loaf of bread; then the fisher-women, drunk with joy and wine, seated astride on the cannons, and waving branches of trees, from which streamed the tricolored ribbons, or mounted on the horses of the king's body-guard, and wearing their hats, while they, in sadness and humiliation, splashed along on foot, forced to wear the caps of the national grenadiers, as a sign of fraternity; then came the yelling rabble of Paris workmen, with green boughs stuck in their gun-barrels, followed by fifty cart-loads of corn. Last of all came the king's carriage, with the royal family. At every halt, the women, dismounting, join hands with the soldiers, and dance horribly about the royal carriage, shouting, "Courage, friends! we shall have bread enough now; for we bring you the baker, the baker's wife, and the baker's boy."

Marie Antoinette sat erect. Her proud face showed no trace of the agony she suffered in contrasting this hour with her first entrance to Paris. But tears filled her eyes when little Charles Louis, who sat upon her knee, began to cry from fright and hunger; and pressing him closer to her heavy heart, she said, "My darling, we must not let them see us weep."

Louis and his family were lodged in the Tuileries, and treated henceforth as mere prisoners of state. The conduct of the queen

during these trying months is above reproach. Stifling her personal feelings, she received all deputations with a politeness that charmed them, showing to her bitterest enemies such a kind and forgiving spirit as should have softened the stoniest hearts. The dauphin was homesick for Versailles. "Everything is so ugly here, mamma," he would say. "My son," she would answer, "Louis XIV. was very comfortable here; we ought not to be more difficult." The poor child, seeing that something troubled his parents, grew pensive. "Papa," said he, one day, "I have something serious to ask you. Why is it, that the people who pretend to love you so well are always angry with us?"

The queen tried not to sadden those about her by her own wretchedness. With her ladies she talked and sewed as usual; and no one suspected her sleepless and tearful nights, till one day, when the prince heard some one use the expression "happy as a queen," he said, "It surely is not of my mamma you speak when you say that." "And pray, is not she happy?" asked the lady. His blue eyes filled with tears, as he answered, sadly, "No. She cannot be happy, for I hear her crying every night." A corner of the terrace at the Tuileries is still shown to strangers as the garden of the dauphin. His mother walked there while he worked; and the people, who, bad as they were, could not help loving him, often stopped to watch him.

In consenting to the extinction of all titles, and swearing to support the Constitution, the king virtually abdicated his throne. The queen, with a last effort to save the crown for her son, obtained his *veto* to a decree, threatening death to all who should exile themselves from France, or bear arms against their country. Again the Jacobins let loose the mob upon her. They rushed to the Tuileries with the cry of "Down with Madame Veto!" "They can only kill me," she said, with resignation. "As well today as tomorrow." And as Louis left her to try to pacify them, she tore herself from those who held her back, crying, "My place is at his side. If I must perish, let me die at his feet." Santerre, the brewer, with a horde of horrid women, burst into the room. Showing her an ox's heart, pinned by a dagger to a board, dripping with blood, and labelled "The heart of Louis XVI.," they thrust the red cap upon her head. Thinking only of her husband's danger, she submits to the insult, and crowns her child with the same hated emblem. "She would kill us if she dared," cried one, who saw the struggle in the proud woman's soul. "Did I ever harm

you?" asked the queen, gently. "No; but you are the cause of all our trouble."

"They tell you so, and you believe it. You call me the Austrian; me, the wife of your king, the mother of your prince. You forget that I have now no other home than France, and that here alone can I be happy or unhappy; and while you loved me, I was happy," she answered, tenderly.

"Ah! now, I see that you are good," sobbed the woman; "before, I did not know you." So, the danger passed for that day; but other and worse days followed, till at last the doomed family were imprisoned in the Temple, where they were treated with every indignity. The few that had clung to the queen till now, were torn from her side; no servants were allowed her, and no communication with the outer world. Brutal men guarded her day and night, and drank, smoked and swore in her anteroom, of which she was never permitted to close the door, even while she undressed. Not a complaint, not a reproach passed her lips. Calm and patient under all her afflictions, she never was heard to utter an angry word, till the dreadful hour, when, having embraced her husband for the last time on earth, she said to his jailers, as she passed with swimming eyes from his room, "You are all villains!"

Eight months later, this once the most adored of queens, now widowed, deserted, and discrowned, bound hand and foot, and borne on a cart like the vilest of criminals, was led to the scaffold. Fear she had never shown; with pride she seemed now to have done; and with a face serene as that of an angel, majestic as she had lived, she died.

C. A. BAKER.

JEDIDIAH'S NOAH'S ARK.

I.

"I DON'T see how we can ever get them back again," said Mr. Dyer.

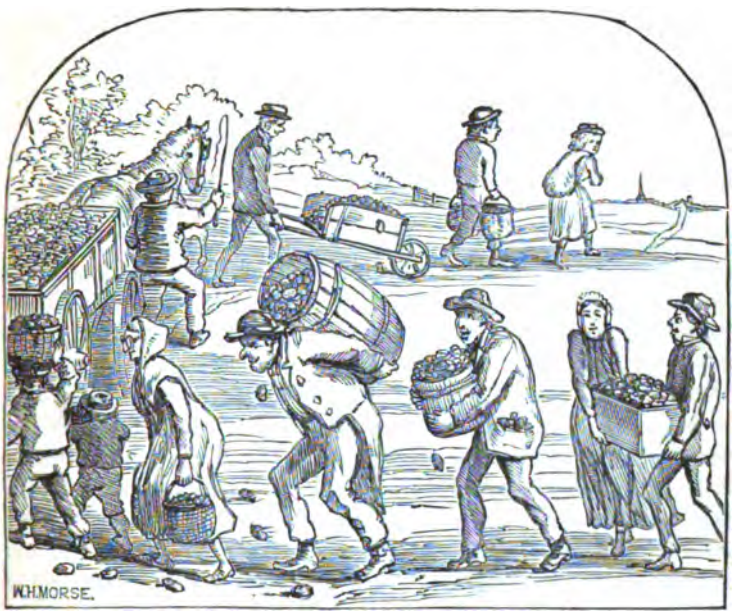
"Why should not we ask the 'grateful people?'" asked Jedidiah.

To explain what Jedidiah and his father meant, I shall have to tell how it was Jedidiah came to have a Noah's Ark, and all about it, for it was a little odd.

Jedidiah was the son of poor parents. His father lived in a small, neat house, and owned a little farm. It was not much of a place; but he worked hard, and raised vegetables upon it, mostly potatoes. But Mrs. Dyer liked string-beans and peas; so, they had a few of these, and pumpkins, when the time came; but we have nothing to do with them at present. If I began to tell you what Mrs. Dyer liked, it would take a great while, because there are marrow-squashes, and cranberry-beans, though she did not care so much for tomatoes; but vegetables do help out, and don't cost as much as butcher's meat, if you don't keep sheep; but hens Mrs. Dyer did keep. It was the potatoes that were most successful, for it was one summer when everybody's potatoes had failed. They had all kinds of diseases, especially at Spinville, near which Mr. Dyer lived. Some were rotten in the middle, some had specks outside; some were very large and bad, some were small and worse; and in many fields there were none at all. But Mr. Dyer's patch flourished marvellously. So, after he had taken in all he wanted for himself, he told his wife he was going to ask the people of Spinville to come and get what they wanted.

"Now, Mr. Dyer!" said his wife. She did not say much else; but what she meant was, that, if he had any potatoes to spare, he had better sell them than give them away. Mr. Dyer was a poor man; why should not he make a little money?

But Mr. Dyer replied, that he had no cart and horse to take the potatoes to Spinville with, and no time either. He had agreed to mow the deacon's off-lot, and he was not going to disappoint the deacon, even if he should get a couple of dollars by it; and he wasn't going to let his potatoes rot, when all Spinville was in want of potatoes. So, Mr. Dyer set to work, and printed in large letters on a sheet of paper, these words: "All persons in want



of potatoes, apply to J. Dyer, Cranberry Lane, Wednesday, the fifteenth, after seven o'clock, A.M. Gratis."

The last word was added after Mr. Dyer had pasted the notice against the town hall of Spinville; for so many people came up to bother him with questions as to how much he was going to ask for his potatoes, that he was obliged to add this by way of explanation, or he would never have got to the deacon's off-lot Tuesday morning.

Wednesday morning, Mrs. Dyer sat by the front window, with her darning. She had persuaded Mr. Dyer to wait till Wednesday; for, as for having all the people tramping through the yard when the clean clothes were out, she couldn't think of it; and she might as well get through the ironing, then she could have an eye on them. And how provoked they'd all be to come down all that way to Cranberry Hollow, to find only a bin of potatoes to divide among them all.

The little shed was full of potatoes, Mr. Dyer answered. And he had no idea many people would come, just the poorer ones; and as long as he had any potatoes to spare, he was willing they should take them.

But, sure enough, as Mrs. Dyer said, what a procession came! Poor Mrs. Jones's little girl, with a bag; Tom Scraggs, with two baskets; the minister's son, with a wheelbarrow; and even rich Mr. Jones, the selectman, with a horse and cart. Boys and girls, and old women, and middle-sized men, and every kind of a vehicle, from a tin tip-cart to Mrs. Stubbs's carry-all.

Well, let them come, thought Mrs. Dyer. It would just show Mr. Dyer she was right, and he didn't often find that out. She should be disturbed by them soon enough when they found out that there was not more than half a potato apiece, and like enough, not that. Pretty business of Mr. Dyer, to take to giving away, when he had not more than enough to put into his own mouth, to say nothing of Jedidiah's. So she went on, darning and thinking. What was her surprise, all of a sudden, to hear only shouts of joy as the people returned round the corner of the house. Poor Mrs. Jones's little girl gave a scream of delight as she held up her bag full of potatoes; the minister's son had hard work to push along his full wheelbarrow; rich Mr. Jones was laughing from the top of his piled-up cart; Tom Scraggs was trying to get help in carrying his baskets. Such a laughing, such fun was never heard in Spinville, which is a sober place. And they all nodded to Mrs. Dyer, and gave shouts for Mr. Dyer, and offered Jedidiah rides in all their carts, those that had them, and asked Mrs. Dyer what they could do for her in Spinville. And Jedidiah tried to tell his mother, through the open window, how the more they took the potatoes out of the bin, the more there were left in it; and how everybody had enough, and went away satisfied, and had filled their pockets; and even one of the boys was planning a quill pop-gun for sliced potato, such as the worst boys had not dreamed of all summer. He was a bad boy from the Meadow.

"Well, Mr. Dyer," said Mrs. Dyer, all day, and again, when he came home at night.

Of course, the Spinville people thought a great deal from this time of Mr. Dyer; and there was a town council held to consider what they should do to express their feelings to him. He had declined six times being made selectman, and he did not want to ring the bell as sexton. There did not seem to be anything in the way of an office they could offer him that he would accept.

At last, Mr. Jones suggested, that the best way to please the father was to give something to the son. "Something for Jedidiah!" exclaimed Mr. Jones. "The next time I go to New York, I'll go to a toy-shop; I'll buy something for Jedidiah."

So he did. He came home with the Noah's Ark. It was a moderate-sized ark, painted blue, as usual, with red streaks, and a slanting roof, held down with a crooked wire. It was brought to Jedidiah, one evening, just as he was going to bed; so, the crooked wire was not lifted, for Mrs. Dyer thought he had better go to bed at his time, and get up early and look at his ark. But he could not sleep well, thinking of his ark. It stood by his bedside, and all night long he heard a great racket inside of it. There was a roaring and a grunting and a squeaking; all kinds of strange noises. In the moonlight, he thought he saw the roof move; if the wire had not been so crooked, it surely would have opened. But it didn't, not till he took it downstairs, and Mrs. Dyer had got out her ironing-board, that the animals might be spread out upon it; then Jedidiah lifted the roof.

What a commotion there was then! The elephant on the top, and his trunk stretched out; in a minute or two, he would have unfastened the wire; the giraffe's long neck was stretched out; one dove flew away directly; and some crows sat on the eaves. Mr. and Mrs. Dyer and Jedidiah started back, while the elephant with his trunk helped out some of the smaller animals, who stepped into rows on the ironing-board as fast as they were taken out.

The cows were mooing, the cats mewing, the dogs barking, the pigs grunting. Presently, Noah's head appeared, and he looked round for his wife; and then came Shem and Ham and Japheth, with their wives. They helped out some of the birds, white with brown spots, geese, and ducks. It took the elephant and Noah and all his sons to get the horses out, plunging and curvetting as they were. Some sly foxes got out of themselves, leaping from the roof to the back of a kneeling camel.

Jedidiah's eyes sparkled with joy. Mrs. Dyer sat with folded hands, and said, "Why, Mr. Dyer!" and Mr. Dyer occasionally helped a stray donkey, whose legs were caught, or a turkey fluttering on the edge. At last, a great roaring and growling was heard at the bottom of the ark. The elephant nodded his trunk to the giraffe; the camel was evidently displeased; Noah and his sons stood together looking up at the roof.

"It's the wild animals," said Jedidiah.

If they should get out, thought Mrs. Dyer; all the wild tigers and the lions loose in the house. And she looked round, to see if the closet-door were open for a place of retreat.

Mr. Dyer stepped up, and shut the roof of the ark. It was in time, for a large bear was standing on his hind legs on the back of a lion, and was looking out. Noah and his family looked much pleased, the elephants waved their trunks with joy, the camels stopped growling.

"I don't wonder they are glad to get out," said Jedidiah. "I do believe they have been treading down those wild animals all night."

Mrs. Dyer wondered what they should do with the rest. Come Tuesday, she would want her ironing-board; perhaps baking-day, to set the pies on.

"They ought to have some houses to live in, and barns," said Jedidiah. Then it was Mr. Dyer had said, they could never get them back into the ark, and Jedidiah had said, "We might ask the 'grateful people;'" for this was the name the inhabitants of Spinville went by in the Dyer family ever since the time of the potatoes.

The story of their coming for the potatoes had been told over and over again; then how the "people" felt so grateful to Mr. Dyer. Mr. Dyer said he was tired of hearing about it. Mrs. Dyer thought if they meant to do anything to let Mr. Dyer see they were grateful, they had better not talk so much about it. But Jedidiah called them the "grateful people;" and it was he that caught the first glimpse of the procession when it came up with the ark, Mr. Jones at the head. He had some faith in them; so, it was he that thought there ought to be a village built for Noah and his family, and when Mr. Dyer had some doubts about building it, he suggested, "Let's ask the 'grateful people.'"

What they did, will be told in another chapter.

LUCRETIA P. HALE.

THE LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

A LITTLE house of modest brown,
Stands close by the church in a pleasant town
Where early and late all the summer day,
A dreamy organist comes to play;
And through the house and its garden round,
The solemn notes of the organ sound;
Through the open window they softly steal,

To chant their grace at the morning meal;
And float away on the early breeze,
Where the hammock swings from the apple-trees;
Through the bending corn whose green leaves glisten
As with all its *ears* it tries to listen.
And the lovely children pause in play
To hear their sweetness fade away.
On, on, they go, for they cannot stop
To furnish you music for the hop
Where the morning-glories in round dance twine;
But they blow through the gorgeous trumpet-vine,
And set the dahlias all aglow
By kissing the mignonette down below.
They welcome the father home at night
To the pleasant porch, with its greetings bright,
Where the beautiful mother, the soul of home,
And the brown-eyed children at sunset come;
And a graceful maiden with wondrous hair
And soft blue eyes, sits dreaming there
Of the mighty discords and chords of life,
And the perfect harmony after the strife;
And the notes of the organ rise and fall
In sweet benediction above them all. G. B. BARTLETT.

FAMOUS DOGS.

THE DOG–DETECTIVE.

THERE was company to tea, and I really thought Hal would let me off from the evening story; but when we rose from the table he offered me his arm, and waited upon me to the library. There he seated me with a grand flourish, and stretching himself at full length upon the rug, signified his readiness to hear with his customary "Now, auntie."

"What shall it be?" I asked in a resigned tone, for I had eaten hot cakes for supper and felt more like sleeping than talking.

"Dogs, auntie," was the prompt reply. I've had such fun with Leo that I'll have a dog evening to finish a dog day."

"Very well," I answered, getting into the spirit of the subject a little. "I know a capital story."

"Once there was a dog,—no, that isn't the beginning. Once there was a king,—wrong again. I have it now, though. The ancient Romans were strong and brave, but they were also ambitious, selfish and cruel. They were always crying 'More! more!' and no matter how magnificent their possessions were, they grudged even to the wildest tribes and most untutored nations, their one treasure, liberty. They went on fighting and winning for hundreds of years, until at last they were conquered in their turn, as they richly deserved to be."

"Good!" cried Hal. "I like to see fair play. Jim Simpson's a big bully, and I'm always glad when he catches it."

"They were fearfully punished at last, but the circumstances of my story occurred early in their history, before they had made themselves masters even of Italy. They were trying to do so as fast as they could, and declared war against Tarentum, which lay to the south-east. The inhabitants feared to resist without aid, and yet were unwilling to yield; so, they asked Pyrrhus to help them. He was king of Epirus, and had had such adventures as one don't hear of every day."

"Oh, please tell me some of them," said Hal; then seeing me about to refuse, he added, coaxingly, "Just one little one, auntie. It would be so nice."

So I gave in, as I always do when my nephew puts on his beseeching air, which made my introduction very long for so short a tale.

"When Pyrrhus was a baby," said I, "some of the Epirots became displeased with his father. At first, they talked this over among themselves with the doors fastened and the windows closed; then, they began to whisper it slyly to others; and at length they spoke of it openly, and even made grand speeches against him in the streets and markets. Finally, they armed themselves, and while some of them drove him out of the kingdom, others hunted for the little prince intending to kill him. They would have found him easily enough, but that Androclides and Angelus were too quick for them. At the first sign of danger they flew to the royal nursery, snatched up the infant, and ordered some of the servants and nurses to follow them without noise. The latter were so frightened that they never really knew how they got out of the palace; but get out they did, and in a twinkling they were on horseback and riding away toward Megara, the capital of Glaucias, who ruled over their neighbors, the Illyrians. Hour after hour they

kept on, rushing up the hills, dashing through the hollows, and picking their way through forests and over marshes.

"At length Angelus stopped, and lifting his finger to enjoin silence he listened carefully a moment. Then he sprang from his horse and put his ear to the ground. 'The enemy are on our track!' he said in a low tone. 'You young fellows, Androclon, Hippias, and Neander, pick out the freshest horses—they are all tired enough,—take the child and the women and push on with all your might. The rest of us will try to keep back our pursuers. Quick! there is not a moment to lose.'

"Then the fight began again, and the poor nurses could hardly keep their saddle, they were so tired. Baby was tired too, but after showing a suitable amount of indignation at the treatment he was receiving, he dropped asleep, and woke up in a better temper.

"At nightfall, the soldiers who had staid behind rejoined their party, and soon came in sight of Megara, when they found a new danger in their path. A river ran between them and the city, and this was swollen by heavy rains so that instead of being fordable, as they had supposed it to be, it rushed furiously along, threatening to drown everybody who should try to cross it. The increasing darkness added to their trouble, and they were entirely at a loss what to do, until they saw some of the country people on the opposite shore, when they called to them for help, holding up baby and making signs of distress and entreaty. Neither party could hear the other, however, on account of the uproar, and the fugitives would have been overtaken but for a bright thought which occurred to one of them. Hastily stripping a piece of bark from an oak near at hand, he wrote upon it with the tongue of a buckle describing their danger, and fastening it to a javelin he darted it across the stream. Then, indeed, the men went to work with a will, cutting down trees and lashing them together for a bridge; and sooner than could possibly have been expected, baby and his friends were safely across, and received into the palace.

"It so happened that Glaucias was sitting quietly at home with his queen, and without waiting for anything Pyrrhus was taken into his presence. When he heard the story he was much perplexed. It would be altogether mean to give up his infant petitioner to certain death, and yet he was not pleased with the possibility of a war on his account; and he remained in a brown study, uncertain what to do. Meantime, baby kicked his chubby legs, and fought with his dimpled hands till his nurses were glad

to put him on the floor, where he rolled about, thumping his nose and bumping his head, and making little dives here and there as if he really had some object in view. By and by he crept to the king, and pulling himself up by the royal robe stood sucking the purple garment, while he pounded the royal knee, and looked merrily into the puzzled and careworn face above him. The hearty tug and fearless gaze pleased Glaucias. He thought the little fellow would grow into a bold, strong man; and he took him in his arms, gave him a great squeeze, and declared that he 'wouldn't part with him; no, not for a nation of traitors.' He kept his word. He had baby educated with his own children till he was twelve years old, when he marched with his army into Epirus and seated him upon his father's throne.

"This was the king, now a famous warrior, to whom the Tarentines applied for help. He was delighted with this excellent opportunity for winning power and renown, and laughed in his sleeve while he thought how easy it would be to conquer the Romans with the aid of the Tarentines, and then turn about and subdue the Tarentines. So he crossed the Adriatic with cavalry and footmen, archers and slingers, beside elephants, which carried into battle large towers full of soldiers who cast javelins and shot arrows down upon the enemy."

"But, auntie, where is the dog coming in?" asked Hal.

"Just at this point, Hal; you will observe that I could'nt dash at once into my subject, since but for this war and the part Pyrrhus took in it, we should not have made the acquaintance of my hero. Even with this aid nobody has discovered where he was born, or where he died; but it is certain that he lived, at least for a time, on the ground occupied by the hostile armies, and that he had a master whom he loved with his whole doggish heart. With him he marched and countermarched, ate and went hungry, waked and slept; sharing the toils, privations and dangers of camp life, with an intelligence which appeared almost human. He even watched over the daring soldier, and guarded him to the very best of his power. Poor fellow! all his care was vain. The dear master was attacked by murderers and killed before his very face. The guilty men fled, beating back with their swords the faithful animal, who with frantic leaps sprang at them, till, finding his efforts useless, he ran back to their victim, and, with howls and moans, called for aid. No one heeding his cries, he dragged forward a sentinel who was making his rounds, and who in his turn aroused some of his

comrades. The man was dead, however, and after waiting some hours they attempted to bury the body. This the dog would not permit; and growing savage with rage he drove them away as often as they repeated their efforts. For three days and nights he kept watch, neither eating nor sleeping, and only looking, with sorrowful entreaty in his large, dark eyes, at the numbers whom curiosity or pity drew continually to the spot.

"It so happened, that Pyrrhus witnessed the devotion of the poor animal, and resolved to attach him to himself. He gave positive orders to bury the corpse of the unfortunate man, and to take the dog to him when all should be over."

"Was the dog willing to have a new master?" asked Hal.

"He did accept one. I know not why, but probably the noble

figure of the king, his helmet with its lofty crest and goat's horns which flashed dazzlingly in the sunlight, his majestic air, and tone of authority compelled his obedience in spite of himself. At any rate, his commands were observed, and the dog was removed to the royal tent, and became the pet of the royal circle.

"The murderers were not discovered. Quarrels, ending in death, occurred so often that they excited little attention. Then, all was hurry and bustle, and there was no time to seek out and punish the guilty. The fallen soldier appeared to be forgotten; but there was one who remembered and was ready to avenge him.

"When Pyrrhus found that the Romans were not the barbarians he had supposed, he thought it necessary to learn his exact strength before risking a battle, and he ordered out his entire army for a review.

"It was a magnificent spectacle, as band after band swept by. Now a troop of cavalry passed, the horses moving proudly, with arched necks, and heads erect as if conscious of their bright trappings. Next, followed the heavy infantry with lances and swords, and armed with helmet, cuirass, and buckler, all ablaze. The slingers and archers came next; then the elephants with their towers; then more cavalry and infantry, till the eye was tired with the sight. Pyrrhus sat on horseback, at a little distance, with a few of his principal officers around him, and the dog at his feet, who expressed by his pleased looks his approbation of the busy splendor. He continued thus until the main body of the army had passed, when suddenly his manner changed. His eye flashed fire, his whole body quivered with passion, and with a furious cry, half howl, half yell, he flew at the throat of a soldier, and as suddenly releasing him, buried his fangs deep in that of another, bringing him to the ground where they rolled together in deadly strife.

"All was confusion, and a dozen swords would have been sheathed in the animal's body, but that Pyrrhus, springing from his horse, thundered forth a command to the men to return to their ranks. As he spoke he took off the dog, and in spite of his frantic efforts to escape, held him with a grip like iron till he could be securely chained and led safely away. Then, turning to his officers, he said, 'the dog has but performed my neglected duty. Let these murderers — for such I am sure they are — be closely guarded, and make proclamation throughout the camp forbidding any injury to the beast on account of this day's service.'

"The commands of Pyrrhus were obeyed. The men were

arrested, and although the evidence against them, aside from that of the loving animal, was extremely slight, they confessed their guilt and were executed."

"Why, auntie, that dog was like Roswal, in the Talisman!" exclaimed Hal. "Don't you believe Sir Walter Scott had read about him before he wrote that story? Here is the book, now," he continued, without waiting for a reply, "and here is the very place where it describes the Scottish hound."

Thereupon, Hal began to read aloud; and we were so much interested, that we spent the rest of the evening over that most charming of Eastern tales. M. G. SLEEPER.

MY LITTLE ONE.

A PRAYER.

GOD bless my little one! How fair
The mellow lamp-light gilds his hair,
Loose on the cradle pillow there.
God bless my little one!

God guard my little one! To me,
Life, widowed of his life, would be
As sea-sands, widowed of the sea.
God guard my little one!

God love my little one! As clear,
Cool sunshine holds the first green spear
On April meadows, hold him dear!
God love my little one!

When these fond lips are mute, and when
I slumber, not to wake again,
God bless — God guard — God love him then,
My little one! Amen. EDGAR FAWCETT.

RAINY-DAY DOINGS.

A BRIGHT, warm, pleasant room; a grate full of glowing coals, and Charlie kneeling upon the soft hearth-rug, shaking a popper of corn over the fiery sea.

"Pop corn? I guess I can!" said Charlie, enthusiastically. Just hear 'em snap, and see those big white fellows starting up as grand as generals in the army! They all go in privates here, but they soon turn out officers under fire—or *over* fire, rather."

"I thought they all went in *colonels*," interposed Karl, slyly aiming one of the yellow grains at Charlie's curly head. "Just see those girls over there in the corner, with that pile of papers around them! They look like so many little mice trying to build themselves a nest."

"We are not nibbling, at any rate," answered Milly, with a roguish glance at the dish of corn, from which Karl had been helping himself; "we havn't had any chance to, in fact."

Karl laughed, and moved the dish within reach of the girls. "Well, what are you doing then?" he asked.

"Oh, just looking at these old children's papers."

"Humph! that's a funny kind of 'children,' too," said Charlie.

"And we are reading 'What shall the children do on a rainy day?'" continued Milly, unheeding the interruption.

"That's a question, to be sure,—What shall they do?" said Karl, sitting bolt upright to consider the matter. "I'm not very many children myself, but it is a question that has bothered me somewhat."

"What do you do, Karl?" auntie asked.

"Oh — well — all sorts of things. Make kites some, and spill the paste on the kitchen floor; upset mother's work-basket looking after top-strings; drum on the windows, and wish it would stop raining — act as if I were trying to turn the whole house upside down, Sis says; and I expect she knows. There! auntie, that is what I've been wanting to ask you about this ever so long — when a boy is trying to behave and be orderly, why must his paste always spill, his papers get scattered about, and the shovel and tongs go clattering down as soon as he goes near them?"

"I think, if you notice closely, you will find that such things do not happen so much just when he *is* trying to be orderly, as they do just after he has forgotten that he was trying," said auntie, smiling.

"But we will leave that for some other time, and go back to the original question. What is it that you do, Milly, on the rainy days?"

"All sorts of things, as Karl says. Seems to me," said Milly, thoughtfully, "that it is harder to decide what I shall not do, than what I shall do."

"At our house, when it is too rainy to go out, we often draw the large table into the middle of the room, and all sit around it and fix up our menageries, and such things," said Sue.

"Whew!" whistled Charlie, in astonishment. "How many lions, anacondas, and Royal Bengals have you got at your house?"

"A good many — paper ones," Sue answered, laughing. "You see, we save all the pictures of animals we find in papers, show-bills, advertisements, and old, worn-out books; and then, when we have to stay in the house all day, it is nice work to cut the pictures out carefully, and paste them into some blank books mamma gave us. We have a bottle of gum-arabic, Master Karl, so we don't spill our paste all over. We give each kind of animal a page to itself, and the little ones call every page 'a cage' — so we have a cage of lions, a cage of bears, a cage of tigers, and everything else we can find. Walter can print letters nicely, and he has a box of water-colors, so, we get him to paint the names at the tops of the pages."

"There are so many nice things one can do with paper," suggested Milly. Annie and I make our own paper dolls; we like them a great deal better than those we buy, because those that are bought for us only have the two or three dresses that come with them, and we never can make any more that will fit them — they haven't any arms, you know, auntie, only those that are painted on the dresses. But we get mamma to give us some pretty heads out of the fashion-plates of old magazines, and then we take white card and cut bodies to fit. After that, we can make them all the dresses, aprons, cloaks and hats we please, and trim them all sorts of ways; sometimes we cut them in points with the scissors; sometimes we embroider them with a lead pencil, or paste on narrow borders of gilt paper. When we see any pretty new fashion on the street, we have great fun trying to make something like it in paper. Mamma likes to have us do it, too; she says it helps to make us tasteful and ingenious — only she wants us to be careful and not leave our paper snippings on the floor, or table, to make the room disorderly. Oh, and I forgot about paper furniture! Did you ever make sofas, tables, and chairs, out of card? Annie and I do."

"There is one thing we do, sometimes," said Clara." Uncle George had been talking about how much good the 'Ladies' Aid Societies' did during the war; and so, one rainy day when we were wondering what we should do, little Jessie said, 'Let's be an Aid Society.' We laughed at first, but by and by we began to think about it. There wasn't any soldiers for us to send to, and it was only play, anyway; but we knew some children in the next street, who were so poor that they hardly owned such a thing as a toy, and we voted to send them a box of playthings. We couldn't give away our own, because the most of them were presents to us, and mother wouldn't have been willing; and besides, the Aid Society *made* what they sent off, and we wanted to do it, too. So, we hunted up a good pasteboard box, and went to work to fill it. Robert whittled some little tops out of empty spools; Nellie and I made and dressed two or three rag babies; Jessie ravelled out some black yarn, and we sewed that on their heads for hair; and little Will cut some bright pictures out of some of his old, torn, story-books. Then we made some yarn balls, and we had our box full. Rob directed it for us, and the next day we took it to the children. You ought to have seen how pleased they were! So, since then, when we can't go out, we sometimes play Aid Society."

"That would be nice; I mean to try it sometime," said little Gracie, her earnest eyes brightening. "It makes me think of my 'rainy-day motto'—I call it that because grandma gave it to me one stormy day, when we were all at her house. Aunt Carrie was sick, in her room; the baby wasn't big enough for me to care about playing with him, or Freddie either, and I couldn't go out, so I wandered about, and didn't know what to do. At last, I asked grandma. 'Do anything you please, dear, that isn't wrong,' she said. But I didn't please to do anything. I moped about, and looked out the window, took up books and laid them down again, and by and by I went back to grandma again. 'Grandma, I don't know what I had better do,' I said. 'Why, child,' said she, 'you haven't got anything to do but to be as happy as you can.' 'But I can't make myself happy.' 'Well, then try to make somebody else happy,' she said. 'There's an old saying, Gracie, that if we take care of the happiness of others, God will take care of ours.' I thought about it a little while, and then I went upstairs, and built block houses for Freddie while nurse put the baby to sleep, and then I rocked the cradle while she washed and dressed Freddie. Someway, the long, wet afternoon was gone before I knew it."

"You dear little toad! I wouldn't mind if you were my sister, instead of my cousin," said Charlie. "But, auntie, these are almost all girls' plans. Boys don't like quiet plays, and what are they to do when they are tired of reading, and can't go out to play ball, or race, or skate?"

"I think they might help their sisters a little then, even if it is only at painting paper dolls, and repairing play-house furniture," said Milly, somewhat reproachfully. "They might remember that on bright days they like the girls' help, in their sports, and want them to make flags for their snow forts, hunt up strings for their tops, make sails for their boats —"

"That's the very thing, Milly!" exclaimed Charlie, suddenly catching an idea. The very next rainy day that I haven't anything to do, I'll make a ship, and you shall help me fit it up; will you?"

Milly was a little vexed at having her lecture so summarily ended, with so slight attention paid to its moral. She was half inclined to refuse her services in advance, but just then her glance fell upon Gracie, and brought a quick thought of her "motto." She bit her lip for a moment, then answered, pleasantly,

"Well, I'll see about it." KATE W. HAMILTON.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON NAMES.

SOME of my young readers would like to hear more about names. We will begin this time with one which once made a great stir in ancient Greece, and was on every hero's tongue, — Helen, which is a Greek word, meaning *light*, sometimes dignified by the addition of another syllable, as Helena; but oftener, in these days, changed into Nellie and Nell. The story of Helen, who was the most beautiful woman in Greece, and who was the cause of the Trojan war, will be remembered by the boys and girls who study Ancient History. So also will the tragic tale of the Roman girl, Virginia. The name signifies *virgin* or *pure*. Lucretia, *gain;* Lavinia, *belonging to Latium*, and Delia, *belonging to Delos*, are others to be met with in their studies. If they are Latin students, they will see readily where certain names come from, such as Clementine, *gentle;* Fidelia, *faithful;* Serena, *peaceful;* Justus, *just;* Constance, *constant*. These are all desirable,

because they have such happy meanings. And for the same reason, who would not like to deserve to be called by any one of the following? — Honora, *honorable;* Angelica, *angelic;* Celestia, *heavenly;* Miranda, *admirable;* Lois, *good;* Antoinette, *worthy of praise;* Thirza, *well-pleasing;* Consuelo, a *consoler;* Alvin, *beloved by all;* Erasmus, *lovely;* Cordelia, *warm-hearted;* Gerard, *amiable;* Amabel, Amy, Mabel, *lovable;* and Amanda, *worthy to be loved.*

Shakspeare, in "King Lear," named the true-hearted and loving daughter, "*Cordelia;*" and in the "Tempest," he calls the gentle heroine, "*Miranda.*" When Ferdinand asks her name, and she replies "Miranda," he says, —

> "Admired Miranda,
> Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
> What's dearest to the world!
> * * But you, Oh, you,
> So perfect and so peerless, are created
> Of every creature's best."

Another class of names has beautiful reference to God; as Obadiah, *servant of God;* Mehitable (Hitty), *goodness of God;* Dorothea, Theodora (Dora, Theda), *gift of God;* Nathaniel, Nathan, Jonathan (which are all the same), *given by God;* Matthew, *gift of the Lord;* Godfrey and Geoffrey, *at peace with God,* or *God's peace;* Anselm, *protection of God;* Mahala, *praising God;* Samuel, *asked of God;* Lazarus, *God will help;* Timothy, *honored of God;* Ezekiel, *strength of God;* Raphael, *healing of God;* and Gabriel, *God is my strength.* How precious must the name of Lazarus have seemed to Martha and Mary of Bethany, after the Lord Jesus came and *helped* them in their greatest trouble. Elizur in the Old Testament, has the same meaning which Lazarus has in the New. Christian, Christiana, and Christine (Chrissy, Tina), mean *belonging to Christ.* Christopher, *bearing Christ.*

Some of those above mentioned, as Gabriel, Raphael, Anselm, have been favorite names of monks; and many others of happy signification, such as Benedict, *blessed;* Ambrose, *divine;* Boniface, *benefactor;* Athanasius, *immortal;* Jerome, *holy;* Clement, *mild;* Eusebius, *godly;* Ignatius, *ardent;* Sebastian, *reverend;* Gregory, *watchful;* Justin, *just;* Emanuel, *God with us.* Ignatius was the name of the fiery man who founded the order of the Jesuits — Ignatius Loyola.

Many names have reference to peculiarities of person. Some

have already been given, in former papers, as Rufus, *red.* Esau was named from his *hair;* Algernon from his *whiskers;* Claude is *lame;* Cecil, *dim-sighted;* Calvin, *bald;* Crispin has *curly hair;* Cæsar is *blue-eyed;* Paul and Pauline are *little.*

A long list could be made of those which have for a definition some animal, bird, plant, or inanimate thing; as Jonas, a *dove;* Huldah, a *weasel;* Lionel, a *young lion;* Ursula, a *bear;* Giles, a *kid;* Ophelia, a *serpent;* Leander, a *lion-man;* Aquila, an *eagle;* Owen, a *lamb;* Bertram, a *bright raven;* Marcus, a *hammer;* Diantha, a *pink;* Chloe, a *green herb;* Rachel, a *ewe;* Achsa, an *anklet.*

Frequently two or more names have the same or nearly the same meaning; for instance: Olympia and Celestia signify *heavenly;* Eben and Cephas a *stone,* and Peter a *rock;* Elvira, Blanche, and Laban, *white;* Almira, Adeline, and Sarah, *princess;* Andrew and Valentine, *strong;* Bridget, a Celtish word, signifies *strength;* and from the same source come Bryan and Bryant. Myra *weeps;* Tristam is *sad.* Laura is *covered with laurel;* and Eunice means *happy victory.* Ulric is *rich;* Eric and Emery are *rich and powerful;* Jessie has *wealth.* Alaric means *all-rich;* and Roderick, *rich-hearted.* Clarence is *illustrious;* so are Albert, Alberta, and Bertha. Luther is an *illustrious warrior,* and Hiram *most noble.* Gilbert is *famous, bright;* or, more properly, *yellow bright;* and Hubert, *bright in spirit.* Eugene is *well-born;* and Patrick, a *patrician.* Harold is a *champion;* Herman, a *warrior;* and Rudolph (Ralph), a *hero.*

Among those last named are some famous in history and tradition: — Alaric was the name of that powerful King of the Goths who kept the Roman Empire in terror by his continued invasions, sweeping down from the north with his lawless hordes, and plundering even the city of Rome itself. Of the great Martin Luther and the Reformation every schoolboy has read; and of Prince Eugene and the Saxon Harold; and of Saint Patrick, concerning whom many marvellous legends are told, and who has Ireland and every Irishman under his protection.

Among the knightly names of the Middle Ages, you will find Hubert, and Harold, and Ralph, and Bertram; and Conrad, which means *resolute;* Arnold, *strong as an eagle;* Everard, *strong as a wild boar;* Reginald, *strong ruler;* Aubrey, *ruler of spirits;* Baldwin, *bold friend;* Archibald, *extremely bold;* Leonard, *brave as a lion;* Bernard, *bold as a bear;* Egbert, *famous with the sword;*

Gerald, *strong with the spear;* — all names suited to those warlike times, when fiats of arms were a man's especial pride.

Donald is a *proud chief*, and Duncan a *brown chief.* Guy (in Italian Guido, and some sweet feminine names also come from it) is a *leader.* Geraldine is from Gerald. Gertrude (Gerty and Truda) is from the German, and means *spear-maiden.* Griselda (in Scotch story called Grisel), is *stone-heroine.* Hortense is a *lady gardener.* Sybil is a *prophetess.* Dan is a *judge*, and Dinah *judged.* Morgan is a *seaman;* Miles, a *soldier;* Peregrine, a *stranger;* Gershom, an *exile.* Octavius is the *eighth born.* Noel was *born on Christmas Day.* Lucius, Lucy, Lucinda, were *born at break of day.*

Many names rather contrast with certain others. Thus, Festus is *joyful*, and Job *afflicted.* Gideon is a *destroyer*, and Darius a *preserver.* Aurora, *fresh as the morning* (in heathen mythology, goddess of the morning), and Maurice (Moorish), *dark of skin.* Winifred, a *lover or winner of peace*, and Mildred — which is too beautiful a name to have such a meaning — a *threatener.* Narcissa is *stupid*, and Vivian, *lively.* Dolores means *pains*, and Hilary, *merry.* Myra *laments*, and Evangeline *brings gladness;* though not so the poor Evangeline of Longfellow's sad story, who went wandering up and down yearning for good tidings which should bring gladness to her. Joel *commands*, and Simon *obeys.* Asenath means *misfortune;* Faustina is *lucky.* Ashur means *black.* Aurelia is *golden*, and Neal, *dark.* Samson is a *splendid sun*, and Adam, only *red earth.* Cyrus is *miserable*, and Asher, *fortunate.* Cyril is *lordly;* Micah, *humble.* Morgan is a *dweller on the sea;* Lambert has *landed possessions.* Ulysses is a *hater;* Philemon is *loving.* Meribah *quarrels;* Salome is *peaceful.* Erastus is so called from his *lovely* character; Alvah, for his *iniquity;* and no man in all history better deserved the name, than that execrable Spaniard whose cruel deeds are recorded in the annals of the Dutch Republic. Ednah means *pleasure;* Martha, *bitterness.*

KITTY CARROLL.

EIDER DOWN. — The best down is that which is found in the nest, and which the female plucks from her breast. It is called "live" down, to distinguish it from that which is plucked off the dead bird; and there is an appreciable difference between the two, both as regards price and quality. If a handful of "live" down be thrown in the air, it will adhere together in a compact mass, even though a brisk breeze be blowing, but the "dead" down would be blown about in all directions. "Live" down, when exposed to the warmth of the sun or fire, will rise much more than dead. Since, in Norway, the eider-duck is under the protection of the government, which heavily fines any one who kills one of the birds, but little "dead" down is exported from that country. But in Greenland, and in parts of Iceland, the birds do not meet with the same considerate attention, and are therefore frequently destroyed for their down's sake.

THE ALCORAN. — The Bible of the Mahometans, containing the pretended revelation, and creed of Mahomet. It is written in Arabic, and considered a model of style and language, and, as the followers of the false prophet believe, inimitable by any human pen; hence, they assume its divine origin. It is the common opinion of writers, that Mahomet was assisted in writing it by Bativas, a Jacobin, Sergius, a Nestorian monk, and by a learned Jew. Most of its principles are the same with those of Arius, Nestorius, Labelius, and other heretics. The Mahometans believe that God, or Allah, sent it to their prophet by the Angel Gabriel. It was written A.D. 610.

ROBBING PETER TO PAY PAUL. — In the time of King Edward the Sixth, a large part of the lands of St. Peter's, at Westminster, were appropriated by the king's ministers and courtiers, and to reconcile the indignant people to the robbery, a portion of them was set apart to pay for repairing St. Paul's Church; and from this the phrase of "Robbing Peter to pay Paul" became proverbial.

LAMASCO, a town in Indiana, was named on a singular principle. The first letters of the names of the three gentlemen who originally owned the town site were joined together, each furnishing a syllable; so, that what appears to be a pretty Indian name, is only an abbreviation of the names of Law, Macall, and Scott.

THE best share of any — ploughshares.

Hall's Journal of Health says, "If a person swallow poison deliberately, or by chance, instead of breaking out into multitudinous and incoherent exclamations, despatch some one for the doctor; meanwhile, run to the kitchen, get half a glass of water in anything that is handy, put into it a teaspoonful of salt, and as much ground mustard, stir it an instant, catch a firm hold of the person's nose — the mouth will soon fly open — then down with the mixture, and in a second or two up will come the poison. This will answer better in a large number of cases than any other. If, by this time, the physician has not arrived, make the patient swallow the white of an egg, followed by a cup of strong coffee, as antidotes for any poison that remains in the stomach, because these nullify a larger number of poisons than any other accessible articles."

ON the southwest coast of Madagascar, a large sperm whale was recently harpooned, which contained two hundred and eighty-five pounds of ambergris, worth about twenty-five thousand dollars. Ambergris is found only now and then, and generally in small quantities. The old price used to be one pound of ambergris for one pound of gold. Sailors say it is due to dyspepsia in the whale, and is never found in any but diseased sperm whales.

HALF-WAY between Houlton and Bangor, in the town of Winn, is situated the largest tannery in the United States. This establishment turns out annually sixty thousand sides of sole-leather, to tan which, requires about seven thousand cords of hemlock-bark.

THERE is now on exhibition in the Champs Elysées, Paris, a collection showing almost every known variety of insect, from the big, familiar locust, down to the minute wheat-fly, and those almost invisible animalculæ which make war on the forest.

BEFORE A.D. 1500, many of the vegetables used in England were imported. Rice was brought from Ethiopia; buckwheat, asparagus, and garlic from various parts of Asia; cauliflower from Cyprus; cresses from Crete; lettuce from Brahant; horseradish from China; potatoes from Brazil; peas from Spain; celery from Flanders; cabbage from Holland; beans from Greece; apples from Syria; apricots and currants from Greece; gooseberries and melons from Flanders; plums from Damascus; oranges and lemons from Spain; cherries from Pontus; peaches from Persia; and the most common garden shrubs and flowers were also exotics, and brought to English homes from almost every country under the sun. The era of the art of gardening was in the reign of Elizabeth; but the present mode of gardening may be said to have been introduced about the year 1700. The above list comprises but a small part of the vegetables and fruits formerly imported.

THE yield of gold and silver from 1492 to 1868 was fourteen billions of dollars, of which there are two hundred millions more of gold than of silver.

ONE of the high mandarins accompanying Mr. Burlingame is said to be a Manchu. The King of the Cannibal Islands outranks him — he is a man-chewer.

"Mumtazamul-Moock-Mohsu-mooddow-Cah-Fureed-Ponjah-Sound-Munzoor-Ali-Khan-Bahadoor-Musrutjung," nabob of Bengal, has arrived at Paris.

I wonder what his mother called him, "for short?"

SYDNEY SMITH once commenced a charity sermon by saying, "Benevolence is a sentiment common to human nature; A never sees B in distress, without asking C to relieve him."

Aunt Sue's Puzzle-Drawer.

answers all but one of the September puzzles, and wins her first prize.

QUESTIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, ETC.

288. Divide a noted island so
That one half shall be found
An excavation, pretty deep,
The other half a mound.
Tempy.

289. Put one and fifty between a fixed principle in the art of fencing and an animal, and leave a man. *Jeannie M.*

(The following is an excellent puzzle, but it is only fair to state that there is a little *catch* about it.
A. S.)

290. I am a word meaning to consider; beheaded, I am a guide; curtailed, I am to unite.
L. M. Entry.

291. Transpose one biblical name into another. *Tempest.*

292. My second is part of my first; my third is a fish; and my whole is a tree. *Audax.*

293. If I should stand between part of a fish, and a building, what would be the effect?
Belle.

294. My second, she brought me my first in a glass,
Then brought me my whole on a dish;
If smoked well, and salted, then toasted, my lass,
You'll find it an excellent fish. *Alpha.*

295. You will see me in the clouds,
And in the flowery dale;
With the maiden in the dairy,
In her nice, clean, wooden-pail.
You may see me in the garden,
Hear me when thunder roars;
I am always by the fireside,
For I'm never out of doors.
Evan P. George, Jr.

296. My first is an animal (in sound);
My second is an animal (in sound);
My whole is a town in Europe.
Neptune.

297. I am composed of 14 letters:
My 7, 8, 3, is a source of much amusement, danger, accident and death.
My 4, 5, 3, 6, is an animal.
My 1, 7, 11, is not the truth.
My 9, 7, 8, 9, is something unpleasant.
My 2, 12, 11, 11, 5, 13, is much used by artists.
My 14, 12, 10, is a boy's nickname.
My whole is a Southern city.
Hopper.

298. Transpose a horse-block into a boat. *Keystone.*

ANAGRAMS.

CELEBRATED NAMES.

299. What is Robert E.? *Jim.*

300. Follow glen. *Auntie.*

GEOGRAPHICAL.

301. A Roman sect. *K. C.*

302. Go woe. *Auntie.*

303. Keep a skip. *Wilks.*

304. Ah! lead Philip. *Dictator.*

WORDS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

GEOGRAPHICAL.

305. Rescue girl's name.

306. Jovial nick-name. *Carter.*

NOUNS.

307. Injure a medicine.

308. String maturity. *Z. T. Hedges.*

309. One man. *Empire State.*

310. A puzzling friend. *E. S.*

311. Steady knowledge. *Hautboy.*

312. EE E. *Monsieur.*

313. 61010U7. *A. Wolf.*

314. 5110250900. *Ben.*

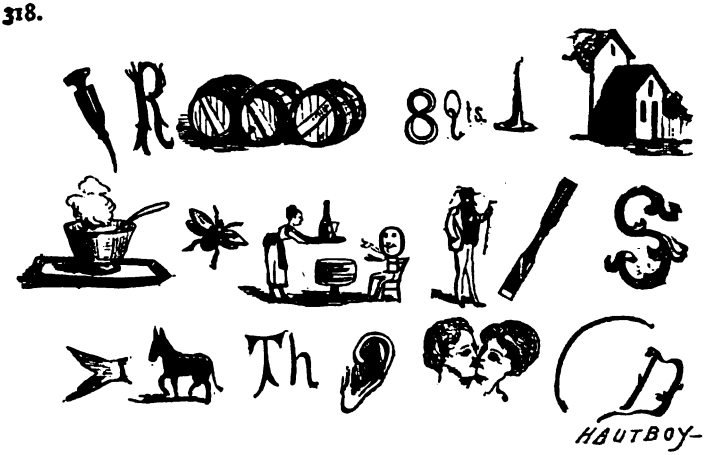
FILL THE FOLLOWING BLANKS WITH THE SAME WORDS TRANSPOSED: —

315. A —— little girl tried to —— to her mother, who was making her — — dress. *Al Packer.*

316. He —— his —— hat. *Buckeye.*

317. The doctor, walking in one of the —— met the —— and gave him some ——, which he uses when he ——. *Hyacinth.*

318.



☞ A prize is given every month to the one who correctly answers the greatest number of puzzles.

☞ *Answers must reach me before the 5th of December. Those received later will not be credited.*

☞ Send all communications intended for the PUZZLE-DRAWER to "Aunt Sue," Box 111, P. O., Brooklyn, N.Y.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

225. California.

226. Finikin. (Many answered this with "finished," but I did not consider it good enough for credit).

227. Jean Ingelo.

228. Pycnostyle.

229. Honorable.

230. Polygamy.

231. Notable.

232. Lambent.

233. Germinate.

234. Raisin.

235. Painter,—pine, tar.

236. Geological.

237. Seraglio, girasole.

238. Dutchess County.

239. The Yosemite Valley, in California.

240. Grant, rant, ant.

241. Every, very, rye, ye; ever, Eve.

242. Grape, rape, ape, pea.

243. Filtration.

244. Rescued.

245. Comrade.

246. Contaminate.

247. Meerschaums.

248. Catechismal.

249. Exact.

250. Exchange.

251. Tentative.

252. RICE RICE RICE
IRON IDEA IDOL
CORD CENT COAL
ENDS. EATS. ELLA.

253. Cuba (Cube A).

254. Salonica.

255. Be thankful for small things, as well as large ones.

Of the above puzzles, —

Pinkie answers all but 228.

Audax answers all but 226, 228.

Tempest and *Hautboy* answer all but 226, 228, 232.

Brownie answers all but 228, 231, 233, 237, 239, 251, 252, 253, 255.

C. W. J. answers all but 228, 230, 236, 237, 238, 239, 248, 251, 253, 255.

Nellie answers 225, 227, 229, 234, 239, 240, 241, 242, 244, 245, 246, 249, 250, 252, 254.

Buckeye answers 225, 227, 229, 234, 235, 240, 241, 242, 244, 249, 250, 254.

Daisy answers 225, 227, 229, 233, 234, 238, 239, 240, 242, 243, 245, 254.

Jersey Boy answers 225, 227, 234, 240, 241, 242, 244, 249, 250, 251, 253, 254.

Hopper answers 225, 227, 229, 234, 240, 244, 249, 250, 254.

Molly answers 225, 227, 231, 233, 234, 240, 241, 242, 254.

Rob Roy answers 225, 227, 240, 242, 243, 244.

Byron answers 225, 244.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Marian. Your letter was received too late for notice in the October Magazine, but your question is answered this month in the remarks concerning the Prize Puzzle.

Audax. When you feel uncertain about celebrated names, why don't you consult a biographical dictionary?

Tempest, *Audax*, and *Hautboy*. Accept my thanks for the gentlemanly manner in which you have all endorsed my decision with regard to the August prize. "*Ixia*" *is* "a lady."

Tempest. Your illustrated addresses are marvels of ingenuity; I destroy some of your envelopes with reluctance, thinking that I ought rather to frame them. Rebuses are always acceptable, if they are perfectly fair, and good.

Hautboy and *Al Packer*. The above remarks apply to you also.

C. W. J. Do you know that you signed your name to neither your prize puzzle list, nor to your list of answers? The post-mark and the initial on the envelope gave me the clew.

Rob Roy. Your polite note enclosing a postage stamp was duly received.

Molly. Glad to welcome you to the puzzle department.

Nellie. Ditto.

Monsieur. I agree with you in the matter of often changing the *nom de plume* (although I am not quite clear on the "Poppy-goggle" view of it), but sometimes there may be a better reason for it than mere fickleness and restlessness. *Monsieur* sends love to all the Cousins.

Salt Pointer. I will exchange photographs with pleasure, immediately upon the receipt of yours.

Al Packer. Because your puzzles are not used immediately is no proof that they are not as good as the best.

Vincent would like to have *Jennie Enwood's* address: Will *Jennie* send it to me? I do not remember the "old stump," though I remember "*Zephyr*." So you saw that O S, did you? Was it cigar-ettical or political?

Eva. You begin your page with "Answers to Enigmas of the September number;" but I do not find the answers. I am afraid you don't read the MUSEUM very carefully, or you would know just how to direct to Aunt Sue "all communications intended for the Puzzle-Drawer;" and you would not call "H. B. Fuller, Publisher," — "Mr. Fulton."

Jersey Boy. Thanks for your spicy little paper, "The Excelsior;" may it have all the success it merits.

Pinkie. You will perhaps be better satisfied when you see that no one has answered No. 228. Please send me your address.

Thanks for puzzles, etc., to Hopper, Daisy, Tempest, Rob Roy, Salt Pointer, Joe Kose, and Pinkie.

CONCERNING THE PRIZE PUZZLE.

"Obsolete words," if found in Worcester's or Webster's Dictionary "may be used." "Prefixes and terminals" such as "pre," "ab," "er," etc., will not "be counted" as words.

Words used in the definitions, themselves not defined, may be used, but you must state where they are to be found.

Don't waste your time by coining words, or using any that are not to be found in Worcester's or Webster's Dictionary.

Words including apostrophes, such as "e'en," "e'er," etc., will not be counted unless the apostrophe in the original sentence comes in fairly with the letters used.

"THE SWEET ONE FOR POLLY."

DRAWN BY HARLEY.]

[See "*An Old-Fashioned Girl*," p. 535.

AN OLD-FASHIONED GIRL.

VI.

GOOD-BY.

OH, dear! Must you really go home Saturday?" said Fan, some days after what Tom called the "grand scrimmage."

"I really must; for I only came to stay a month, and here I've been nearly six weeks," answered Polly, feeling as if she had been absent a year.

"Make it two months, and stay over Christmas. Come, do now," urged Tom, heartily.

"You are very kind; but I wouldn't miss Christmas at home for anything. Besides, mother says they can't possibly do without me."

"Neither can we. Can't you tease your mother, and make up your mind to stay?" began Fan.

"Polly never teases. She says it's selfish; and I don't do it now much," put in Maud, with a virtuous air.

"Don't you bother Polly. She'd rather go, and I don't wonder. Let's be just as jolly as we can while she stays, and finish up with your party, Fan," said Tom, in a tone that settled the matter.

Polly had expected to be very happy in getting ready for the party; but when the time came, she was disappointed, for somehow, that naughty thing called envy took possession of her, and spoiled her pleasure. Before she left home, she thought her new white muslin dress, with its fresh blue ribbons, the most elegant and proper costume she could have; but now, when she saw Fanny's pink silk, with a white tarlatan tunic, and innumerable puffings, bows, and streamers, her own simple little toilet lost all its charms in her eyes, and looked very babyish and old-fashioned.

Even Maud was much better dressed than herself, and looked very splendid in her cherry-colored and white suit, with a sash so

big she could hardly carry it, and little white boots with red buttons. They both had necklaces and bracelets, ear-rings and brooches; but Polly had no ornament, except the plain locket on a bit of blue velvet. Her sash was only a wide ribbon, tied in a simple bow, and nothing but a blue snood in the pretty brown curls. Her only comfort was the knowledge that the modest tucker drawn up round the plump shoulders was real lace, and that her bronze boots cost nine dollars.

Poor Polly, with all her efforts to be contented, and not to mind looking unlike other people, found it hard work to keep her face bright and her voice happy that night. No one dreamed what was going on under the muslin frock, till grandma's wise old eyes spied out the little shadow on Polly's spirits, and guessed the cause of it. When dressed, the three girls went up to show themselves to the elders, who were in grandma's room, where Tom was being helped into an agonizingly stiff collar.

Maud pranced like a small peacock, and Fan made a splendid courtsey as every one turned to survey them; but Polly stood still, and her eyes went from face to face, with an anxious, wistful air, which seemed to say, "I know I'm not right; but I hope I don't look very bad."

Grandma read the look in a minute; and when Fanny said, with a satisfied smile, "How do we look?" she answered, drawing Polly toward her so kindly,

"Very like the fashion-plates you got the patterns of your dresses from. But this little costume suits me best."

"Do you really think I look nice?" and Polly's face brightened, for she valued the old lady's opinion very much.

"Yes, my dear; you look just as I like to see a child of your age look. What particularly pleases me is that you have kept your promise to your mother, and haven't let any one persuade you to wear borrowed finery. Young things like you don't need any ornaments but those you wear tonight, — youth, health, intelligence, and modesty."

As she spoke, grandma gave a tender kiss that made Polly glow like a rose, and for a minute she forgot that there were such things as pink silk and coral ear-rings in the world. She only said, "Thank you, ma'am," and heartily returned the kiss; but the words did her good, and her plain dress looked charming all of a sudden.

"Polly's so pretty, it don't matter what she wears," observed Tom, surveying her over his collar with an air of calm approval.

"She hasn't got any bwetelles to her dwess, and I have," said Maud, settling her ruffled bands over her shoulders, which looked like cherry-colored wings on a stout little cherub.

"I did wish she'd just wear my blue set, ribbon is so very plain; but, as Tom says, it don't much matter;" and Fanny gave an effective touch to the blue bow above Polly's left temple.

"She might wear flowers; they always suit young girls," said Mrs. Shaw, privately thinking that her own daughters looked much the best, yet conscious that blooming Polly had the most attractive face.

"Bless me! I forgot my posies in admiring the belles. Hand them out, Tom;" and Mr. Shaw nodded toward an interesting-looking box that stood on the table.

Seizing them wrong side up, Tom produced three little bouquets, all different in color, size, and construction.

"Why, papa! how very kind of you," cried Fanny, who had not dared to receive even a geranium-leaf since the late scrape.

"Your father used to be a very gallant young gentleman, once upon a time," said Mrs. Shaw, with a simper and sigh.

"Ah, Tom, it's a good sign when you find time to think of giving pleasure to your little girls." And grandma patted her son's bald head as if he wasn't more than eighteen.

Thomas, Jr., had given a somewhat scornful sniff at first; but when grandma praised his father, the young man thought better of the matter, and regarded the flowers with more respect, as he asked, "Which is for which?"

"Guess," said Mr. Shaw, pleased that his unusual demonstration had produced such an effect.

The largest was a regular hothouse bouquet, of tea-rosebuds, scentless heath, and smilax; the second was just a handful of sweet-peas and mignonette, with a few cheerful pansies, and one fragrant little rose in the middle; the third, a small posy of scarlet verbenas, white feverfew, and green leaves.

"Not hard to guess. The smart one for Fan, the sweet one for Polly, and the gay one for Pug. Now, then, catch hold, girls." And Tom proceeded to deliver the nosegays, with as much grace as could be expected from a youth in a new suit of clothes and very tight boots.

"That finishes you off just right, and is a very pretty attention

of papa's. Now run down, for the bell has rung; and remember, not to dance too often, Fan; be as quiet as you can, Tom; and Maud, don't eat too much supper. Grandma will attend to things, for my poor nerves won't allow me to come down."

With that, Mrs. Shaw dismissed them, and the four descended to receive the first batch of visitors, several little girls, who had been asked for the express purpose of keeping Maud out of her sister's way. Tom had likewise been propitiated, by being allowed to bring his three bosom-friends, who went by the school-boy names of Rumple, Sherry, and Spider.

"They will do to make up sets, as gentlemen are scarce; and the party is for Polly, so I must have some young folks on her account," said Fanny, when sending out her invitations.

Of course, the boys came early, and stood about in corners, looking as if they had more arms and legs than they knew what to do with. Tom did his best to be a good host; but ceremony oppressed his spirits, and he was forced to struggle manfully with the wild desire to propose a game of leap-frog, for the long drawing-rooms, cleared for dancing, tempted him sorely.

Polly sat where she was told, and suffered bashful agonies as Fan introduced very fine young ladies and very stiff young gentlemen, who all said about the same civil things, and then appeared to forget all about her. When the first dance was called, Fanny cornered Tom, who had been dodging her, for he knew what she wanted, and said, in an earnest whisper,

"Now, Tom, you must dance this with Polly. You are the young gentleman of the house, and it's only proper that you should ask your company first."

"Polly don't care for manners. I hate dancing; don't know how. Let go my jacket, and don't bother, or I'll cut away altogether," growled Tom, daunted by the awful prospect of opening the ball with Polly.

"I'll never forgive you if you do. Come, be clever, and help me, there's a dear. You know, we both were dreadfully rude to Polly, and agreed that we'd be as kind and civil to her as ever we could. I shall keep my word, and see that she isn't slighted at my party, for I want her to love me, and go home feeling all right."

This artful speech made an impression on the rebellious Thomas, who glanced at Polly's happy face, remembered his promise, and with a groan, resolved to do his duty.

"Well, I'll take her; but I shall come to grief, for I don't know anything about your old dances."

"Yes, you do. I've taught you the steps a dozen times. I'm going to begin with a redowa, because the girls like it, and it's better fun than square dances. Now, put on your gloves, and go and ask Polly like a gentleman."

"Oh, thunder!" muttered Tom. And having split the detested gloves in dragging them on, he nerved himself for the effort, walked up to Polly, made a stiff bow, stuck out his elbow, and said, solemnly, "May I have the pleasure, Miss Milton?"

He did it as much like the big fellows as he could, and expected that Polly would be impressed. But she wasn't a bit; for after a surprised look, she laughed in his face, and took him by the hand, saying, heartily,

"Of course, you may; but don't be a goose, Tommy."

"Well, Fan told me to be elegant, so I tried to," whispered Tom, adding, as he clutched his partner with a somewhat desperate air, "Hold on tight, and we'll get through somehow."

The music struck up, and away they went; Tom hopping one way and Polly the other, in a most ungraceful manner.

"Keep time to the music," gasped Polly.

"Can't; never could," returned Tom.

"Keep step with me, then, and don't tread on my toes," pleaded Polly.

"Never mind; keep bobbing, and we'll come right by and by," muttered Tom, giving his unfortunate partner a sudden whisk, which nearly landed both on the floor.

But they did not "get right by and by;" for Tom, in his frantic efforts to do his duty, nearly annihilated poor Polly. He tramped, he bobbed, he skated, he twirled her to the right, dragged her to the left, backed her up against people and furniture, trod on her feet, rumpled her dress, and made a spectacle of himself generally. Polly was much disturbed; but as every one else was flying about, also, she bore it as long as she could, knowing that Tom had made a martyr of himself, and feeling grateful to him for the sacrifice.

"Oh, do stop now; this is dreadful!" cried Polly, breathlessly, after a few wild turns.

"Isn't it?" said Tom, wiping his red face with such an air of intense relief, that Polly had not the heart to scold him, but said, "Thank you," and dropped into a chair exhausted.

"I know I've made a guy of myself; but Fan insisted on it, for fear you'd be offended if I didn't go the first dance with you," said Tom, remorsefully, watching Polly as she settled the bow of her

crushed sash, which Tom had used as a sort of handle by which to turn and twist her. "I can do the Lancers tip-top; but you won't ever want to dance with me any more," he added, as he began to fan her so violently, that her hair flew about as if in a gale of wind.

"Yes, I will. I'd like to; and you shall put your name down here on the sticks of my fan. That's the way, Trix says, when you don't have a ball-book."

Looking much gratified, Tom produced the stump of a lead-pencil, and wrote his name with a flourish, saying, as he gave it back,

"Now, I'm going to get Sherry, or some of the fellows that do the redowa well, so you can have a real good go before the music stops."

Off went Tom; but before he could catch any eligible partner, Polly was provided with the best dancer in the room. Mr. Sydney had seen and heard the whole thing; and though he had laughed quietly, he liked honest Tom and good-natured Polly all the better for their simplicity. Polly's foot was keeping time to the lively music, and her eyes were fixed wistfully on the smoothly-gliding couples before her, when Mr. Sydney came to her, saying, in the pleasant, yet respectful way she liked so much,

"Miss Polly, can you give me a turn?"

"Oh, yes; I'm dying for another." And Polly jumped up, with both hands out, and such a grateful face, that Mr. Sydney resolved she should have as many turns as she liked.

This time all went well; and Tom, returning from an unsuccessful search, was amazed to behold Polly circling gracefully about the room, guided by a most accomplished partner.

"Ah, that's something like," he thought, as he watched the bronze boots retreating and advancing in perfect time to the music. "Don't see how Sydney does the steering so well; but it must be fun; and, by Jupiter! I'll learn it!" added Shaw, Jr., with an emphatic gesture which burst the last button off his gloves.

Polly enjoyed herself till the music stopped, and before she had time to thank Mr. Sydney as warmly as she wished, Tom came up to say, with his most lordly air,

"You dance splendidly, Polly. Now, you just show me any one you like the looks of, and I'll get him for you, no matter who he is."

"I don't want any of the gentlemen; they are silly or stiff, and don't care to dance with me; but I like those boys over there,

and I'll dance with any of them if they are willing," said Polly, after a survey.

"I'll trot out the whole lot." And Tom gladly brought up his friends, who all admired Polly, immensely, and were proud to be chosen instead of the "big fellows."

There was no sitting still for Polly after that, for the lads kept her going at a great pace; and she was so happy, she never saw or suspected how many little manœuvres, heart-burnings, displays of vanity, affectation, and nonsense were going on all round her. She loved dancing, and entered into the gayety of the scene with a heartiness that was pleasant to see. Her eyes shone, her face glowed, her lips smiled, and the brown curls waved in the air, as she danced, with a heart as light as her feet.

"Are you enjoying yourself, Polly?" asked Mr. Shaw, who looked in, now and then, to report to grandma that all was going well.

"Oh, such a splendid time!" cried Polly, with an enthusiastic little gesture, as she *chasseed* into the corner where he stood.

"She is a regular belle among the boys," said Fanny, as she promenaded by.

"They are so kind in asking me, and I'm not afraid of them," explained Polly, prancing, simply because she couldn't keep still.

"So you *are* afraid of the young gentlemen, hey?" and Mr. Shaw held her by one curl.

"All but Mr. Sydney. He don't put on airs and talk nonsense; and, oh, he does 'dance like an angel,' as Trix says."

"Papa, I wish you'd come and waltz with me. Fan told me not to go near her, 'cause my wed dwess makes her pink one look ugly; and Tom won't; and I want to dwedfully."

"I've forgotten how, Maudie. Ask Polly; She'll spin you round like a teetotum."

"Mr. Sydney's name is down for that," answered Polly, looking at her fan with a pretty little air of importance. "But I guess he wouldn't mind my taking poor Maud instead. She hasn't danced hardly any, and I've had more than my share. Would it be very improper to change my mind?" And Polly looked up at her tall partner with eyes which plainly showed that the change was a sacrifice.

"Not a bit. Give the little dear a good waltz, and we will look on," answered Mr. Sydney, with a nod and smile.

"That is a refreshing little piece of nature," said Mr. Shaw, as Polly and Maud whirled away.

"She will make a charming little woman, if she isn't spoilt."

"No danger of that. She has got a sensible mother."

"I thought so." And Sydney sighed, for he had lately lost his own good mother.

When supper was announced, Polly happened to be talking, or trying to talk, to one of the "poky" gentlemen, whom Fan had introduced. He took Miss Milton down, of course, put her in a corner, and having served her to a dab of ice and one macaroon, he devoted himself to his own supper with such interest, that Polly would have fared badly, if Tom had not come and rescued her.

"I've been looking everywhere for you. Come with me, and don't sit starving here," said Tom, with a scornful look from her empty plate to that of her recreant escort, which was piled with good things.

Following her guide, Polly was taken to the big china-closet, opening from the dining-room to the kitchen, and here she found a jovial little party, feasting at ease. Maud and her bosom-friend, "Gwace," were seated on tin cake-boxes; Sherry and Spider adorned the refrigerator; while Tom and Rumple foraged for the party.

"Here's fun," said Polly, as she was received with a clash of spoons and a waving of napkins.

"You just perch on that cracker-keg, and I'll see that you get enough," said Tom, putting a dumb-waiter before her, and issuing his orders with a fine air of authority.

"We are a band of robbers in our cave, and I'm the captain; and we pitch into the folks passing by, and go out and bring home plunder. Now, Rumple, you go and carry off a basket of cake, and I'll watch here till Katy comes by with a fresh lot of oysters; Polly must have some. Sherry, cut into the kitchen, and bring a cup of coffee. Spider, scrape up the salad, and poke the dish through the slide for more. Eat away, Polly, and my men will be back with supplies in a jiffy."

Such fun as they had in that closet; such daring robberies of jelly-pots and cake-boxes; such successful raids into the dining-room and kitchen; such base assaults upon poor Katy, and the colored waiter, who did his best, but was helpless in the hands of the robber horde. A very harmless little revel; for no wine was allowed, and the gallant band were so busy, skirmishing to supply the ladies, that they had not time to eat too much. No one missed them; and when they emerged, the feast was over, except for a few voracious young gentlemen, who still lingered among the ruins.

"That's the way they always do; poke the girls in corners, give 'em just one taste of something, and then go and stuff like pigs," whispered Tom, with a superior air, forgetting certain private banquets of his own after company had departed.

The rest of the evening was to be devoted to the German; and, as Polly knew nothing about it, she established herself in a window recess to watch the mysteries. For a time she enjoyed it, for it was all new to her, and the various pretty devices were very charming; but, by and by, that bitter weed, envy, cropped up again, and she could not feel happy to be left out in the cold, while the other girls were getting gay tissue-paper suits, droll *bonbons*, flowers, ribbons, and all manner of tasteful trifles in which girlish souls delight. Every one was absorbed; Mr. Sydney was dancing; Tom and his friends were discussing base-ball on the stairs; and Maud's set had returned to the library to play.

Polly tried to conquer the bad feeling; but it worried her, till she remembered something her mother once said to her,—

"When you feel out of sorts, try to make some one else happy, and you will soon be so yourself."

"I will try it," thought Polly; and looked round to see what she could do. Sounds of strife in the library led her to enter. Maud and the young ladies were sitting on the sofa, talking about each other's clothes, as they had seen their mammas do.

"Was your dress imported?" asked Grace.

"No; was yours?" returned Blanche.

"Yes; and it cost — oh, ever so much."

"I don't think it is as pretty as Maud's."

"Mine was made in New York," said Miss Shaw, smoothing her skirts complacently.

"I can't dress much now, you know, 'cause mamma's in black for somebody," observed Miss Alice Lovett, feeling the importance which affliction conferred upon her when it took the form of a jet necklace.

"Well, I don't care if my dress isn't imported; my cousin had three kinds of wine at her party; so now," said Blanche.

"Did she?" And all the little girls looked deeply impressed, till Maud observed, with a funny imitation of her father's manner,

"My papa said it was scan-dill-us; for some of the little boys got tipsy, and had to be tooked home. He wouldn't let us have any wine; and gwandma said it was vewy impwoper for children to do so."

"My mother says your mother's *coupe* isn't half so stylish as ours," put in Alice.

"Yes, it is too. It's all lined with gween silk, and that's nicer than old wed cloth," cried Maud, ruffling up like an insulted chicken.

"Well, my brother don't wear a horrid old cap, and he's got nice hair. I wouldn't have a brother like Tom. He's horrid rude, my sister says," retorted Alice.

"He isn't. Your brother is a pig!"

"You're a fib!"

"So are you!"

Here, I regret to say, Miss Shaw slapped Miss Lovett, who promptly returned the compliment, and both began to cry.

Polly, who had paused to listen to the edifying chat, parted the belligerents, and finding the poor things tired, cross, and sleepy, yet unable to go home till sent for, proposed to play games. The young ladies consented, and "Puss in the corner" proved a peace-maker. Presently, in came the boys; and being exiles from the German, gladly joined in the games, which soon were lively enough to wake the sleepiest. "Blind-man's-buff" was in full swing when Mr. Shaw peeped in, and seeing Polly flying about with bandaged eyes, joined in the fun to puzzle her. He got caught directly; and great merriment was caused by Polly's bewilderment, for she couldn't guess who he was, till she felt the bald spot on his head.

This frolic put every one in such spirits, that Polly forgot her trouble, and the little girls kissed each other good-night as affectionately as if such things as imported frocks, *coupes*, and rival brothers didn't exist.

"Well, Polly, do you like parties?" asked Fan, when the last guest was gone.

"Very much; but I don't think it would be good for me to go to many," answered Polly, slowly.

"Why not?"

"I shouldn't enjoy them if I didn't have a fine dress, and dance all the time, and be admired, and — all the rest of it."

"I didn't know you cared for such things," cried Fanny, surprised.

"Neither did I till tonight; but I do; and as I can't have 'em, it's lucky I'm going home tomorrow."

"Oh, dear! So you are! What shall I do without my 'sweet P.' as Sydney calls you?" sighed Fanny, bearing Polly away to be cuddled.

Every one echoed the exclamation next day; and many loving eyes followed the little figure in the drab frock as it went quietly about, doing for the last time the small services which would help to make its absence keenly felt. Polly was to go directly after an early dinner, and having packed her trunk, all but one tray, she was told to go and take a run while grandma finished. Polly suspected that some pleasant surprise was going to be put in; for Fan didn't offer to go with her, Maud kept dodging about with something under her apron, and Tom had just whisked into his mother's room in a mysterious manner. So, Polly took the hint and went away, rejoicing in the thought of the unknown treasures she was to carry home.

Mr. Shaw had not said he should come home so early, but Polly thought he might, and went to meet him. Mr. Shaw didn't expect to see Polly, for he had left her very busy, and now a light snow was falling; but, as he turned into the mall there was the round hat, and under it the bright face, looking all the rosier for being powdered with snow-flakes as Polly came running to meet him.

"There won't be any one to help the old gentleman safely home tomorrow," he said, as Polly took his hand in both hers with an affectionate squeeze.

"Yes, there will; see if there isn't," cried Polly, nodding and smiling, for Fan had confided to her that she meant to try it after her friend had gone.

"I'm glad of it. But, my dear, I want you to promise that you will come and make us a visit every winter — a good long one," said Mr. Shaw, patting the blue mittens folded round his hand.

"If they can spare me from home, I'd love to come dearly."

"They must lend you for a little while, because you do us all good, and we need you."

"Do I? I don't see how; but I'm glad to hear you say so," cried Polly, much touched.

"I can't tell you how, exactly; but you brought something into my house that makes it warmer and pleasanter, and won't quite vanish, I hope, when you go away, my child."

Polly had never heard Mr. Shaw speak like that before, and didn't know what to say, she felt so proud and happy at this proof of the truth of her mother's words, when she said that "even a little girl could exert an influence, and do some good in this big, busy world." She only gave her friend a grateful look sweeter than any words, and they went on together, hand in hand, through the "soft-falling snow."

If Polly could have seen what went into that top tray, she would have been entirely overcome; for Fanny had told grandma about the poor little presents she had once laughed at, and they had all laid their heads together to provide something really fine and appropriate for every member of the Milton family. Such a mine of riches! and so much good-will, affection, and kindly forethought was packed away in the tempting bundles, that no one could feel offended, but would find an unusual charm about the pretty gifts that made them doubly welcome. I only know that if Polly had suspected that a little watch was ticking away in a little case, with her name on it, inside that trunk, she never could have left it locked as grandma advised, or have eaten her dinner so quietly. As it was, her heart was very full, and the tears rose to her eyes more than once, every one was so kind, and so sorry to have her go.

Tom didn't need any urging to play escort now; and both Fan and Maud insisted on going too. Mrs. Shaw forgot her nerves, and put up some gingerbread with her own hands; Mr. Shaw kissed Polly as if she had been his dearest daughter; and grandma held her close, whispering, in a tremulous tone, "My little comfort, come again, soon;" while Katy waved her apron from the nursery window, crying, as they drove away, "The saints bless ye, Miss Polly, dear, and sind ye the best of lucks!"

But the crowning joke of all was Tom's good-by; for, when Polly was fairly settled in the car, the last "All aboard!" uttered, and the train in motion, Tom suddenly produced a knobby little bundle, and thrusting it in at the window, while he hung on in some break-neck fashion, saying, with a droll mixture of fun and feeling in his face,

"It's horrid; but you wanted it, so I put it in to make you laugh. Good-by, Polly; good-by, good-by!"

The last adieu was a trifle husky, and Tom vanished as it was uttered, leaving Polly to laugh over his parting *souvenir* till the tears ran down her cheeks. It was a paper bag of peanuts, and poked down at the very bottom a photograph of Tom. It was horrid, for he looked as if taken by a flash of lightning, so black, wild, and staring was it; but Polly liked it, and whenever she felt a little pensive at parting with her friends, she took a peanut, or a peep at Tom's funny picture, which made her merry again.

So, the short journey came blithely to an end, and in the twilight she saw a group of loving faces at the door of a modest little house, which was more beautiful than any palace in her eyes, for it was home, and Polly was an "Old-Fashioned Girl."

L. M. ALCOTT.

THOMAS-A-BECKET.

IT was such a funny schoolroom!

Miss Brent stood by the window looking out upon the green fields and the trees all white with blossoms, for it was a lovely June day. There have been June days when Miss Brent might have looked long and earnestly down upon the orchards, and never have seen a blossom; but this was a year when the old apple-trees, tired of their uselessness, determined to "make an effort," and, despite canker-worms or caterpillars, to offer to the little Deanes when the crisp October days came, some right jolly red and yellow apples. So they had turned all pink and white with blossoms, little fragrant promises of the fruit to come. When Miss Brent turned to the children, who were romping about the room, and reminded them of this, Harry, the oldest boy, exclaimed,

"I hope, Miss Brent, apple-trees are not like Douglas; for if so, we should stand a pretty mean chance for apples. The more promises he makes, the fewer he keeps."

Then Miss Brent came to the round table, and said, "How now? What promise has our little Douglas broken?"

What a clattering followed, as each told his or her particular grievance, while Douglas, defiant, braved the assembly, though his black eyes betrayed a consciousness of guilt to one who gazed deep into them.

To Elsie, he had given his kitten; but, fickle as the wind, had declared he was only in fun, and had torn it from her that very morning, just to worry and torment it. He had made a bargain with Harry, selling him his knife for twenty marbles; and now, having lost the marbles, claimed the knife, and Harry had to give it up "to prevent a row." Willie Hastings brought a charge against him for breaking a promise to help him hoe up the weeds in his garden before school, that he might have more playhours in the afternoon. Even Baby had his complaint to make. Slowly he spoke, for Baby was dignified and moderate in all his actions. He looked very grave too, for what he had to say was of vital importance, at least to him, and he shook his golden curls. "Dudlas said, 'Baby, if you let me take your pop-gun, you sall have *all* this candy,' and then he runned off with the pop-gun; and when I runned too, I couldn't catch him, 'cause — 'cause I 'spect

my legs is short. Then I cried and I *cried*, and — wasn't he a naughty boy? He went and ate it up, all hisself."

Baby subsided amid a great laugh at his long speech; and Harry, forgetting his wrongs, exclaimed, "David Hamilton Deane, allow me to ask a question. Did your illustrious brother eat the pop-gun or the candy?"

Little David, whose small body had not yet been considered strong enough to bear the weight of his revered grandfather's name, and who had therefore been called only Baby, though now four years of age, knew by his brother's mode of addressing him that he was being ridiculed, and hiding his face in Miss Brent's dress, was undecided for some moments whether to laugh or cry.

Only little Nannie Hastings stood by Douglas in this his hour of need, and said, "I don't think Douglas so bad. He keeps his promises to me."

As Miss Nannie looked quite ferocious in her resentment, and Douglas was about to begin one of his illogical arguments in defence of himself, Miss Brent ended the discussion by calling the children to order. She touched her little bell as a signal that recess was over, and in a moment all was still.

It was a large schoolroom, with a queer ceiling, because the roof slanted on two sides, and the little windows were in deep recesses. In fact, this model schoolroom was "up ackit," as Baby said. It was the old playroom, carpeted, furnished, and arranged for the children's summer school. There was a bookcase on one side, filled, not only with those tiresome study-books, but with many a choice volume, worn by constant use. There were "Robinson Crusoe" and "Gulliver," "The Arabian Nights," and "Hans Andersen." It would be of no use to enumerate the charming books that found their way into the school library. Maps hung upon the walls, and a great globe stood in one corner, signs of the abominable geography lessons poor Douglas had to learn. In another corner was the old family rocking-horse, the only plaything not banished from the room; and often would Baby slip away unseen to embrace "old Charlie," and if Miss Brent was *very* much engaged, he would climb upon his back for just *one* ride to Banbury Cross. In the centre of the room stood the round table, and about this the children clustered at the summons from their teacher. Harry, the eldest, who laughed at the summer school, reminding his companions very often that this was his last year, and yet, he loved it in his heart, and secretly dreaded

the time when he should graduate from what he called play-school to the realities of Exeter. He had dubbed them all Knights of the Round Table.

Elsie, his little blue-eyed, loving, ten-year-old sister, looked upon him with great admiration, and bravely struggled over the rough paths of learning, determined to keep by Harry's side, though she were two years younger.

Douglas has had his introduction — a little scapegrace of seven years, who ruled the family with a rod of iron. He was petted and scolded, loved for his generosity, and blamed for his fickleness. He was born in Scotland, when papa and mamma were visiting there, and receiving the name of James Douglas, for some proud ancestor, had always worn the Scotch costume. His ready wit, delicate health, and great beauty had rendered him a favorite in the family; but now, he was developing faults which constant petting had engendered, and Harry was inclined to fasten upon him the cognomen of "the false Douglas." Baby must speak for himself, a thing he never hesitates to do.

Now, a word about the summer school. These children lived in the great city through all the cold New-England winter; but in May, papa and mamma always packed up their clothes, books, and favorite toys, took the happy children into the great family carriage, and drove out into the country. They rode on and on, until they came to dear old "Maple Grove;" and there, nestled in among the trees, was the nicest old house, and the prettiest garden, and the loveliest orchards that could be found. How the children would run and shout! Then papa and mamma would smile, and promise themselves that this should last until November. It was not all play, however. Soon Miss Brent was summoned, and she was just the best teacher that ever could be. Everything was in the superlative degree at Maple Grove. She came every morning, and stayed three hours; and to make it more like school, Willie and Nannie Hastings were invited to join in the lessons. They lived just down the hill, and were constant visitors at Maple Grove. This is how the Deane children had their summer school.

Miss Brent had tinkled her little bell, and all sat quietly about the table, all save Baby, who was perched upon a stool in the recess of one of the windows. His face wore a very grave expression, as he studied his "'rifmetic."

"Children, remember, school has begun. Nannie, study your

lesson. Douglas, do not forget those map-questions. The rest must pay attention to their history."

Then the three eldest closed their books and remained quietly attentive, while Miss Brent read to them. They were studying the History of old England — that history so dear to childish hearts. They had gone over the Saxon and Danish times; they had learned how the great William conquered the English, and made himself king. Today, they heard how Henry the Second ruled the kingdom. They listened with eager attention while Miss Brent read and talked, telling them how one of Henry's ancestors placed a bit of broom-plant in his cap, and hence was called Plantagenet, a word, which, in another language, means broom-plant. Thus, a knight who stuck a badge in his cap, as many a modern boy has placed a rose in his button-hole, and perhaps with as little thought of the consequences, received a nickname, which, in after years, became illustrious, and was the surname of a whole race of kings. She read of Henry's proud and haughty wife; of his handsome and quarrelsome sons; of the fair Rosamond; and then of the arrogant priest, Thomas-a-Becket.

Douglas gradually forgot his map-questions — forgot everything but the proud family of Plantagenet. His chin rested on his hand, his eyes were fixed on the young and enthusiastic teacher; and when she read of the increased power of Henry's favorite, Thomas-a-Becket, of the honors conferred upon him, and of his ingratitude to the king; of his attempts to incense the common people against their lawful sovereign, and of his curses upon all the kingdom, the little boy's face flushed with rage.

Miss Brent read on — "After a long series of contests with the haughty primate, the king was, on a certain occasion, so exasperated by his conduct, that he rashly exclaimed, 'What! among all those whom I have obliged, is there no one who will avenge me of that insolent priest?' The words were scarcely spoken, when four knights, of distinguished rank, interpreting the king's complaints as commands, set out with a resolution to avenge the wrongs of their sovereign. They pursued the prelate into the cathedral, and assassinated him before the altar."

Douglas sprang up, clapped his hands, and exclaimed, "Oh, glory! Don't I wish I had been there! That naughty priest would have got another stab, you bet!"

"Hush, my boy," said Miss Brent. "Listen, while I tell you the rest." Then she continued the lesson, telling them how bravely

the proud priest died, refusing to make any compromise with his persecutors, declaring that he was greater than the king, because he was a bishop in the Holy Church. She told them how cruelly the knights treated him, and how boldly he stood there, unarmed, receiving the blows of his murderers. Then she read them, how the pope at Rome, hearing of this dreadful deed, canonized the priest as a saint, by the title of St. Thomas of Canterbury.

Still, Douglas could sympathize only with the injured king; and his plump cheeks flushed when he heard how Henry walked, barefoot, to the tomb of his ungrateful favorite, and there suffered heavy penance for his hasty words; while the knights, who interpreted those words so literally, and wished only to serve their king, were obliged to escape from their country. They wandered many years in foreign lands, trying to atone for their sin, and at last, died, away from home and friends, and were buried with this inscription on their tombstone: "Here lie the wretches who murdered St. Thomas of Canterbury."

The history lesson was ended, the children took their books to study, and Douglas returned to his hated map-questions. The little boy was excited, and could not study. His thoughts kept wandering away to that old, old time; and when his turn came to recite, he was sure Hudson's Bay was in South America; was undecided as to whether the Mississippi ran north or south, and was quite staggered at the idea of there being any such island as Vancouver's in the lesson.

"Oh, Douglas, you are a sad boy. Didn't you promise me a perfect lesson, today?"

And Douglas, penitent, said "But it's *so* hard! I wish the world didn't have any names to it."

At last the lesson was learned, and school was dismissed. Then such merry peals of laughter as the children pointed to Baby, who had been forgotten in the interest of the lessons, and was found, curled up in the corner, fast asleep, with his "'rifmetic" clasped to his heart, and his golden curls all tangled about his face.

Miss Brent said good-by, and went home, while the children trooped out to play, with the half-awake baby in their midst.

"I say, Will, what do you think about that priest?" asked Harry.

"I don't know. I suppose he thought he was right, or he wouldn't have stuffed it out so."

"Oh, pshaw! A fellow that had any spunk wouldn't give in, if he'd made up his mind, right or wrong."

Then little Elsie said, "O Harry! don't talk so. I think every one should go for the right, and forget themselves."

"O Elsie! Wouldn't you make a bully soldier! I suppose you'd back out in the middle of a battle, if you happened to think your side was not in the right."

"I don't think I should fight at all. The Bible says, 'Thou shalt not kill!' and if those four knights had thought of that, they would not have died so dreadfully."

"Well," said Harry, shaking his wise head, "the Bible may be very well in its place; but I go in for killing when it's necessary for the good of the state."

"O Harry! you are a wicked boy to talk so. I know Willie don't think as you do."

The gentle little boy put his hand in Elsie's, and whispered, "No, Elsie, dear. You know I always think what *you* say is right."

Harry laughed, and exclaimed, "Oh, you tender-hearted chickens! you don't deserve to wear spurs." Then he sprang upon his pony, which stood saddled at the post, and singing —

> "Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
> Come saddle my horses and call up my men;
> Throw open the west port and let me gae free,"

dashed off, waving his cap, while from afar they heard that 'twas

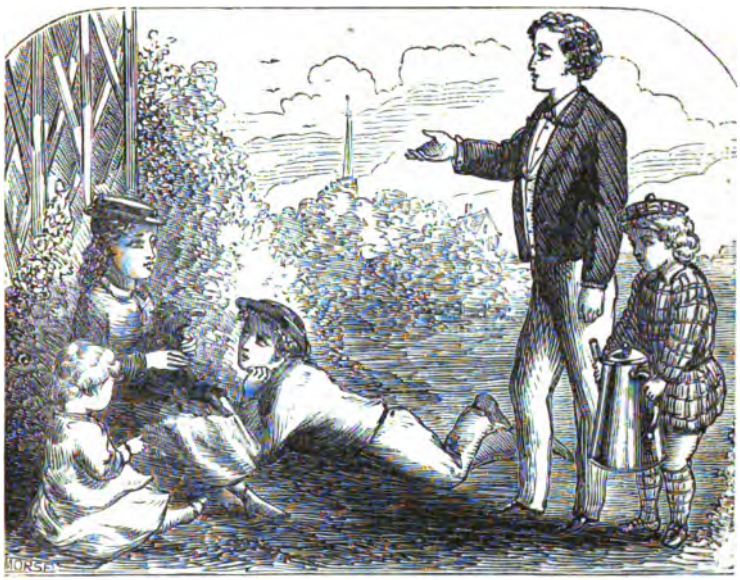
> "Up with the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee."

Just then, Douglas appeared with the kitten in his arms, — the same kitten that had been quarrelled about in the morning.

"O Elsie!" he exclaimed. "I've thought of a name for the kittie. Let's canonize him for a saint, and call him Thomas-a-Becket."

Then there was a great laughing and clapping of hands, for poor kittie had been weeks without a name; nothing suited.

"You see," explained Douglas, "this is how I thought of it. I wanted to catch pussy, and so, Nannie went with me, and we hunted and hunted. At last, we found her, and she was up a tree. Well, we called and we called, but the obstinate thing wouldn't come down. There she sat, looking so proud and innocent (he meant insolent), that I thought I was like poor King Henry, when the priest plagued him so, and he couldn't help hisself; and I said, 'Oh, you hateful *Thomas!* won't *anything* make you come down?'



and just then he tumbled. Oh, my stars! How he did roll, over and over, and at last landed, right on the top of his head. I 'spected sure he was killed; but, no; he sat up and looked round; then he tried his neck to see was it broken; and when he seed it wasn't, he just started to run off, and we caught him. Didn't we, Nannie?"

"Yes; and we are going to call him Thomas-a-Becket, because, if he had been killed, 'twould have been very 'propriate, though I told Douglas, I didn't see how the knights came in."

"Oh, never mind the knights. I think it's jolly!" exclaimed Willie.

Little Elsie took the kitten, and tenderly nursing it, only murmured, "Poor kittie. It was too bad."

"There," said Willie. "Elsie is taking kittie's side, just as she did the priest's. Let's name it right off."

"All right, then," cried Douglas. "Three cheers for Thomas-a-Becket!"

And Baby echoed, "Free cheers for Thomas Tobacco!"

Then arose doubts as to how they canonized saints, and they decided to refer the matter to Harry. He appeared just in time;

and seeing that fun was brewing, jumped from his pony, and ran across the lawn to join the perplexed group. They told him the story; and he pondered a moment, rubbed his forehead, ran his fingers through his hair, and then said, "I really don't know how they did it; but I reckon there was some sprinkling. You know, they were all Catholics in those times, and couldn't do anything without holy water."

"Well, I'll go and get some water." And off ran Douglas, soon to reappear with an immense tin coffee-pot full to the brim.

Harry, bowing to the rest, said, "Ladies and gentlemen,—imagine this a font of burnished silver set with precious stones."

Then the children formed a group about the half-reluctant Elsie, who sat on a grassy bank, holding the struggling kitten on her lap. Baby sat at her feet, with wide-open mouth and eyes, convinced that something wonderful was about to happen. Douglas held the coffee-pot, growing redder and redder every moment, it was so heavy. Harry stepped aside, made a bow in the most approved school-boy fashion, and held up his right hand for silence. In the excitement, they had not seen papa, mamma, and Miss Brent, who approached and stole quietly into the arbor, to watch the proceedings. Harry gravely addressed the assembly thus: —

"Brother knights, this is a solemn occasion. We are convoked here, today, that we may place among the saints on high one who lived and suffered on this earth, and would have died a martyr to his obstinacy, if his neck hadn't been so — limber. May this soon-to-be saint live and thrive many a year, to prove to mortals what a saint on earth can be. Now, Knights of the Round Table, bow in holy reverence, while I canonize this pussy-cat, St. Thomas of Canterbury, to be called Thomas-a-Becket. Douglas, pour on the water."

In an instant, the whole contents of the coffee-pot were turned upon the innocent cat, and Elsie shared in the deluge, while Douglas heaved a mighty sigh of relief at the diminished weight of his burden. The kitten awaited no further developments, but scrambled away from Elsie, and scampered off to the barn, where she stayed for at least three days.

There was a merry laugh in the arbor, and the children clapped their hands in high glee, to think that papa and mamma should have witnessed the important ceremony. Only Harry looked a little ashamed at being caught in such childish sports, and whistled indifferently for a moment; then he laughed with the rest, and

exclaimed, "Who would ever have supposed that Becket would have acted so? I wonder if saints always cut and run as soon as they get their titles?"

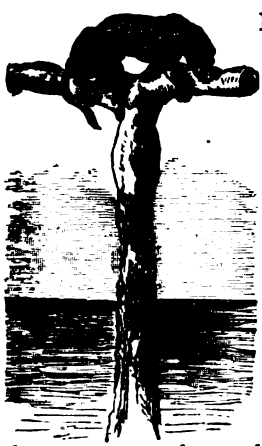
The dinner-bell rang, and Miss Brent took Willie and Nannie along with her, while the Deane children ran towards the house, followed more slowly by papa and mamma. And this is how a small gray-and-white cat received the name of Thomas-a-Becket.

C. M.

JEDIDIAH'S NOAH'S ARK.

II.

ABOUT THE GRATEFUL PEOPLE AND THE WILD BEASTS.



THAT very afternoon there was a great rush to see Jedidiah's Noah's Ark, and there was immense enthusiasm about it. Some brave ones opened the roof, and looked in upon the growling wild animals. The girls liked the lambs the best; the boys were delighted with the foxes, that jumped on the edge of the boat that formed the ark.

In a day or two, there was a flourishing little village built on a smooth place on the other side of Mr. Dyer's house. The minister's daughter had brought a little toy village she had with red roofs, and one of the men scooped out the houses, which were made of one block of wood, but could now accommodate Noah and his family, and each one picked out a house to match the color of his garments.

Tom Stubbs built a barn of wooden bricks for the larger animals, and Lucy Miles brought a pewter bird-cage, with a door that would open and shut, for the birds. The elephant knocked out a brick with his trunk as soon as he went into the barn, but that made a good window for him to look out of. Jedidiah himself made the loveliest coop for the hen; and the boys had a nice time over a pond they dug in the mud, for the ducks.

Indeed, it occupied Spinville for some time; and Noah, Shem, and Ham did not sit down much, but looked very busy. There was a fence built round the whole village, high enough to keep in the elephants and the giraffes, though they could look over. There was a bit of pasture-land shut in for the cows, who fell to nibbling as soon as they were put in it. A clover-leaf lasted one of the sheep two days. The tinman sent some little tin dippers no bigger than a thimble, and the children were delighted to see the animals drink. The boys handed one of the dippers into the ark for the tigers. The giraffes found a bush just high enough for them to eat from. The doves sat on the eaves of the ark, and Agamemnon brought some pickled olives, as he had no olive-branch for them.

The children were never tired of seeing the camels kneel and rise. They made them carry little burdens, — stones that were to be cleared from the field, chips from the henhouse. Sometimes the camels growled; then the children took off a chip or two from their burdens, — the last ounce, they thought.

The "grateful people" sent a large umbrella, used by the umbrella-maker for a sign, that could be opened over the whole village in case of a rain; and the toy-shop man sent a tin teapot, though Mrs. Dyer did not venture to give Noah and his family any real tea; but it was a very pretty teapot, with a red flower upon it. Mrs. Noah liked it, though it was almost large enough for the whole family to get into.

All this was not the work of a day, by any means. First, all Spinville had to come and look at the things, and then it had to discuss the whole affair. Mrs. Dyer's knitting got on bravely, for so many of her friends came in to sit in her best parlor, and talk it all over. Mrs. Dyer agreed with them; she thought it was all very strange. She should be thankful if only the tigers would never get out. She did not like having tigers running in and out of the house, even if they were no bigger than your thimble. She thought it quite likely some of the boys would let them out some day; but it was no use looking forward. So, day by day, the people came to look at the wonderful village. There was always something new to see. At last, one of the deacons declared, Jedidiah ought to charge so much a sight. It was as good a show as the menagerie, any day, and everybody was willing to give twelve-and-a-half cents for that, children, half-price.

This made great talk. Should Jedidiah charge for the show, or

not? Mr. Dyer would have nothing to say about it. Mrs. Dyer thought they might as well, then there would be fewer children in her front yard picking at the currants. At last, it was settled that Spinville should pay two cents a sight, children half-price, and strangers could see the village for nothing; but all those who had contributed anything towards the ark, should have a right to visit it with their families, without paying. There was a great rush after this to see who was going to pay. It turned out only the schoolmaster's and doctor's families had to buy tickets; and when it came to that, Mr. Dyer said he would not let them pay anything. So, Jedidiah did not gain much by it; but he and a few of his friends made some tickets all the same, printing on them, "Noah's Ark. Admittance, two cents; children, half-price;" and a good many children bought tickets for the fun of it.

At last, there came a crash. One afternoon, Tim Stubbs, in setting up a new pump, gave a knock to the ark, and sent the whole thing over. The roof snapped open, and out came all the wild beasts. The hyenas laughed, the lions roared, the bears growled, and the tigers leaped about to see whom they could devour; Noah jumped up on top of the pump; the elephant knocked out a side of the barn, to see what was the matter; all the wives ran for the houses, and there was a general confusion. A leopard seized a young chicken. Mrs. Dyer came out with a rolling-pin in her hand. Tim and Tom Stubbs declared they would catch the animals, if Jedidiah would only find something safe to put them in.

"If we only had a cave!" exclaimed Lucy Miles, who had hidden behind the kitchen-door.

Tim and Tom Stubbs caught one of the tigers, just as Jedidiah appeared with his mother's bandbox. He had thrown his mother's caps and her Sunday bonnet on the spare-room floor. They shut the tiger up in the bandbox, then found one of the bears climbing up the pump after Noah. Jedidiah brought a strong string, and tied him to a post. All the rest of the boys ran away at first, but ventured to come back and join in the search for the rest of the beasts.

The hunt grew quite exciting. One of the boys, who had read African travels, prepared a leash of twine, and made a lasso, and with this he succeeded in catching the two hyenas. Then no one knew if all the beasts were caught or no. The boy who had read the travels, could tell a long list of wild animals that ought to be in

the ark. There was the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the jaguar; there was the leopard, the panther, the ocelot. Mrs. Dyer put her hands up to her ears in dismay. She could not bear to hear any more of their names; and to think she might meet them any day, coming in at the woodhouse-door, or running off with one of the chickens!

But the Stubbses thought very likely all these animals never were in this ark at all, though they might have been in the original Noah's Ark. This was only a play ark, after all, and you could not expect to find every animal in it. The minister's wife said she did not know what you should expect. The ark was quite a different one from any she had seen. She had bought them for her children, year in and year out, and she had never seen anything of the sort. You might expect a hippopotamus, or any kind of beast. Those she had bought were always of wood, and the legs broke off easily. You could mend them with Spalding's Glue; but even Spalding was not as good as it used to be, and you could not depend upon it.

Meanwhile, the hunt went on. The Spinville people began to be sorry they had ever bought a Noah's Ark. They had expected nothing of the sort. At last, the two leopards were found, beautiful creatures, who lashed their tails wildly; and before long, two hippopotami were discovered by the duck-pond, wallowing in their native element. They were very fierce and wild, and were caught with great difficulty. These were put in the bandbox with the others. It was a strong, old-fashioned box; but it was feared it would not last long for the wild beasts. Jedidiah tied it up with some twine, and it was put for the present in the spare-room closet.

Mrs. Dyer did not sleep well that night, though her doors had been shut all day. She dreamed she heard lions all the night long; and was sure a rhinoceros could get in at the window. Why had Mr. Dyer ever been so generous with his potatoes? Why had he invited all the people to come? Of what use had the Noah's Ark been? Jedidiah had got along without toys before; now his head was turned. Better for him to amuse himself digging potatoes, or seeing to the squashes, than meddling with the beasts.

And there were the Spinville boys round before breakfast. They were there, indeed, and began again their search for the beasts. The girls sat at the chamber-windows, watching the chase. Under cabbage-leaf, fast asleep, the stray tiger was found. The boy,